THE BRITISH MUSE,

OR,

A Collection of THOUGHTS *Moral, Natural, and Sublime,*

OF OUR

ENGLISH POETS:

Who flourished in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

With several curious TOPICKS, and beautiful PASSAGES, never before extracted, from SHAKESPEAR, JOHNSON, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, and above a Hundred more.

The Whole digested Alphabetically under their respective Heads, according to the Order of TIME in which they wrote; to shew the gradual IMPROVEMENTS of our *Poetry* and *Language.*

IN THREE VOLUMES. Vol I

By THOMAS HAYWARD, *Gent.*

With an Historical and Critical REVIEW of THIS, and all the COLLECTIONS of this Kind hitherto published.

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M.DCC.XXXVIII.

your Name, but as another for her own.

Whatever Improprieties the Witty or the Wise may find in other Parts of my Choice throughout this Collection, I dare stand their Test in this. And I am persuaded, the Authors themselves, could not be better satisfied with all the Justice that might be paid them, in reviving their Performances; than with so much Credit as they may receive from your LADYSHIP's Approbation. I am but their Sollicitor, and could not have the Boldness to sue for your Favour, but under the Umbrage of their Deserts. *Alexander* saved Part of a City from Destruction, for the Merits only

only of one Poet: Here the Merits of many Poets ſue for the Protection only of one Book.

I am,

With the moſt profound Reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

THOMAS HAYWARD.

PREFACE,

Containing an Historical *and* Critical Review *of all the Collections of this Kind that were ever published.*

THE supposed ease, of digesting the fine thoughts of our poets under their proper heads, has, no doubt, given birth to the several undertakings of this kind that have appeared in publick; and, probably, to many others of the same nature, which still sleep, or have expired in manuscript. The advantage also arising from such collections, may have had no small share in inducing several to make them publick: For with what success may not an author flatter himself, who supplies his reader with the fruits of a long application, at the expence of little time and pains; especially when those immortal fruits carry with them the necessity of charming, inspiring, forming all hearts, and, like scattered rays collected in one

point, cooperate with irresistible energy to so desirable effects?

But whatever ease or hopes (except of gain) those who have hitherto published Collections of this kind may have conceived, their execution of them seems, to the author of this work, as well as to the writer of this preface, the clearest demonstration of their having greatly deceived themselves in their estimates. The models of some have been too narrow to be of any real or extensive use. Others have made half their work consist of detached epithets, fustian phrases, and dictionaries of rhyme. Some again, in their choice of thoughts, have given us abundance of alloy with very little ore; and, to swell their volumes, have stuffed them with useless matter, long translations, and paraphrases of well-known originals. Some have confined their collections solely to the stage; and others entirely excluded whatever it could supply. Some have cited their authors so blindly, that no recourse can be had to their works; and others have not quoted them at all. Some, either through ignorance, or want of care, ascribe to one author the passages of another; and others, officiously turning authors themselves, continually sophisticate what they transcribe, and give us their own interpolations so blended

blended with their authors ſenſe, that what they cite in ſuch a manner, cannot be adjudged either to the one or the other. Some injudiciouſly extract the worſt parts of their author, and even inſert thoſe under improper topicks; and others quote authors they never looked into, but take upon truſt wherever they find them. Some have been ſo careleſs as to borrow paſſages from thoſe who ſtole them: And all, eſpecially our late compilers, have neglected even to look into the many excellent ancient poets, from whom the following ſheets are taken, whoſe thoughts might often have claimed a preference, or, at leaſt, an equality with thoſe they have inſerted in their collections, the dreſs of words only excepted. I would not derogate in the leaſt from the praiſe of the more modern or cotemporary poets, to whom the higheſt regard and veneration is moſt juſtly due; but to exclude the merits of the dead, whom themſelves have always admired, is ſo far from being a compliment to them, that it muſt be an unpardonable partiality in their ſenſe; eſpecially whilſt they know, that the old vices and follies of mankind are perpetually reviving, and that the preſervation of as much of the *knowledge of things* as poſſible, is ſo neceſſary to correct the ignorance and follies, and improve the know-

ledge and manners, of mankind; the great ends of all uſeful learning, and eſpecially that diviner ſpecies of it, poetry.

But to come more particularly to the proof of the defects we have aſcribed to the poetical *Commonplace Books* hitherto publiſhed, we proceed to a brief review of all that have come to our knowledge, from the firſt appearance of ſuch collections in print.

It is obſerved, even in the middle of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign, that books of poetry, and works of a poetical nature, were more * numerous than any other kind of writings in our language. Accordingly, in the latter end of it, they were thought to abound with ſuch elegancies, that no leſs than two collections, principally from the poets of her time, were publiſhed in one year. One of theſe is called BELVEDERE, or, *The Garden of the Muſes* †. The author's name was *John Bodenham*, a gentleman undoubtedly ambitious of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by the *Laconick* ſingularity of his performance. Hence, we ſuppoſe it was, that he made it his inviolable rule to admit no quotation of more than one line, or a couplet of ten ſyllables. This

* Webbe's Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetry, 4*to.* 1586. *Pref.*

† *Printed at* London *for* Hugh Aſtley, 8*vo.* 1600.

This makes him ſo ſparing of his ſenſe, and gives him ſo dogmatical an air, that his reader is rather offended, than ſatisfied with his entertainment. The length or brevity of a paſſage is, indeed, no reaſon for either admitting or rejecting it; its value being to be rated not by its ſize, but ſenſe; but where the former is ſo penurious, the latter ought to make amends either in beauty or inſtruction. This, his friend the publiſher ſeems to have underſtood; for he tells us, his author would not be perſuaded to enlarge his method, and promiſes ample additions in the ſecond impreſſion. So affected a piece did not eſcape cenſure. It was expoſed in a dramatick * performance at *Cambridge* a few years after, in which the poet compares this mutilating compiler *to a poor beggar gleaning of ears after harveſt*: (he might have ſaid *ſingle grains* from thoſe ears.) There is, indeed, ſo abrupt and ſudden a hurry from one idea to another in every chapter of his book, that the ſentences ſlip through the reader's apprehenſion as quickſilver through the fingers; he ſcarce perceives them before they are gone. The author had not only a friend to diſtribute theſe minute particles for him under proper heads,

* Return from *Parnaſſus*, &c. *publickly acted by the ſtudents of St.* John's College, Cambridge, 4*to*, 1606.

heads, and to subjoin a section of similes, and another of examples, to each of them; but a printer so observant of an odd method and uniformity, undoubtedly prescribed him, that there has scarce been a book printed since with a formality so remarkably insignificant. But there is another singularity of a more serious nature in this performance, which is, the collector's having omitted to annex the poets names to his citations; which leaves room to suspect, that he was afraid of being detected of having mangled his originals egregiously in his barbarous manner of curtailing them.

The other collection, published the same year in a larger volume, is called ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS; or, *The choicest Flowers of our modern Poets*, &c. It is dedicated to Sir *Thomas Monson* by the author, who, in most of the copies, writes himself *R. A.* but in one or two I have met with, there is *R: Allot*, of which name I find a bookseller at that time, but know not whether he was the collector. He has, indeed, been more liberal in his entertainment, for the generality, than the former; for he does not mince his quotations, and is not so shy of his authors; but his performance is evidently defective in several other respects. He cites no more

more than the names of his authors to their verſes, who are moſt of them now ſo obſolete, that not knowing what they wrote, we can have no recourſe to their works, if ſtill extant. And, perhaps, this might be done deſignedly, to prevent ſome, tho' not all, readers from diſcovering his indiſcretion in maiming ſome thoughts, his preſumption in altering others, and his error in aſcribing to one poet what had been wrote by another. This artifice, if real, does not prevent us from obſerving his ill judgment in the choice of his authors; and in his extracts from them, his negligence in repeating the ſame paſſages in different places, and particularly his unpardonable haſte and irregularity, in throwing almoſt the laſt half of his book out of its alphabetical order, into a confuſed jumble of topicks without order or method. This book, bad as it is, ſuggeſts one good obſervation however upon the uſe and advantage of ſuch collections, which is, that they may prove more ſucceſsful in preſerving the beſt parts of ſome authors, than their works themſelves.

But what renders both theſe collections very defective, and prevents them from affording the redundant light, of which they were capable, is the little merit of the obſolete poets, from which they are

in a great meaſure extracted; which *want of merit*, as * Sir *Philip Sidney* juſtly obſerves, *is the cauſe of their wanting eſteem.* They wanted, beſides the additional ſupplies dramatick poetry has ſince contributed; which performances appeared ſo contemptible at that time, except a few pieces of *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Daniel*, *Chapman*, and one or two more, that † Sir *Tho. Bodley* was unwilling to admit plays, as then generally compoſed, into his new-founded library at *Oxford*; becauſe, in his opinion, ſcarce one in forty was worth preſerving. And indeed, the fate of the plays of thoſe times has been proportioned to their merits; for hardly one of that number has come down to us. But thoſe who have been converſant with the dramatick poems our ſtage has ſince produced, and obſerved what lively portraits they are of the genius and humours of our people, the manners and faſhions of the times, the delicacy of our wit, and the energy of our language; our natural knowledge in the paſſions of men, and our moral and political knowledge in their ſentiments and plots; I ſay, whoever have obſerved theſe characteriſticks of our plays, would not fear the cenſure of Sir *Thomas*, or the moſt rigid

* Defence of Poeſie.

† Reliquiæ Bodleianæ, 8*vo*, 1703.

rigid critick alive, for admitting them into the beſt choſen library. The teſtimony of many very judicious perſons juſtify this opinion; amongſt whom I ſhall only obſerve, that * *Rapin*, the critick, allows our genius for *tragedy* ſuperior to that of all other nations. † Sir *William Temple* ſays of our *comick* wit, *That there is no vein of that ſort, either ancient or modern, which excels the humour of our plays.* And Mr. (*) *Rymer* aſſerts of both kinds, *That for the drama, the world has nothing to be compared with us.*

The next publication of this kind, as it did not labour under a ſcarcity of good dramatick poems, and confined itſelf to extracts from plays, might have been expected to have been free from this laſt defect, and to have abounded with the fine thoughts that enrich ſuch collections. It is called, (†) THE ENGLISH TREASURY OF WIT AND LANGUAGE, *collected out of all the moſt and beſt Dramatick Poets, methodically digeſted into Common-Places for general Uſe.* But this is a more injudicious performance even than the laſt. In the firſt place, the author has annexed not one

* Reflex. ſur la Poetique.

† Eſſay of Poetry.

(*) *Preface to his Tranſlat. of* Rapin *on* Ariſtotle's Poeticks.

(†) *By* John Cotgrave, *Gent.* 8*vo*, 1655.

poet's name to his extracts throughout his book, nor even given a list of his authors in the front of it, by way of amends for omitting them: And in the next, as he has made some use, such as it is, of many noted dramatick poets, from the beginning of King *James*'s reign to his own time, he has evidently allowed himself too little room for the number of plays he undertakes to extract; in consequence of which, he has not only given us a very superficial taste of them, but has omitted many better thoughts than he has used. He seems apprehensive of this objection himself; for he says in his preface, '*That in so small a* '*compass we are not to expect the abstracted* '*quintescence of such a number; however, if* '*the world smiles so upon his essay, as to* '*make his able and ingenious friend, the* '*stationer, a gainer by it, he may be encou-* '*raged to enlarge his pains.*' But as no such enlargement did ever appear, we may conclude, *the world did not smile upon his essay.* And, indeed, that is no wonder, as it is easy to discover, notwithstanding his cunning in concealing his authors, that he has quoted them very imperfectly and by halves in some places, officiously corrupted them in others, and frequently misplaced them under heads foreign to their subjects, out of a laziness, which, he confesses, in-

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duced him to content himſelf with a firſt copy. So that his method of tranſplanting, inſtead of preſerving, has abridged his *flowers* of their native beauty and fragrance, which, like thoſe in the *Garden of the Muſes* mentioned above, ſeem to have withered aſſoon as he gathered them.

The next Collection of this kind, is *THE ENGLISH PARNASSUS, or, *An Help to Engliſh Poeſy*, by *Joſhua Poole*, of *Clare Hall* in *Cambridge*, and ſometimes maſter of a private ſchool at *Hadley*. It conſiſts of three parts. The firſt is an alphabet of monoſyllabical rhymes; the ſecond, an aſſemblage of epithets; and the third, an heap of phraſes and ends of verſe, extracted from tranſlations, as well as originals, and proſe, as well as poetical, writers. He aſcribes few of theſe quotations to their authors, and concludes his work with ſome general modes or formalities of expreſſion upon ſeveral trite topicks, much in the manner of *The Academy of Compliments*. This elaborate piece of poetical patchwork was calculated for the youth of his ſchool, but is, indeed, fit only to teach them the pompous inſignificance and empty ſwell of pedantry and bombaſt. His ſcholars might learn from it, when they took a neſt, to call the birds, *The ſummer's waits*; *the air's feathered*

* London, 8vo, 1657, 1677.

feathered pariſhioners; the woods wild burgeſſes; the living ſhips with feathered ſails; the winged travellers of the ſky, that in their leafy cages do muſick with their horny hautboys make. Fine language to improve the ſtyle of youth; or rather, to make them as great coxcombs in ſpeeeh, as affectation or faſhion ever made in dreſs!

This error of the laſt author was avoided by the next compiler, Mr. *Byſſhe*, who, however, purſues the general deſign of the former's *Parnaſſus*, and therefore calls his work, * THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY. This is alſo divided into three parts, of which two are *Rules for making verſes*, and a *dictionary of rhymes*, which he terms, *The mechanick tools of a poet.* His having furniſhed ſo many weak heads with thoſe *tools*, has certainly given more '*temptations of* '*verſifying to ſuch, as, in ſpite of nature,* '*have miſtaken their fondneſs to rhyme, or* '*neceſſity of writing, for a true genius of* '*poetry, and lawful call of* Apollo, than, 'he tells us, *he ſhould be willing to have* '*laid to his charge.*' I ſhall not object to ſome miſtakes he has made concerning the compoſition, or, as he calls it, the cadence of our verſe; nor to others, concerning the antiquity of ſome kinds of it, becauſe they have been obſerved already. But it may

* London, 8*vo*, 1703, *and* 2 *vol.* 12*mo*.

may be ſaid of the third, and much greater part of this work, which, he calls, *A Collection of the moſt natural and ſublime Thoughts in the beſt* Engliſh *Poets*, that, though it is in general a better collection than had appeared before, a great part of it does not conſiſt of the thoughts of *Engliſh*, but of the *Greek* and *Roman* poets tranſlations in every body's hands. Beſides which, whole topicks contain only trite fabulous deſcriptions, extracted from the mythology of the ancients, which are ſtill more abundant in the larger * collections he afterwards publiſhed of the ſame kind. Things of that nature may be proper to teach youth what is called learning at ſchool; but the maxims, ſentiments, and reflections beſt adapted to form the manners, direct the conduct, and enlarge the minds of men, though they could not entirely eſcape our author's plan, are far from being the principal objects of it. And, indeed, the manners and ſentiments of his readers are not properly the objects of his reſearch, but their improvement in *the art* he pretends to teach; which makes him ſolely intent on flights of imagination, flowing numbers, eaſy diction, and happineſs of colouring. Hence, when he ſays our beſt *Engliſh* poets, he means only the *modern*; for, ſays he,

'*Though*

* The Britiſh Parnaſſus, 4 *vol.* 12*mo.*

'*Though* Spenser, *and some other of the ancients, have not been excelled, nor, perhaps, equalled by their successors, in justness of description, or propriety and greatness of thought; yet their language is now become so obsolete, that most readers, of our age, have no ear for them: And therefore* Shakespear *himself is so rarely cited in this collection.*' This is but an indifferent compliment to the *readers of our age*, and seems, in making them sacrifice dignity of wit, and energy of sense to sound and colour, to be placing them upon a level with some of our modern fine ladies, who estimate their admirers by their dress and equipage, and not their merit and understanding.

Mr. *Gildon* thought his predecessor's defects sufficient reasons for attempting to give us a more exalted *taste* of our poets in a piece, which he calls, * THE COMPLEAT ART OF POETRY; and, indeed, if I may be allowed to play upon a word, it is but a *taste*, and much too small an one to answer the title he gives it. His whole work is comprized in two small volumes, of which one consists almost entirely of critical discourses on the several species of poetry, and rules for composing them. The rest is a collection of passages from poets, in which he tells us, as his ends were different

* 2 *Vol.* 12*mo*, 1718.

ferent, he has pursued a different method from the preceding author, whose view was only to teach the structure of the several kinds of verse, and to give a catalogue of rhymes, poetical figures, epithets, and synonymous words and phrases. '*But* '*the design of my collection*, says he, *is to* '*give the reader the great images that are* '*to be found in our poets, who are truly* '*great, as well as their topicks and moral re-* '*flections.*' Wherefore he informs us, he has been pretty large in his citations from *Spenser*, whom the other has rejected; and seems to think that he has gone through *Shakespear*, that the same author almost entirely excludes. Accordingly, at the end of his first volume, he gives us a collection, which he calls *Shakesperiana*, but it consists of less than sixty pages; though, to have extracted only a part of the sublime images and sentiments of that divine and incomparable poet, would have filled a much larger volume than one, or perhaps both, of Mr. *Gildon*'s. He owns, he might have been much more extensive; but thinks what he has cited, sufficiently demonstrates the bad judgment of those who reject *Shakespear* for his obsolete language. In the other volume, which is an alphabetical extract, *Spenser*'s images are introduced with some extent. The rest of it is but a

slight

ſlight collection, conſiſting of odd and particular topicks, often with only one or two paſſages in them, and but few of the moral reflections he promiſed. What is worſt, he often repeats *Byſſhe*'s quotations, and gives us few heads, or authors of conſequence (except the two we have mentioned) which had eſcaped that compiler. And, indeed, he was not very extenſively read in our poets, had not a ſufficient number of them ancient or modern, and was not induſtrious enough in extracting from thoſe he had; which, perhaps, might proceed in ſome meaſure from the limits preſcribed to his work. Whatever ſucceſs this book may have had we cannot ſay; but there has ſince appeared two collections of the ſame kind, which, as the compilers of them have thought fit to conceal their names, we ſhall leave to the judgment of the publick.

From this view of the authors who have collected the thoughts of our poets under heads, it evidently appears, that their works have generally been very imperfect and defective; and, at the ſame time, that a far greater number, of no leſs merit, have been wholly neglected, either through want of judgment, or deſign. Hence we have long wanted a compiler, or reader-general for mankind, to digeſt whatever was moſt exquiſite (*the flowers*) in our poets, into the

moſt

most commodious method for ufe and application; a perfon, void of all prejudice, who would take no author's character upon truft, but would deliberately review fuch of our poets as had feemed to expire in fame, rather through length of time, and the variation of our language, than want of merit; one, who had not only intelligence to know what compofitions of value our country had produced, but leifure, patience and attention to go through a vaft diverfity of reading; with judgment to difcern peculiar beauties amidft the obfcurity of antiquated modes of fpeech, and the great fuperfluity of matter that furrounds them, like ftars in winter nights, with gloom and void: In fine, fagacity to difcover the grofs and innumerable errors of the prefs; fidelity, not to obtrude the officious alterations of an editor, under the pretence of reftoreing the fenfe of an author; and capacity, to difpofe a great variety of felect readings under their proper heads: All which attributes, as they rarely meet in the fame perfon, feem to account for our not having had one collection of this kind of any great merit and utility.

It is, however, by the idea of thefe qualifications, the compiler of this work hath endeavoured to conduct himfelf. How well he has fucceeded, will appear from the following

lowing sheets. Though his personal capacity, and the treasures of his own library, might have enabled him to surpass whatever has appeared of this kind before, he did not omit to use the assistance of his friends occasionally. As to the choice of his subjects, he has not, like his predecessors, abandoned himself to fiction and fancy, but has rather preferred what concerns the improvement of real life, in the most considerable characters, descriptions, conditions, manners and events of it. In his choice of authors, he has not used the noted poets of later date, as *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Lee*, *Prior*, *Congreve*, and such of their successors as adorn our own times; he has chosen rather to devote himself to neglected and expiring merit; conceiving it more useful and meritorious to revive and preserve the excellencies, which time and oblivion were upon the point of cancelling for ever, than to repeat what others had extracted before, and incur the censure of borrowing their collections to impose upon his readers. As to his use therefore of authors, he has made this work a kind of supplement to the others of the same kind before extant; and has began to extract from the poets, where the generality of them began to write with any degree of perfection, as to matter, method, numbers, diction and elegance.

Though

Though he had ſufficient temptation to have called in auxiliaries of a more ancient date, he was afraid to venture them in this refined æra of our language, till his readers might be prepared by the poetry of an intermediate age to reliſh the wholſome force and native beauties of older times, notwithſtanding their antiquated garb and manners. The religious heats that ſubſiſted during the reformation, were ſo averſe to the muſes, that no poetical compoſitions, of any merit, appeared till the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign (though two or three *Holyday Writers*, as Mr. *Dryden* calls them, had given the world a few imitations from the *Italian* upon the ſubject of love.) At that time came out the fine collection, called, * *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*. This piece was done by ſeveral hands. It repreſents pathetically the falls of many great and unfortunate men of our nation, and beautifully adviſes others to avoid following their example. Beſides the particular praiſes given this work by † Sir *Philip Sidney*, and (*) Mr. *Edmund Bolton*, another judicious critick, who writes not long after him, that it received the general approbation, appears from its having been three or four times reprinted.

* London, 4*to*, 1559.
† Defence of Poeſie.
(*) Hypocritica, *lately publiſhed*.

reprinted. Every impreſſion had new additions from other eminent hands, amongſt whom the Earl of *Dorſet* is not the leaſt conſpicuous. Our compiler has ſcarce cited any poet antecedent to the authors of this collection, for the reaſons we have given above; and what he has extracted from others better known, as from *Spenſer*, &c. appears almoſt entirely new, having never been quoted in this manner, and perhaps, little obſerved before. He has not only endeavoured to ſupply the omiſſion of the authors, from whom this collection is taken, whoſe works might eaſily have been had, as they are extant in volumes; but as there are many other ingenious dramatick poets, whoſe writings were never printed together in editions, and conſequently were little likely to fall in the way of other compilers, our author, to make his work as complete as poſſible, has ſpared no pains in conſulting as great a number as he could procure. This might not have been ſo eaſy to others; looſe pamphlets being very liable to be loſt, or not recovered without long ſearch and great expence; of which one volume, containing ten of *Maſſenger*'s plays, is a proof, that was ſold lately at an auction for between three and four pounds. But happily between his own ſtores, and the large ſupplies of whatever was ſcarce and valuable

from

from those of his acquaintance, he has had the opportunity of using, in the present collection, between four and five hundred plays, both tragedies and comedies; for which latter species of poem, no other compiler seems to have had any relish. He has, however, admitted passages from ancient comedies; not being of their opinion, who confine instruction and poetry to verse only: And to avoid the offence that the measure of prose might give the eye in print, when mingled with verse, he has confined the prose-lines to the same extent with those of the verses. He has admitted no professed translations, that this collection, according to its title, might be entirely *English*: And as to the disposition of the passages, they are more regular than in any other book of this kind; the quotations not only being placed under their proper topicks, but ranged according to the order of time, in which they were wrote, that every chapter might shew the progressive alterations and improvement of our style and language. And that the work might be the more authentick, nothing is transcribed at second hand, but all the passages are copied from the authors themselves; an advantage, as we have observed before, no in the power of every compiler. Great has also been taken in pointing and

ing them correctly, and punctually to assign his own thoughts to every author.

Having given some account of this work, it may be no unnatural transition to say something of its merits and utility. It is a kind of body instinct with soul in every part. Wherever you open it, you are in the heart of your subject: Every leaf includes many lessons, and is a system of knowledge in a few lines. It is a guide in the actions, passions, fortunes, misfortunes, and all the vicissitudes, of life. The merely speculative may here find experience; the flattered, truth; the diffident, resolution; the presumptuous, modesty; the oppressor, mercy; the proud, humility; and the powerful, justice. Youth and age may improve equally by consulting it: The one it directs, the other it admonishes: Whilst it amends the heart, it informs the head, and is, at the same time, the rule of virtue, and the standard of poetical eloquence; especially to those who can discern delicacy of wit, dignity of sentiment, and sublimity of thought, through antiquated modes of speech, and the language of an age ago.

THE

Britiſh Muſe.

ABBEYS.

I AM no enemy to religion;
But what is done, it is for *England*'s good:
What did they ſerve for, but to feed a ſort
Of lazy abbots, and of full fed fryars?
They neither plough, nor ſow, and yet
they reap
The fat of all the land, and ſuck the poor:
Look what was theirs, is in king *Henry*'s hands,
His wealth before lay in the abbey-lands.
2. Indeed theſe things you have alledg'd, my lord,
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn,
Will curſe the time the abbies were pull'd down;
I pray now where is hoſpitality?
Where now may poor diſtreſſed people go,
For to relieve their need, or reſt their bones,
When weary travel doth oppreſs their limbs?
And where religious men ſhould take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a maſtiff dog.

William Shakeſpear's *Cromwell.*

For thoſe walls which the credulous, devout,
And apt believing ignorant did found,
With willing zeal, which never call'd in doubt,
That time their works ſhould ever ſo confound,
Lie like confuſed heaps as under ground ;
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages do account as folly.

Samuel Daniel's Roſamund.

(Weary'd with toil, in ſeeking out ſome one
That had a ſpark of true devotion ;)
It was my chance (chance only helpeth need)
To find an houſe ybuilt for holy deed,
With goodly architect, and cloiſters wide,
With groves and walks along a river's ſide ;
The place itſelf afforded admiration,
And ev'ry ſpray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan entreat an entrance thereat ;
The porter ask'd my name ; I told : he ſwell'd,
And bad me thence : wherewith in grief repell'd,
I ſought for ſhelter to a ruin'd houſe,
Harb'ring the weaſel, and the duſt-bred mouſe ;
And others none, except the two-kind bat,
Which all the day there melancholy ſate :
Here ſate I down ; with wind and rain ybeat ;
Grief fed my mind, and did my body eat.
Yet idleneſs I ſaw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance, when poor truth was kept without ;
There ſaw I drunkenneſs, with dropſies ſwoll'n ;
And pamper'd luſt, that many a night had ſtol'n
Over the abby-wall, when gates were lock'd,
To be in *Venus*' wanton boſom rock'd :
And gluttony that ſurfeiting had been,
Knock at the gate, and ſtraight way taken in.

William Brown's Paſtorals.

Religious houſes are thoſe hives, where bees
Make honey for men's ſouls : I tell thee, boy,

A friery is a cube, which ſtrongly ſtands,
Faſhion'd by men, ſupported by heaven's hands:
Orders of holy prieſthood are as high
I' th' eyes of angels, as a king's dignity:
Both theſe unto a crown give the full weight.

Sam. Rowley's Noble Spaniſh Soldier.

——————— This holy cell
Is dedicated to the ſon of peace;
The foot of war never prophan'd this floor,
Nor doth wrath here with his conſuming voice
Affright theſe buildings; charity with prayer,
Humility with abſtinence combin'd,
Are here the guardians of a grieved mind.

Hoffman's Tragedy.

A B S E N C E.

Like as the culver on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the abſence of her mate,
And in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhful vow,
For his return, that ſeems to linger late:
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
Mourn to myſelf the abſence of my love;
And wandering here and there all deſolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her own joyous ſight:
Whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can move,
In her unſpotted pleaſance to delight.
Dark is my day, while her fair light I miſs,
And dead my life, that wants ſuch lively bliſs.

Edmund Spenſer.

Tho' abſent, preſent in deſires they be,
Our ſoul much further than our eyes can ſee.

Michael Drayton.

Dull ſublunary lover's love
(Whoſe ſoul is ſenſe) cannot admit
Of abſence, 'cauſe it doth remove
The thing, which elemented it.

But we by a love ſo far refin'd,
That ourſelves know not what it is,
Inter-aſſured of the mind,
Careleſs eyes, lips, and hands to miſs.
Our two ſouls therefore, which are one,
Though I muſt go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion;
Like gold to airy thinneſs beat.
If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiff twin compaſſes are two,
The ſoul, the fixt foot makes no ſhew
To move, but doth, if th' other do.
And tho' it in the center ſit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkers after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who muſt
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmneſs makes my circle juſt,
And makes me end where I begun.

Dr. John Donne.

It is as if a night ſhould ſhade noon-day,
Or that the ſun was here, but forc'd away;
And we were left under that hemiſphere,
Where we muſt feel it dark for half a year.

Ben. Johnſon.

Stop the chaſed boar, or play
With the lyon's paw, yet fear
From the lover's ſide to tear
The idol of his ſoul away.

Though love enter by the ſight
To the heart, it doth not flie
From the mind, when from the eye
The fair objects take their flight.

But ſince want provokes deſire,
When we loſe what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is love more ſet on fire.

Love

Love doth with an hungry eye
Glut on beauty, and you may
Safer ſnatch the tyger's prey,
Than his vital food away.

Yet though abſence for a ſpace,
Sharpen the keen appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All love's characters efface.

For the ſenſe not fed, denies
Nouriſhment unto the mind,
Which with expectation pin'd,
Love of a conſumption dies.

Thomas Carew.

Wonder not if I ſtay not here:
Hurt lovers (like to wounded deer)
Muſt ſhift the place; for ſtanding ſtill
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where there is a traitor eye,
That lets in from an enemy
All that may ſupplant an heart,
'Tis time the chief ſhould uſe ſome art:
Who parts the object from the ſenſe,
Wiſely cuts off intelligence.
Oh how quickly men muſt die
Should they ſtand all love's battery!
Perſindae's eyes great miſchief do,
So do we know the cannon too;
But men are ſafe at diſtance ſtill:
Where they reach not they cannot kill.
Love is a fit, and ſoon is paſt,
Ill diet only makes it laſt;
Who is ſtill looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine in th' very height o' th' fever.

Sir *John Suckling.*

Thus abſence dies, and dying proves
No abſence can ſubſiſt with loves

That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkest night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way,
To see each other by reflection.
The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont, that has stood
Far from the main, up in the river:
Oh think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

Suckling.

——— Short absence hurt him more,
And made his wound far greater than before,
Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, encreases love at second sight.

Thomas May's Henry II.

I do not doubt his love, but I could wish
His presence might confirm it: when I see
A fire well fed, shoot up his wanton flame,
And dart itself into the face of heav'n;
I grant that fire, without a fresh supply,
May for a while be still a fire; but yet
How doth its lustre languish, and itself
Grow dark, if it too long want the embrace
Of it's lov'd pyle? how straight it buried lies
In its own ruins.

Robert Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

1. How sad and dismal sound the farewells which
Poor lovers take, whom destiny disjoins,
Although they know their absence will be short;
And when they meet again, how musical
And sweet, are all the mutual joys they breathe?
2. Like birds, who when they see the weary sun
Forsake the world, they lay their little heads
Beneath their wings, to ease that weight which his
Departure adds unto their grief.
1. 'Tis true, my love: but when they see that bright
Perpetual traveller return, they warm

And

And air their feathers at his beams, and sing
Until their gratitude hath made them hoarse.

Sir William Davenant's Platonick Lovers.

Convict me of my crime, and as 'tis meet,
I'll do you daily penance in a sheet.
But, prove me absent first, and then,
I'll write apologys, or burn my pen.
Planets are where they work, not where they move,
I am not where I live, but where I love.

Thomas Ford.

Without your sight my life is less secure;
Those wounds you gave, your eyes can only cure;
No balm in absence will effectual prove,
Nature provides no weapon-salve for love.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.

If she be gone, the world, in my esteem,
Is all bare walls; nothing remains in it
But dust and feathers; like a *Turkish* inn,
And the foul steps where plunderers have been.

John Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

ABSTINENCE.

His life is parallell'd
Ev'n with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on in pow'r,
To qualify in others.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Yet, abstinence in things we must profess
Which nature fram'd for need, not for excess.

Brown's Pastorals.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

Robert Herrick.

ACCIDENT.

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess

Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Shakeſpear's Winter's Tale.

Great works do oft yield grievous accidents,
Which ſtir up peoples rage beyond intents.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

Good things, that come of courſe, far leſs do pleaſe,
Than thoſe, which come by ſweet Contingencies.

Herrick.

If we conſider accident,
And how repugnant unto ſenſe,
It pays deſert with bad event,
We ſhall diſparage Providence.

Sir *William Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

ACCLAMATIONS.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heavn's to the earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet.*

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

1. Give way, make place; room for the conſul.
2. Hail!
Hail, great *Sejanus!* 1. Hail, my honour'd lord!
3. We ſhall be mark'd anon, for our not-hail.
4. That is already done. 3. It is a note
Of upſtart greatneſs, to obſerve and watch
For theſe poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and ſcorns. 4. Ay, and they think themſelves
Deeply diſhonour'd, where they are omitted;
As if they were neceſſities that help'd
To the perfection of their dignities;
And hate the men that but refrain them.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

His ſpeech was anſwer'd with a gen'ral noiſe
Of acclamations, doubtleſs ſigns of joys
Which Soldiers utter'd, as they forward went,
The ſure fore-runners of a fair event:

So

So when the winter, to the ſpring bequeaths
The rule of time, and mild *Favonius* breaths,
A choir of ſwans, to that ſweet muſick ſings,
The air reſounds the motion of their wings,
When over plains they fly in order'd ranks,
To ſport themſelves upon *Caiſter*'s banks.

Sir *John Beaumont*.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Noble ſhe is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it,
Is like a ſingular muſician
To a ſweet inſtrument, or elſe as doctrine
Is to the ſoul, that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty, idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to diſpoſe thoſe parts,
Sits on her brow and holds a ſilver ſcepter,
With which ſhe keeps time to the ſeveral muſicks,
Plac'd in the ſacred concert of her beauties:
Love's compleat armoury is manag'd in her,
To ſtir affection, and the diſcipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might diſproportion her,
Or make her graces leſs than circular;
Yet her even carriage, is as far from coyneſs
As from immodeſty; in play, in dancing,
In ſuffering courtſhip, in requiting kindneſs,
In uſe of places, hours, and companies
Free as the Sun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumſpect as *Cynthia* in her vows,
And conſtant as the center to obſerve them;
Ruthful, and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,
In all her courſes ever at the full.

George Chapman's *Monſieur D'Olive*.

She is of the beſt blood, yet betters it
With all the graces of an excellent ſpirit:
Mild as the infant roſe, and innocent
As when heav'n lent her us. Her mind, as well

As face, is yet a paradice untainted
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.

Robert Baron's Mirza.

ACCUSATION.

1. You would grow unjust unto yourself,
To own the error of your fate.
2. Fortune and fate are merely names,
For were they real pow'rs, they'd not endure,
That fools should prove them guilty of our ills.
1. Your passion makes you subject to mistake.
2. 'Tis a sad truth, and no mistake of rage;
If every star were guilty of those crimes
Of which so sev'rally they've been accus'd,
By the long continu'd race of erring men,
They would have lost their hurtful influence
Ere this, for the supreme just power would
Then neglect them.

Sir *William Davenant*'s *Fair Favourite.*

Give me good proofs of what you have alledg'd.
'Tis not enough to say, in such a bush
There lies a thief, in such a cave a beast,
But you must shew him to me ere I shoot,
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep:
I'm fond of no man's person, but his virtue.
Prove that the duke and loyalty are strangers,
And he and I will be as far asunder
As life and death; the grave shall be betwixt us.

Crown's *First Part of Henry* VI.

ACTION.

Away then, work with boldness, and with speed,
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

Christopher Marloe's *Lust's Dominion.*

Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Shakespear's *Troilus and Cressida.*

Bring

Bring aƈtion hither;
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping giant.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

All their aƈtions are govern'd by crude opinion,
Without reaſon, or cauſe; they know not why
They do any thing; but as they are inform'd,
Believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate,
And in emulation one of another,
Do all theſe things alike, only they have
A nat'ral inclination ſways them generally
To the worſt, when they are left to themſelves.

Johnſon's Silent Woman.

Yet is the office not to be deſpis'd,
If only love ſhould make the aƈtion priz'd.

Johnſon.

Men find that aƈtion is another thing,
Than they do in diſcourſing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than thoſe wherein your clerks proceed:
Whilſt tim'rous knowledge ſtands conſidering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows moſt, the more he knows to doubt;
The leaſt diſcourſe is commonly moſt ſtout.

Daniel.

Let not the leaſt aƈt now of his, at laſt,
Mar all his aƈt of life, and glory paſt,

Daniel's Philotas.

For good and well muſt in our aƈtions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe than indiſcreet.

Dr. *Donne.*

Things of this nature ſprung
When they mean aƈtion, muſt uſe little tongue.

Middleton's and *Rowley's Fair Quarrel.*

Good aƈtions crown themſelves with laſting bays,
Who deſerves well, needs not another's praiſe.

Heath's Claraſtella.

————The end of every act
Is to increase contentment and renown,
Both which, my love, shall amply joy in you.
2. How can renown ensue an act of shame.
1. No act hath any shame within itself,
But in the knowledge and ascription.

Chapman's Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward, vice punishment.

Beaumont's and Fletcher's Captain.

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

George Herbert.

Be well advis'd, and wary council make,
Ere thou dost any action undertake.
Hav'ng undertaken, thy endeavours bend
To bring thy actions to a perfect end.

Thomas Randolph.

Time will be waited on by majesty;
'Tis proper to an action, as place
To bodies: When the winds are contrary,
Wise pilots change their course: When they are for't,
They veer about, and make up to their port.

Charles Aleyn's Poictiers.

Actions are weakned with too hasty speed,
Thus predigestion doth diseases breed.
Heads are the wombs where actions must be
Conceiv'd, and fashioned in all their parts,
And stay the time of just delivery,
Or else the head miscarries, and aborts.
A hudling haste shapes no productions right:
Jove could not get the muses in a night.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

————We can call
Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come;
They're only our's when they are past and done.

Thomas Middleton's Mayor of Queenborough.

The

The body ſins not, 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

Herrick.

——————— We no more can tell,
What 'tis you ſhew, than what true tinctures dwell
Upon the doves bright neck, which are ſo one,
And divers, that we can think them all, and none.
And this is your quick prudence, which conveys
One grace into another, that who ſays,
You now are courteous when you change the light,
Will ſay you're juſt, and think it a new ſight,
And this is your peculiar art; we know
Others might do like actions, but not ſo;
The agents alter things; and what does come,
Pow'rful from theſe, flows weaker far from ſome;
Thus the ſun's light makes day, if it appear,
And caſts true luſtre round the hemiſphere;
When if projected from the moon, that light
Makes not a day, but only colours night;
But you, we may ſtill full, ſtill perfect call,
As what's ſtill great, is equal ſtill in all.

William Cartwright.

Action is honour's language, ſwords are tongues,
Which both ſpeak beſt, and beſt do right our wrongs.

Sam. Rowley's Noble Spaniſh Soldier.

He that purſues an act that is attended
With doubtful iſſues, for the means had need
Of policy and force to make it ſpeed.

Thomas Nabb's Unfortunate Mother.

As the new moon th' light of th' old devours;
So do thy actions all thine anceſtors.

Baron's Mirza.

As in a ſhip ſome climb the ſhrouds, t'unfold
The ſail, ſome ſweep the deck, ſome pump the hold;
While he that guides the helm, imploys his ſkill,
And gives the law to them, by ſitting ſtill.

Great

Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
Than from wise councils and commands proceed.

Sir *John Denham.*

Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind:
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about 'till thou hast topp'd the hill;
To the same end men sev'ral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shews.

Denham.

Actions rare and sudden, do commonly
Proceed from fierce necessity: Or else
From some oblique design, which is asham'd
To shew itself in the publick road.

Sir *William Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Peace is the rust of minds; brave souls refine
By great examples, and with use they shine.

Sir *Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

But our unsteady actions cannot be
Manag'd by rules of strict philosophy;
There is but part belongs unto our care;
Fortune has right and title to a share.

Sir *Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

All actions finely gilded o'er succeed;
Men still the doers mind, and not the deed.

Crown's Calisto.

ADMIRATION.

We may admire
The blaze and splendor, but not handle fire.
What she did here, by great example, well
T'inlive posterity, her fame may tell.
And calling truth to witness, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood.

Johnson.

ADOPTION.

'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.

Shakeſpear's All's well that ends well.

ADVANCEMENT.

———————— You have lay'd
A brave foundation, by the hand of virtue:
Put not the roof to fortune: Fooliſh ſtatuarys,
That under little ſaints, ſuppoſe great baſes,
Make leſs to ſenſe, the ſaints; and ſo where fortune
Advanceth vile minds, to ſtates great and noble,
She much the more expoſeth them to ſhame,
Not able to make good, and fill their baſes
With a conformed ſtructure.

Chapman's Firſt Part of Biron's Conſpiracy.

Advancement now doth not attend deſert,
But flows from fancies of a flatter'd mind;
Which to baſe hierlings, honour doth impart,
Whilſt envy'd worth no ſafe retreat can find,
All proud uſurpers moſt addicted prove,
To them whom without cauſe they raiſe too high,
As thinking thoſe who ſtand but by their love,
To entertain the ſame, all means muſt try.
Where they, whoſe virtue reaps a due reward,
Not building only on the giver's grace,
Do by deſerts not gain ſo great regard,
Whilſt they maintain, as they obtain their place.
And if a worthy man to work great things,
Wing'd with a tyrant's favour, raiſe his flight,
The higheſt courſe to him moſt harm ſtill brings,
Who 'till he fall, cannot have leave to light.
Thoſe who by force would have th'affection mov'd,
When willingly men hold ſuch gallants dear,
Do rage that any ſhould be freely lov'd,
Whoſe virtue makes their vice more vile appear.

Sir *W. Alexander* Earl of *Sterline's Julius Cæſar.*

1. I was your friend, when you were honeſt,
No ſordid flatterer of tyranny:

Be-

Before you climb'd the mountains of advancement,
To feed on winds, as *Spanish* horses do.
2. My lord, you love those winds as much as I do,
And hate the fogs that haunt the dirty vales.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in ev'ry thing.

Shakespear's As you like it.

That sir, which serves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

Shakespear's King Lear.

He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
Hath had n'occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.
The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy best fortunes could have done:
For ever by adversity are wrought,
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Daniel, on Wriothesly Earl of Southampton.

Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,
Sith none are so, but in their own esteem?

Who

Who in diſtreſs from reſolution flies,
Is rightly ſaid to yield to miſeries.

Drayton.

Afflictions
Do fall like hailſtones; one no ſooner drops,
But a whole ſhower does follow.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

——————— Man's ſenſes barren were,
If they could apprehend but what they feel.
Ills do with place, like numbers, multiply.

Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

Better were worſe, for no affliction
No croſs is ſo extreme, as to have none.

Dr. *Donne.*

You are flies, away; they that my winter fled,
Shall not my ſummer taſte; they only merit
A happy harbour, that through ſtormy ſeas
Hazard their barks, not they that ſail with eaſe.

Thomas Heywood's Royal King.

Not one care-wanting hour my life had taſted;
But from the very inſtant of my birth,
Inceſſant woes my tir'd heart have waſted,
And my poor thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
Look how one wave another ſtill purſueth,
When ſome great tempeſt holds their troops in chace:
Or as one hour another cloſe reneweth;
Or poſting day ſupplies another's place;
So do the billows of affliction beat me,
And hand in hand the ſtorms of miſchief go;
Succeſſive cares with utter ruin threat me;
Grief is enchain'd with grief, and woe with woe.

Samuel Brandon's Octavia.

He that pines in grief,
Lives as your ſailors do, thinking at ſea,
Every ſtorm ends, when flattery flouts ye,
So to our love-ſick ſorrow comes a calm,
By eaſe of fancies, when 'tis furtheſt,

And many times the weapon that doth wound,
Is ſalve and ſurgeon both, to make all ſound.

Robert Armin's *Two Maids of More-clack.*

Through danger ſafety comes, through trouble reſt.

John Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs.*

Though I have loſt my fortune, and loſt you
For a worthy father: Yet I will not loſe
My former virtue, my integrity
Shall not yet forſake me: But as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in ſome pitious ruin
Of tower, or defac'd temple, than it does
Planted by a new building; ſo ſhall I
Make my adverſity my inſtrument
To wind me up into a full content.

Beaumont's and *Fletcher*'s *Fair Maid of the Inn.*

We ſee, that trees bear no ſuch pleaſant fruit
There where they firſt grew, as where they are new ſet.
Perfumes, the more they're chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleaſant ſcents; and ſo affliction
Expreſſeth virtue fully, whether true,
Or elſe adulterate.

John Webſter's *White Devil.*

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom ſhaking faſtens more;
While bluſt'ring winds deſtroy the wanton bow'rs,
And ruffle all their curious knots and ſtore.

George Herbert.

——————— Like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas thrown:
So in affliction's violence, he that's wiſe,
The more he's caſt down, will the higher riſe.

Nabb's *Microcoſmus.*

Afflictions they moſt profitable are
To the beholder, and the ſufferer:
Bettering them both; but by a double ſtrain,
The firſt by patience, and the laſt by pain.

Herrick.

Adver-

Adversity hurts none, but only such
Whom whilest fortune dandled has too much.

Herrick.

Though affliction at the first, doth vex
Most virtuous natures, from the sense, that 'tis
Unjustly laid; yet when the amazement, which
That new pain brings, is worn away, they then
Embrace oppression straight, with such
Obedient chearfulness, as if it came
From heaven not men.

Sir *William Davenant*'s *Fair Favourite.*

Your virtues have not more made crowns your due,
Than suff'rings taught you how to use them too.
Strokes upon solid bodies do provoke
A secret brightness free, unmixt with smoke:
No grossness mingled; but bright sparks declare
What mighty firmness their composures are.
So whilst the strokes of fortune on you light,
Your mighty frame appears more firm and bright.
Affliction often by its pow'rful weight
Is the case-shot of destiny and fate.
Routing faint principles together brought
By prosp'rous virtues; not by hazards taught.
Whilst the weak man is too much understood,
His frailty more, than his substantial good.
As in the low declining of the day,
Mens shadows more enlarged shew, than they;
So in the world's great, last, adversity.
When ev'ry element their pow'r must try;
To dissolution they must all retire,
And leave but one pure element of fire.

Sir *Robert Howard* on *Charles* II.

The wise more active grow by being crost,
Since art has oft restor'd what fortune lost.

Roger Boyle's *Earl of Orrery*'s *Guzman.*

ADVICE.

ADVICE.

Let me you intreat,
For to unfold the anguish of your heart:
Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,
And council mitigates the greatest smart.
Found never help who never would his hurts impart.

Edmund Spenser's Fairy Queen.

He chiefly will'd me, when he gave this land
I should be rul'd, by all his council's will,
And use their judgments in my dealings still.
But why do I accuse my father's hest,
What mean I here th'unfaulty for to blame?
All he commanded ev'n was for the best,
Though in effect, of best the worst became.
So things oft-times well meant, unfitly frame,
So oftentimes the council of our friend,
Apparent good, falls faulty in the end.

Mirror for Magistrates.

As they that are shaken with a fever
Are to be warm'd with cloaths, not groans; and as
He that melteth in a consumption
Is to be recur'd by cullisses, not conceits:
So the feeding canker of my care, the
Never dying worm of my heart, is to
Be kill'd by council, not crys; by applying
Of remedies, not by replying of reasons.

John Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe.

Then all too late comes council to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Shakespear's King Richard II.

Let him be so,
For council still is folly's deadly foe.

Shakespear's London Prodigal.

You are one of those that will not serve God,
If the devil bid you.

Shakespear's Othello.

In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their ſentence, to be free
From either hate or love, anger or pity ;
For where the leaſt of theſe do hinder, there
The mind not eaſily diſcerns the truth.

Johnſon's Catiline.

I counſel gave according to my skill,
It was my upright mind that made me bold,
And though my wit not anſwer'd to my will,
Still zeal what it conceives, muſt needs unfold.
We ſhould be loath to ſpeak in great affairs,
Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'event :
For, if things fail, the fault is ſtill thought theirs,
Who gave advice, though of a good intent.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

Council's as much the office of a ſervant,
When the maſter falls upon a danger, as
Defence is,

Beaumont's and Fletcher's Honeſt Man's Fortune.

Know when to ſpeak ; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the beſt advice to Kings.

Herrick.

'Tis eaſy for phyſicians for to tell
Advice to others, when themſelves are well.

Thomas Goff's Courageous Turk.

But yet beware of counſels when too full,
Number makes long diſputes and graveneſs dull ;
Though their Advice be good, their counſel wiſe,
Yet length ſtill loſes opportunities :
Debate deſtroys diſpatch ; as fruits we ſee
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree ;
In vain that husbandman his ſeed doth ſow,
If he his crop not in due ſeaſon mow.
A gen'ral ſets his army in array
In vain, unleſs he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that muſt praiſe bring forth,
Without which, ſlow advice is little worth.

Yet

Yet they who give good counſel, praiſe deſerve,
Though in the active part they cannot ſerve.

Denham.

Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
Leſs perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than her, courts by weak counc'llors err,
In adding cyphers were ſhe made but one.

Sir *William Davenant's Gondibert.*

Councils, like ſeamen, as they cauſe do find,
Muſt tack about according to the wind.

John Dover's Roman Generals.

ADULTERY.

If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: What needs ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in the looks at board.

Shakeſpear's Comedy of Errors.

Heaven is juſt, ſcorns are the hire of ſcorns,
I never yet knew adulterer without horns.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

'Tis more than nature's mighty hand can do,
To make one human and a letcher too;
Look how a wolf doth like a dog appear,
So like a friend is an adulterer.

Chapman's Revenge of Buſſy d'Ambois.

How many ills ſpring from adultery?
Firſt the ſupreme law that is violated,
Nobility oft ſtain'd with baſtardy,

Inheri-

Inheritance of land falsly possess'd,
The husband scorn'd, wife sham'd, and babes unbless'd.

Webster's Devil's Law-Case, or when Women go to Law, the Devil's full of Business.

1. Thou never mean'st then
To marry any one thou lov'st?
2. No, surely,
Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage!
Would you have me now begin to be 'prentice,
And learn to cobble other mens old boots?
1. Why, you may take a maid.
2. Where? can you tell me?
Or if 'twere possible I might get a maid,
To what use should I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new gowns i'th' parish will not please her,
If she be high-bred, for there's the sport she aims at,
Nor all the feathers in the fryars.
1. Then take a widow,
A good stanch widow, that's tythe.
2. And begin a new order,
Live in a dead man's monument; not I, sir,
I'll keep mine own road; a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow; and methinks ever
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.

Beaumont's and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.

1. What pity 'tis these pleasures are not lawful.
2. Lawful! that would take much from the delight
And value. I have heard some gentlemen,
That want no venison of their own,
Swear they had rather strike their neighbour's deer
Than hunt in their own park; what we possess
We keep for our necessity, not game,
Or weary'd with enjoying, give't away,
To purchase thanks abroad.

James Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

Adultery,

Adultery,
Adultery, *Biancha!* ſuch a guilt,
As were the ſluices of thine eyes let up,
Tears cannot waſh it off: 'Tis not the tide
Of trivial wantonneſs from youth to youth,
But thy abuſing of thy lawful bed,
Thy huſband's bed; his, in whoſe breaſt thou ſleep'ſt:
His, that did prize thee more than all the traſh
Which hoarding worldings make an idol of;
When thou ſhalt find the catalogue enroll'd
Of thy miſdeeds, there ſhall be writ in text,
Thy baſtarding the iſſues of a prince.
Now turn thy eyes into thy hov'ring ſoul
And do not hope for life: Would angels ſing
A requiem at my hearſe, but to diſpenſe
With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain.
Prepare to die.

John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.

AFFECTION.

Moſt wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But ſoon thro' ſuff'rance grow to fearfull end;
While they are a weak, betimes with them contend,
For when they once to perfect ſtrength do grow,
Strong wars they make, and cruell battr'y bend
'Gainſt fort of reaſon, it to overthrow.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

What war ſo cruell, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that, which ſtrong affections do apply
Againſt the fort of reaſon, evermore
To bring the ſoul into captivity!
Their force is fiercer thro' infirmity
Of the frail fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Upon the parts brought into their bondage:
No wretchedneſs is like to ſinfull villenage.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Affection is a fire,
Which kindleth as well in the bramble as
In the oak, and catcheth hold where it first
Lighteth, not where it best may burn. Larks that
Mount aloft in the air, build their nests below
In the earth; and women that cast their eyes
Upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals.

Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe.

Affection is the savage beast,
Which always us annoyeth:
And never lets us live in rest,
But still our good destroyeth.
Affection's pow'r who can suppress,
And master when it sinneth:
Of worthy praise deserves no less,
Than he that kingdoms winneth.

Brandon's Octavia.

When our diseas'd affections,
(Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
Inferring darkness to th'infected mind)
Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit,
Take in another way; like rooms that fight
With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

——————Thoughts that be offended,
Are seldom with their present visions mended;
Rage sees too much, security too little;
Affections are, like glassy metal, brittle.

Lord *Brook's Mustapha.*

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Our own affections are the fiercest lords.

Earl of *Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice,
One eccho makes another to rejoice:
One well-tun'd string, set truly to the like,
Sruck near at hand, doth make another strike.

How comes it then that our affections jar?
What opposition doth beget this war?

Drayton.

Our affections cannot be compell'd,
Though our actions may.

Cyril Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

O you much partial Gods!
Why gave ye men affections, and not pow'r
To govern them? What I by fate should shun,
I most affect.

Lodovick Barrey's Ram-Alley.

That fire's not out, which does in ashes burn.

Henry Glapthorne's Hollander.

For affections injur'd
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threatned trees, unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

See how affection sways! though both our reasons
Were of one colour, mine look'd dull, thine bright,
When prejudice and favour chang'd the light.

Sir *Robert Stapylton's Step Mother.*

Affection is become a parasite;
Strives to please whom it cannot benefit.

Sir *William Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

ALLIANCE.

Whoso doth of a prince alliance crave,
He means thereby to work some point of ill,
Or else to frame the prince unto his will.

Mirror for Magistrates.

1. I sought none of your alliance, I——
2. Has he the speed to run beyond himself?
3. Yes, and bring himself about, I warrant you.
1. Nor to be join'd with houses of great sound,
Whose noise grows from their hollow emptiness.
I could have match'd my daughter here, that was
But now a baronnettess in reversion,
To a substantial heir of two fair lordships.

2. Per-

2. Perhaps no gentleman.
1. Yet honourable, land-lordſhip's real honour,
Though in a tradeſman's ſon: When your fair titles
Are but the ſhadows of your anceſtry;
And you walk in them, when your land is gone,
Like the pale ghoſts of dead nobility.

Richard Brome's Damoiſelle.

AMAZEMENT.

Why ſtand you thus amaz'd? Methinks your eyes
Are fix'd in meditation; and all here
Seem like ſo many ſenſeleſs ſtatues;
As if your ſouls had ſuffer'd an eclipſe
Betwixt your judgments and affections.

Swetnam, the Woman-Hater.

AMBASSADORS.

For all ambaſſadors
Have chiefly theſe inſtructions;
To note the ſtate and chief ſway of the court,
To which they are employ'd; to penetrate
The heart and marrow of the king's deſigns,
And to obſerve the count'nances and ſpirits
Of ſuch as are impatient of reſt,
And wring beneath ſome private diſcontent.

Chapman's Firſt Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

Ambaſſadors that cram into their breaſts
Secrets of kings, and kingdoms intereſts,
Have not their calling's full preheminence,
'Till they grow greater by removing hence;
Like ſubjects here they but attend the throne,
Yet ſwell like kings companions when they're gone.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

AMBITION.

The thirſt of reign and ſweetneſs of a crown,
That caus'd the eldeſt ſon of heav'nly *Ops*,
To thruſt his doting father from his chair,
And place himſelf in the æmpyreal heav'n;
Mov'd me to manage arms againſt thy ſtate.

What better president than mighty *Jove*?
Nature that fram'd us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regimen,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wond'rous architecture of the world,
And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

2. For he is gross, and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

Marlo's *First Part of Tamburlaine the Great.*

Ambition hath but two steps; the lowest,
Blood; the highest envy: Both these hath my
Unhappy father climb'd, digging mines of
Gold with the lives of men, and now envy'd
Of the whole world, is environ'd with
Enemies round about the world, not knowing
That ambition hath one heel nail'd in hell,
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the heav'ns.

Lilly's *Midas.*

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So *Cæsar* may:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Shakespear's *Julius Cæsar.*

Who ſoars too near the ſun, with golden wings,
Melts them; to ruin his own fortune brings.

Shakeſpear's Cromwell.

Thriftleſs ambition! that will ravin up
Thine own life's means.

Shakeſpear's Macbeth.

How doſt thou wear, and weary out thy days,
Reſtleſs ambition, never at an end?
Whoſe travels no *Herculean* pillar ſtays,
But ſtill beyond thy reſt thy labours tend,
Above good fortune thou thy hopes doſt raiſe,
Still climbing, and yet never canſt aſcend:
For when thou haſt attain'd unto the top
Of thy deſires, thou haſt not yet got up.

Daniel's Philotas.

They that from youth do ſuck at fortune's breaſt,
And nurſe their empty hearts with ſeeking higher,
Like dropſy fed, their thirſt doth never reſt;
For, ſtill by getting, they encreaſe deſire:
Till thoughts, like wood, while they maintain the flame
Of high deſires, grow aſhes in the ſame.

Lord *Brook's Muſtapha.*

Thoſe who delight in climbing high,
Oft by a precipice do die.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

Of all the paſſions which poſſeſs the ſoul,
None ſo diſturbs vain mortals minds,
As vain ambition, which ſo blinds
The light of them, that nothing can controul,
Nor curb their thoughts who will aſpire;
This raging vehement deſire
Of ſovereignty no ſatisfaction finds,
But in the breaſts of men doth ever roul
The reſtleſs ſtone of *Siſyph'* to torment them,
And as his heart, who ſtole the heav'nly fire,
The vulture gnaws, ſo doth that monſter rent them:
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

Ambition, that near vice
To virtue, hath the fate of *Rome*, provok'd,
And made that now *Rome*'s ſelf's no price
To free her from the death wherewith ſhe's yok'd.
That reſtleſs ill that ſtill doth build
Upon ſucceſs; and ends not in aſpiring;
But there begins, and ne'er is fill'd
While aught remains that ſeems but worth deſiring.
Wherein the thought, (unlike the eye,
To which things far ſeem ſmaller than they are)
Deems all contentment plac'd on high,
And thinks there's nothing great, but what is far.
Oh that in time, *Rome* did not caſt
Her errors up, this fortune to prevent;
T'have ſeen her crimes ere they were paſt,
And felt her faults before her puniſhment!

Johnſon's *Catiline*.

All other acts of worldings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in ſpoil.
Look on th'ambitious man, and ſee him nurſe
His unjuſt hopes, with praiſes begg'd, or worſe,
Bought flatt'ries, the iſſue of his purſe,
'Till he become both their, and his own curſe!

Johnſon.

Farewel for ever; ſo have I diſcern'd
An exhalation that would be a ſtar
Fall, when the ſun forſook it, in a ſink.
Shoes ever overthrow that are too large,
And hugeſt cannons burſt with over-charge.

Chapman's *Second Part of Byron*'s *Conſpiracy*.

He is at no end of his actions bleſt,
Whoſe ends will make him greateſt, and not beſt:
They tread no ground, but ride in air on ſtorms,
That follow ſtate, and hunt her empty forms.
Who ſee not that the vallies of the world,
Make even right with mountains, that they grow
Green, and lie warmer, ever peaceful are,
When clouds ſpit fire at hills, and burn them bare?

Not

Not vallies part, but we ſhould imitate ſtreams
That run below the vallies, and do yield
To every mole-hill, every bank embrace
That check their currents, and when torrents come
That ſwell and raiſe them paſt their nat'ral height,
How mad they are, and troubl'd? Like low ſtreams
With torrents crown'd, are men with diadems.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

Our natures are like oil, compound us with any thing,
Yet ſtill we ſtrive to ſwim upon the top.

Beaumont's and Fletcher's Loyal Subject.

Man was mark'd
A friend in his creation to himſelf,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greateſt bleſſings, and the brighteſt honours
Appointed for him, if he can atchieve them
The right and noble way.

Philip Maſſinger's Guardian.

Minds that will mount into ſuperior ſtate,
Climb miſchief's ladder, virtuous actions hate.

Nathaniel Richards's Meſſalina.

I ſhall behold
This fearful meteor, that would be a ſtar
And does affright us with his hideous blaze,
Like a vain comet, drop his fading rays.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenſtein.

Th'ambitious maid at ſcornful diſtance ſtood;
And bravely ſeem'd of love's low vices free;
Though vitious in her mind, not in her blood:
Ambition is the mind's immodeſty.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Be not with honour's gilded baits beguil'd,
Nor think ambition wiſe, becauſe 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis ſo unſound, her cradle is her grave.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Ambition's monſtrous ſtomach does increaſe
By eating, and it fears to ſtarve, unleſs

It ſtill may feed, and all it ſees devour:
Ambition is not tir'd with toil, nor cloy'd with pow'r.

Sir *William Davenant's Playhouſe to be let.*

If ambition be his fault, 'twas yours;
He had it from you when he had his being:
Nor was't his fault nor your's, for 'tis in princes
A crime to want it; from a noble ſpirit
Ambition can no more be ſeparated,
Than heat from fire.

Denham's Sophy.

———————— Ambitious eyes,
Look often higher than their merits riſe.

Rowland Watkyns.

I'd as ſoon be
An eunuch, as a man without ambition.
The luſt of ruling men, does far excel
The brutiſh luſt of getting 'em; a beaſt
Can get his kind, but cannot govern it.
Ambition is a ſpirit in the world,
That cauſes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind ſweet by action, without that,
The world would be a filthy ſettled mud.

Crown's Ambitious Stateſman.

ANCESTORS.

Boaſt not theſe titles of your anceſtors,
Brave youths; they're their poſſeſſions, none of yours:
When your own virtues, equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are ſtrong ſupporters; but, till then,
The greateſt are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to truſt to reeds;
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds
Up to their anceſtors; the river's ſide,
By which your're planted, ſhews your fruit ſhall bide;
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree:
'Tis virtu' alone is true nobility.

Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

Johnson.

I have no urns; no dusty monuments;
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables
Of long descents, to boast false honours from.

Johnson's Catiline.

'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry
To build their glories at their father's cost;
But at their own expence of blood or virtue,
To raise them living monuments: Our birth
Is not our own act; honour upon trust,
Our ill deeds forfeit; and the wealthy sums
Purchas'd by others fame or sweat, will be
Our stain; for we inherit nothing truly
But what our actions make us worthy of.

Chapman's and *Shirley's Ball.*

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the virtues
Of noble races are hereditary:
And do derive themselves from th'imitation
Of virtuous ancestors.

Nabbi's Covent Garden.

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.
For father's crests are crowned in the son,
And glory spreads by propagation.

John Cleveland.

ANGER.

And him besides rides fierce avenging wrath,
Upon a lion, both, for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held.
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in him swell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was ſtain'd with blood,
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadviſed raſhneſs waxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpaſt,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecaſt,
How many miſchiefs ſhould inſue his endleſs haſte?

Full many miſchiefs follow cruell wrath:
Abhorred bloodſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancour's ruſty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;
All theſe, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The ſwelling ſpleen, and phrenzy raging riſe,
The ſhaking palſey, and ſaint *Frauncis'* fire:
Such one was wrath, the laſt of this ungodly tire.

Spenſer's *Fairy Queen.*

Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot,
That it do ſinge yourſelf. We may out-run
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running: Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
Seeming t'augment it, waſtes it? Be adviſ'd:
I ſay again, there is no *Engliſh* ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.

Shakeſpear's *King Henry* VIII.

Anger is like
A full hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Shakeſpear's *King Henry* VIII.

1. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman ſtares?

2. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?
1. All this! ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go ſhew your ſlave how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

The giddy head that ſees with dazzled ſight,
Imagines all the world to turn about:
And rage, which to yourſelf makes you ſeem great,
Is leſs to me, than if you did intreat.

Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

Anger never
Should be conceiv'd, but where it may be born
In ſome fact fit t'employ his active flame,
That elſe conſumes who bears it, and abides
Like a falſe ſtar, that quenches as it glides.

Beaumont's and *Fletcher's Bloody Brother.*

There is not in nature,
A thing that makes a man ſo deform'd, ſo beaſtly,
As doth intemp'rate anger: Chide yourſelf;
You have divers men, who never yet expreſs'd
Their ſtrong deſire of reſt, but by unreſt,
By vexing of themſelves.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

——— Your more manly ſoul I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throws forth a fire into the ſtrikers eyes.
You bear about you valour's whetſtone, anger;
Which ſets an edge upon the ſword, and makes it
Cut with a ſpirit; you conceive fond patience
Is an injuſtice to ourſelves; the ſuff'ring
One injury invites a ſecond, that

Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that mortal brow.

Thomas Randolph's *Muſe's Looking-Glaſs.*

Madneſs and anger differ but in this,
This is ſhort madneſs, that long anger is.

Charles Aleyn's *Creſcey.*

My rage is not malicious; like a ſpark
Of fire by ſteel inforc'd out of a flint,
It is no ſooner kindled, but extinct.

Goffe's *Careleſs Shepherdeſs.*

———————— Where there's
Power to puniſh, 'tis tyranny to rage,
Anger is no attribute of juſtice;
'Tis true, ſhe's painted with a ſword, but looks
As if ſhe held it not, though war be in
Her hand, yet peace dwells in her face.

Henry Killegrew's *Conſpiracy.*

If I ſtay, my rage
Will hurry me to miſchief, better leave her
To certain ruin, than betray myſelf
To danger of it. When ſtrong tides meet tides
In a contracted channel, they their force
Reſign to the wearing of the troubled waves,
A frothier livery than when oceans
Encounter with full liberty. The winds
Impriſon'd in the caverns of the earth
Break out in hideous earthquakes; paſſions ſo
Encreaſe by oppoſition of all ſcorns.

Glapthorne's *Hollander.*

1. ———————————— She
Plays with his rage, and gets above his anger;
As you have ſeen a little boat to mount and dance,
Upon the wave, that threatens t' overwhelm it.
2. To threaten is to ſave; but his anger
Strikes us like thunder, where the blow out flies
The loud report, and even prevents mens fears.
1. But then, like thunder,

It

It rends a cedar, or an oak, or finds
Some ſtrong reſiſting matter; women and children
Are not ſubjects worthy a prince's anger.

Denham's Sophy.

——————— Anger
Is blood, pour'd and perplex'd into a froth;
But malice is the wiſdom of our wrath.

Sir *William Davenant's Juſt Italian.*

These by their bloody marks in combat dy'd,
Through anger; the diſeaſe of beaſts untam'd;
Whoſe wrath is anger, but in men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Charge! charge! the battle is begun! and now
I ſaw thy uncle's anger in his brow;
Which, like heaven's fire, does ſeldom force aſſume,
Or kindle till 'tis fit it ſhould conſume.

Sir *W. Davenant's Madagaſcar.*

1. But how does his reſolution take it?
2. As fire and air compreſs'd, when ſtruggling
They break forth in thunders; or the vex'd wind
Amongſt a grove of trees, ſpending his ſcorn
And rage.
1. Men of his ſoul and conſtitution
Cannot play with their paſſions, and ſtroke
Them tame, ſo provoked.

Henry Lord Viſcount *Falkland's Marriage-Night.*

In mighty ſouls, paſſions not ſoon ſuppreſs'd,
Like wounded whales, do ſtruggle 'till they die;
By their impatience they encreaſe the ſmart,
Provoke their pains, and vex a harmleſs dart;
Toſſing the mighty maſs till they're on ground,
Their rage more fatal than the little wound.

Sir *Francis Fane's Sacrifice.*

1. You throw away your fury now as wildly
As tempeſts waſte their giddy violence.

2. No

2. No matter: Raging ſtorms grow loud and high
When they are moſt oppos'd, and ſo will I.
Sir *Robert Howard*'s *Veſtal Virgins*.

ANTIPATHY.

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood,
Of what it likes, or loaths.
Shakeſpear's *Merchant of Venice*.

1. Sooner the olive ſhall provoke
To am'rous claſps this ſturdy oak,
And doves in league with eagles be,
Ere I will glance a ſmile on thee.
2. Sooner yon duskiſh mulberry
In her old white ſhall cloathed be,
And lizards with fierce aſps combine,
Ere I will twiſt my ſoul with thine.
John Hall.

1. Why meet we then, when either's mind
Or comes compell'd, or ſtays behind?
2. Juſt as two boughs together ty'd,
Let looſe again to ſtand more wide. *Hall*.

ANTIQUARY.

1. You are learn'd in antiquity.
2. A little, ſir.
I ſhould affect the more, were not tradition
One of the beſt aſſurances to ſhew
They are the things we think them. What more proofs
(Unleſs, perhaps, a little circumſtance)
Have we for this, or that, to be a piece
Of *Delphos*' ruins? Or the marble ſtatues
Made *Athens* glorious, when ſhe was ſuppos'd
To have more images of men than men?
A weather-beaten ſtone, with an inſcription
That is not legible but through an optick,
Tells us its age; that in ſome *Sybil*'s cave

Three

Three thousand years ago it was an altar.
'Tis satisfaction to our curiosity;
But ought not to necessitate belief.
1. Antiquities, sir, are grown of late good merchandize.
2. Th'affection of some princes hath begot
An imitation, and 'tis nobly done.
For by such things man's knowlege is inform'd
In principles of art, and many times
They light upon instructions by them, that
Direct invention to recover what
Neglect or ignorance hath lost.
1. Pray, sir, what are the rarities and antiquities you have.
2. Nor *Pliny*, sir, nor *Gesner* ever made
Description of a creature; but I have
Some particle thereof: And for antiquity
I do not store up any under *Græcian*.
Your *Roman* antiques are but modern toys,
Compar'd to them. Besides, they are so counterfeit
With mouldings, 'tis scarce possible to find
Any but copies.
1. Yet you are confident of yours that are of more doubt.
2. Others from their easiness
May credit what they please. My trial's such
Of any thing I own, all the impostors
That ever made antiquity ridiculous
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Aught that's above my skill, I have recourse
To those whose judgments at the second view,
(If not the first) will tell me what philosopher's
That eyeless, noseless, mouthless statue is,
And who the workman was, though since his death
Thousands of years have been revolv'd.

Nabbs's Bride.

——————— They say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne'er a nose, and dotes on the decays,
With greater love than the self-lov'd *Narcissus*

Did

Did on his beauty: How ſhall I approach him?
Could I appear but like a *Sybil*'s ſon,
Or with a face rugged as father *Nilus*
Is pictur'd on the hangings, there were hope
He might look upon me; how to win his love,
I know not; If I wiſt he were not preciſe,
I'd lay to purchaſe ſome ſtale interludes,
And give him them; books that have not attain'd
To the platonick year, but wait their courſe,
And happy year, to be reviv'd again:
Then would I induce him to believe, they were
Some of *Terence*'s hundred and fifty comedies,
That were loſt in the *Adriatick* ſea,
When he return'd from baniſhment.

Shakerley Marmyon's *Antiquary*.

1. I come, ſir, a ſutor to you; I hear,
You are poſſeſs'd of many various
And excellent antiquities, and though
I am a ſtranger, would intreat your gentleneſs
A favour.
2. What's that?
1. Only that you would vouchſafe me to be
A ſpectator of their curioſity
And worth; which courteſy ſhall engage me
Yours for ever. 2. For their worth, I will not
Promiſe, 'tis as you pleaſe to eſteem of them.
1. No doubt, ſir, we ſhall aſcribe what dignity
Belongs to them, and to you their preſerver.
2. You ſpeak nobly; and thus much let me tell
You, to your edifying, the fooliſh
Doting on theſe preſent novelties, is
The cauſe why ſo many rare inventions
Have already periſh'd; and, which is pity,
Antiquity has not left ſo much as
A footſtep behind her, more than of her vices.
1. 'Tis the more pity, ſir. 2. Then, what raiſes
Such vanities amongſt us, and ſets
Phantaſtical fancies a work; what's the

Reaſon

Reaſon that ſo many freſh tricks, and new
Inventions of faſhions, and diſeaſes
Come daily over ſea, and land upon
A man that never durſt adventure to
Taſte ſalt water, but only the neglect
Of thoſe uſeful inſtructions which antiquity
Has ſet down? 1. You ſpeak oracles, ſir.
2. Look farther, and tell me what you find better,
Or more honourable than age; is not
Wiſdom entail'd upon't? take the preheminence
Of it in ev'ry thing, in an old friend,
In old wine, in an old pedigree.
1. All this is certain. 2. I confeſs to you, gentlemen,
I muſt rev'rence and prefer the precedent
Times before theſe, which conſum'd their wits in
Experiments; and 'twas a virtuous
Emulation amongſt them, that nothing
Which ſhould profit poſterity, ſhould periſh.
1. It argu'd a good fatherly providence.
2. It did ſo; there was *Liſyppus*, that ſpent
His whole life in the lineaments of one
Picture, which I will ſhew you anon: then
Was there *Eudoxus* the philoſopher,
Who grew old on the top of a mountain,
To contemplate aſtronomy, whoſe
Manuſcript I have alſo by me.
1. Have you ſo, ſir? 2. I have that and many
More, yet ſee the prepoſt'rous deſires of
Men in theſe days, that account better of
A maſs of gold, than whatever *Apelles*
Or *Phidias* have invented. 2. That is their
Ignorance.

Marmyon's *Antiquary*.

1. Well, thou doſt not know the eſtimation
Of what thou haſt in keeping; the whole *Indies*,
Seeing they are but newly diſcover'd,
Are not to be valu'd with them: the very
Duſt that cleaves to one of thoſe Monuments,

Is

Is more worth than the Oar of twenty Mines.
2. Yet by your favour, sir, of what use can
be to you ?
1. What use ? did not the Seigniory build a
State-chamber for antiquities ? and 'tis
The best thing, that e'er they did ; they are the
Registers, the chronicles of the age
They were made in, and speak the truth of history,
Better than a hundred of your printed
Commentaries.
2. Yet few are of your belief.
1. There's a box of coins within, most of them
Brass, yet each of them a jewel, miraculously
Preserv'd in spite of time or envy ; and
Are of that rarity and excellence,
That saints might go a pilgrimage to them,
And not be asham'd.
2. Yet I say still, what
Good can they do to you, more than to look on ?
1. What good, thou brute ? and thou wer't not worth a
Penny, the very shewing of them were
Able to maintain thee ; let me see now,
And you were put to it, how could you advance
Your Voice in their commendation, begin.
2. All you gentlemen, that are affected
With rarities, such, the world cannot produce
The like, snatch'd from the jaws of time, and
Wonderfully collected by a studious
Antiquary ; come near, and admire.
1. Thou say'st right, the limbs of *Hippolitus*
Were never so disperst.
2. First, these twelve pictures
That you see there, are the pourtaitures of
The *Sybils*, drawn five hundred years since by
Titianus of *Padua*, an excellent painter,
And statuary. 1. Very well.
2. Then here
Is *Venus* all naked, and *Cupid* by her,

On

On a Dolphin, both these were drawn by *Apelles*
Of *Greece.*
1. Proceed.
2. Then here is *Hercules* and *Anteus*,
And that, *Pallas* at length in Alabaster,
With her helmet and feathers; and that is
Jupiter with an Eagle at his back.
1. Exceeding well.
2. Then there's the great
Silver box that *Nero* kept his beard in.
1. Good again. 2. And after decking it with
Precious Stones, did consecrate it to the capitol.
1. That's right. 2. And there hangs the net that held
Mars
And his mistress, while the whole bench of bawdy
Deities, stood spectators of their sport.
1. Admirable good. 2. Then here is *Marius*
To the middle, and there *Cleopatra*,
With a veil over her face; and next to
Her, *Marcus Antonius*, the triumvir;
Then he with half a nose is *Corvinus*,
And he with ne'er a one is *Galba*.
1. Very sufficient. 2. Then here is *Vitellius*,
And then there *Titus* and *Vespatian*,
These three were made by *Jacobus Sansovinus*
The *Florentine*. 1. 'Tis enough.
2. Last of all, this is the urn
That did contain the ashes of th' Emperors.
1. And each of these worth a king's ransom.

Marmyon's *Antiquary*.

APPAREL.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Shakespear's *Hamlet*.

The

The faſhion
Wears out more apparrel than the Man.
Shakeſpear's Much ado about nothing.

We will unto your Father's,
Ev'n in theſe honeſt, mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
Shakeſpear's Taming of the Shrew.

1. I had three ſuits in one year, made three great
Ladies in love with me: I had other
Three, undid three gentlemen in imitation:
And other three gat three other gentlemens
Widows, of three thouſand pound a year.
2. O believe it, ſir, your good face is the witch,
And your apparel the ſpells, that bring all
The pleaſures of the world into their circle.
I aſſure you, rich apparel has ſtrange
Virtues; it makes him that hath it without
Means, eſteem'd for an excellent wit: he
That enjoys it with means, puts the world in
Remembrance of his means: it helps the
Deformities of nature, and gives luſtre
To her beauties: makes continual holy-day
Where it ſhines; ſets the wits of ladies at
Work, that otherwiſe would be idle: furniſheth
Your two ſhilling ordinary; takes poſſeſſion
Of your ſtage at your new play; and
Enricheth your oars, as ſcorning to go
With your ſcull.

3. Pray,

3. Pray, ſir, add this; it gives reſpect to your
Fools, makes many thieves, as many ſtrumpets,
And no fewer bankrupts.

Johnſon's Every man out of his humour.

Still to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a feaſt;
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though art's hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace;
Robes looſely flowing, hair as free:
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They ſtrike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Johnſon's Silent Woman.

She frets that ſuch attiring ſhould belong
To that which yields itſelf ſufficient grace:
Conſid'ring how theſe Ornaments may wrong
The ſet of beauty; which we ſee doth grace
Th' attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
As b'ing that only which doth take the Eye.

Daniel.

Sure this gay freſh ſuit, as ſeems to me,
Hangs like green ivy on a rotten Tree.

Daniel's Hymens Triumph.

I am the ſame without all diff'rence; when
You ſaw me laſt, I was as rich, as good,
Have no additions ſince of name, or blood;
Only becauſe I wore a thread-bare ſuit,
I was not worthy of a poor ſalute.
A few good cloaths put on with ſmall ado,
Purchaſe your knowledge, and your kindred too.

Heywood's Royal King.

A Garment made by cunning artſmens ſkill,
Hides all defects that nature's ſwerving hand
Hath done amiſs, and makes the ſhape ſeem pure;

If

If then it grace ſuch lame deformity,
It adds a greater grace to purity.

Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange.

Faith, chuſing of a wench in a huge farthingale,
Is like the buying of ware under a great pent-houſe:
What with the deceit of the one,
And the falſe light of th' other, mark my ſpeeches,
He may have a diſeas'd wench in his bed,
And rotten ſtuff in his breeches.

Thomas Middleton's Women beware Women.

Madam, *Superbia*,
You're ſtudying the lady's library,
The looking-glaſs, 'tis well! ſo great a beauty
Muſt have her Ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with ſtars; 'tis ſhe attires
The bird of paradiſe in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flow'rs; 'tis ſhe
Spangl'd the heav'ns with all thoſe glorious lights;
She ſpotted th' Ermin's ſkin; and arm'd the fiſh
In ſilver mail. But man ſhe ſent forth naked,
Not that he ſhould remain ſo, but that he,
Indu'd with reaſon, ſhould adorn himſelf
With ev'ry one of theſe. The Silkworm is
Only man's ſpinſter, elſe we might ſuſpect
That ſhe eſteem'd the painted butter-fly
Above her maſter-piece. You are the image
Of that bright Goddeſs, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the eaſt; let the red-ſea be ranſack'd
To make you glitter.

Randolph's Muſe's Looking-glaſs.

Five hours ago, I ſet a dozen of maids
T' attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman,
But there is ſuch doing with her looking-glaſſes,
Pinning, unpinning; ſetting, unſetting;
Formings and conformings; painting blue veins,
And cheeks; ſuch ſtir with ſticks, and combs,
Caſſcanets, dreſſings, purles, falls, ſquares, busks,
Boddice, ſcarfs, neck-laces, carcanets, rebatoes,

Borders,

Borders, tires, fans, pallizadoes, puffs, ruffs,
Cuffs, muffs, puſles, fuſles, partlets, friſlets,
Bandlets, fillets, croſlets, pendulets, amulets,
Anulets, bracelets, and ſo many lets,
That ſhe is ſcarce dreſt to the girdle: and
Now there is ſuch calling for fardingals,
Kirtlets, busk-points, ſhoe-ties, *&c.* that ſeven
Pedlar's ſhops, nay all *Sturbridge* fair, will
Scarce furniſh her: a ſhip is ſooner rigg'd
By far, than a Gentlewoman made ready.

Lingua.

A ſweet diſorder in the dreſs
Kindles in cloaths a wantonneſs:
A lawn about the ſhoulders thrown
Into a fine diſtraction:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimſon ſtomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confuſedly;
A winning wave (deſerving note)
In the tempeſtuous petticoat:
A careleſs ſhoe-ſtring, in whoſe tie
I ſee a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too preciſe in every part.

Herrick.

1. What cloaths to wear, the firſt occaſion
Of wearing cloaths, will teach a wiſe man beſt.
2. True, ſir, it teaches us how vain a thing
It is for men to take a pride in that
Which was at firſt an emblem of their ſhame.

May's Old Couple.

Meekneſs conſiſts not in the cloaths, but heart;
Nature may be vain-glorious, well as art:
We may as lowly before God appear,
Dreſt with a glorious pearl, as with a tear.

In

In his high preſence, where the ſtars and ſun
Do but eclipſe, there's no ambition.

Cleveland.

The nimble linnet,
In his ruſſet feathers, flies as warm, as
Does that bird of paradiſe, with all his
Painted and his gilded trim.

Sir *William Davenant*'s *Platonick lovers.*

Oh *Caſſius*, thou haſt wander'd far from youth,
And thy young dreſs tells ſcandalous untruth.
That thou'rt in heart a *Hector*, who would gueſs,
Whilſt thou'rt a wanton *Paris* in thy dreſs?
Paris was not accouter'd with ſuch art,
Thy habit is a libel on thy heart.

Crown's *Caligula.*

Her garb did negligence expreſs;
For oh! ſhe had no need of dreſs.

Crown's *Caliſto.*

ARBITRATOR.

Your judgment is not competent
In this diſſention. I may ſay of you,
As Fame ſays of the ancient *Eleans*,
That, in the Olympian contentions,
They ever were the juſteſt arbitrators,
If none of them contended, nor were parties;
Thoſe that will moderate diſputations well,
Muſt not themſelves affect the coronet;
For as the air contain'd within our ears,
If it be not in quiet, nor refrains
Troubling our hearing with offenſive ſounds;
But our affected inſtrument of hearing,
Repleat with noiſe, and ſingings in itſelf;
It faithfully receives no other voices:
So, of all judgments, if within themſelves
They ſuffer ſpleen, and are tumultuous,
They cannot equal diff'rences with them;
And this wind, that doth ſing ſo in your ears,
I know, is no diſeaſe bred in yourſelf;

But

But whiſper'd in by others; who, in ſwelling
Your veins with empty hope of much, yet able
To perform nothing, are like ſhallow ſtreams,
That make themſelves ſo many heav'ns to ſight;
Since you may ſee in them, the moon and ſtars,
The blue ſpace of the air, as far from us,
To our weak ſenſes, in thoſe ſhallow ſtreams,
As if they were as deep as heav'n is high;
Yet, with your middle finger only ſound them,
And you ſhall pierce them to the very earth.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

ARCHERS.

Our *Engliſh* of their ſtrings more care did take,
Whoſe winged purſuivants death's meſſage bear:
Some through love's ſeat, the liver, paſſage make,
As if our archers had been *Cupids* there:
Some ſtrike life's ſeat, the heart, ſo that you can
Scarce tell, if death did ſhoot them or a man.

As when the colder region of the air
Moulds rain to hail-ſhot, the relenting tree
Of the plump god, luſty before and fair,
Looſeth her rubies with heav'ns battery.
Thus fell the foe; for ſhoot, tho' in the dark,
'Tis hard to miſs when the whole field's a mark.

Aleyn's Creſcey.

——— ——— The archers then begin
To let their ſhafts, like winged ſerpents fly,
With their heads forward, and their ſtings therein;
Nor ſtung they like the ſelf-diſarming drone,
They had more ſtings, when their firſt ſtings were gone.

As when the thorny porcupine's purſu'd,
Whoſe ſelf is her own quiver and her bow,
And ſhafts and ſtrings, the damage is renew'd
Of her loſt quils, which by ſucceſſion grow:
And ſuch their quivers were, as if they'd been
Made of the hide of an arm'd porcupine.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Here lay an archer whom that arrow flew,
Which he ſhot laſt; for fall'n, another took
That arrow, and apply'd it to his yew,
Which, with a re-ſalute the owner ſtruck,
And did ſo ſuddenly return again,
That he was only by reflection ſlain.
Aleyn's Henry VII.

His ranks he in a larger form diſplays,
Which all were archers, counted in thoſe days
The beſt of *Engliſh* ſoldiers, for their ſkill
Could guide their ſhafts, according to their will;
The feather'd wood, they from their bows let fly,
No arrow fell, but caus'd ſome man to dye:
So painful Bees, with forward gladneſs ſtrive,
To join themſelves, in throngs before the hive,
And with obedience, till that hour attend,
When their commander ſhall his watch-word ſend:
Then to the winds their tender ſails they yield,
Depreſs the flow'rs, depopulate the field.
Sir *John Beaumont's Boſworth Field.*

ARGUMENT.

But all's not true that ſuppoſition faith,
Nor have the mightieſt arguments moſt faith.
Drayton.

For arguments, like children, ſhould be like
The ſubject, that begets them.
Thomas Dekker's Satiromaſtix.

Be calm in arguing: For fierceneſs makes
Error a fault, and truth diſcourteſy.
Why ſhould I feel another man's miſtakes
More than his ſickneſſes, or poverty?
In love I ſhould; but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdom neither; therefore gently move.
Calmneſs is great advantage: He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: The bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.
Mark

Mark what another ſays: For many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Herbert.

ARMS. ARMOUR.

His glittering armour ſhined far away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus*' purer ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteal endanger may:
Athwart his breaſt a bauldrick brave he ware,
That ſhin'd like twinckling ſtars, with ſtones moſt precious rare.

And, in the midſt thereof, one precious ſtone
Of wond'rous worth, and eke of wond'rous mights,
Shap'd like a lady's head, exceeding ſhone,
Like *Heſperus* emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtrove for to amaze the weaker ſights;
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
In ivory ſheath, ycarv'd with curious ſlights;
Whoſe hilts were burniſh'd gold, and handle ſtrong
Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightneſs, and great terror bred;
For all the creſt a dragon did inſold
With greedy paws, and over all did ſpread
His golden wings: His dreadfull hideous head
Cloſe couched on the bever, ſeem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright ſparkles fiery red,
That ſuddain horror to faint hearts did ſhow;
And ſcaly tail was ſtretch'd adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty creſt,
A bunch of hairs diſcolour'd diverſly,
With ſprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dreſs'd,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to dance for jollity;

Like to an almond-tree ymounted high,
On top of green *Selinus* all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble ev'ry one
At every little breath, that under heav'n is blown.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,
Such earthly metals soon consumed been;
But all of diamond, perfect, pure and clean
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to-wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That *Phœbus'* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay;
And silver *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magick art's constraint.

No magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seem'd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and sudden fall;
And when him list the rascall routs appal,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

One in bright arms embattailed full strong;
That as the sunny beams do glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,

And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeem'd him to enflame on ev'ry ſide.

Spenſer's *Fairy Queen.*

The firſt day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hew, and on his ſilver creſt
A ſnowy feather ſpangled white he bears,
To ſignify the mildneſs of his mind,
That ſatiate with ſpoil, refuſeth blood.
But when *Aurora* mounts the ſecond time,
As red as ſcarlet is his furniture,
Then muſt his kindled wrath be quench'd with blood;
Not ſparing any that can manage arms:
But if theſe threats move not ſubmiſſion,
Black are his colours, black is his pavillion,
His ſpear, his ſhield, his horſe, his armour plumes,
And jetty feathers menace death and hell,
Without reſpect of ſex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and ſword.

Marlo's *firſt Part of Tamburlaine the Great.*

I'll ride in golden armour like the ſun,
And in my helm a triple plume ſhall ſpring,
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the threefold world.
Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
Upon the lofty and celeſtial mount,
Of ever-green *Selinus* quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than *Hericina*'s brows,
Whoſe tender bloſſoms tremble ev'ry one,
As every little breath from heav'n is blown.

Marlo's *Firſt Part of Tamburlaine the Great.*

All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd;
Glitt'ring in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the ſun at *Midſummer*.
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

Shakeſpear's *Firſt Part of King Henry* IV.

Aſſurance now having arm'd all their hearts,
With proof 'gainſt fear, not danger; they prepare
To arm themſelves compleatly at all parts,
Offenſive and defenſive; one might ſwear
They did ſuch motions to their armour give,
That iron breathed, and that ſteel did live.

Aleyn's King Henry VII.

May thy armour be as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy.*

They thought, thoſe that unarm'd expos'd frail life,
But naked nature valiantly betray'd;
Who was, though naked, ſafe, till pride made ſtrife;
But made, defence muſt uſe, now danger's made.
And thoſe who toil of armour cannot bide,
Loſe nature's force, which theſe in cuſtom find;
And make, ſince ſtrength's but nature hourly try'd,
The body weak by ſoftneſs of the mind.

Sir *William Davenant's Gondibert.*

We may judge that all they do
In life's whole ſcene is bad,
Since they with arms are clad,
Defenſive and offenſive too.

In nature it is fear that makes us arm;
And fear by guilt is bred:
The guiltleſs nothing dread,
Defence not ſeeking, nor deſigning harm.

Sir *William Davenant's Playhouſe to be lett.*

ARMY.

So great an hoſt,
As with their weight ſhall make the mountains quake,
Ev'n as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for paſſage, tilt within the earth.

Marlo's Firſt Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

As many circumciſed *Turks* we have,
And warlike bands of chriſtians renied,
As hath the ocean or the *Tyrrhene* ſea

Small

Small drops of water, when the moon begins
To join in one her ſemicircled horns.
Marlo's Firſt Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fix'd centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
Shakeſpear's King Henry V.

Andrugio lives, and a fair cauſe of arms,
Why that's an army all invincible.
He, who hath that, hath a batallion
Royal, armour of proof, huge troops of barbed ſteeds,
Main ſquares of pikes, millions of harquebus,
Oh, a fair cauſe ſtands firm, and will abide:
Legions of angels fight upon her ſide.
Marſton's Firſt Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Then drawing out his men, he did commend
The foeward to old *Norfolk* to be led,
Which in a ſhapeleſs length he did extend,
That ſeeming greater it might ſtrike more dread.
But ſtrongeſt bodies wire-drawn in length,
What they do get in terror, loſe in ſtrength.
Aleyn's Henry VII.

ART.

Learn you by me, that count yourſelves ſo wiſe,
The worſt to doubt of things, whate'er you know.
Fly not ſo high for fear you fall ſo low.
Be wiſe in arts, exceed not wiſdom's bound,
The depth of art by wit may not be found.

These curious arts allurements have alone,
  They proffer much in recompence of pain:
But yet, amongst a thousand, scarce is one
  In practice, aught by them can save or gain.
  In their effects they are but false and vain,
Sophistical, deceitful, and untrue,
That nothing have, yet promise all to you.

I speak not of the rest that are in use
  Amongst the wiser sort, philosophy,
Nor of the parts thereof, but of th'abuse
  That comes by magick arts of imag'ry,
  By vile enchantments, charms, and pampestry,
All which by nature are abhorr'd as evil,
Practic'd by fools, invented by the devil.

Mirror for Magistrates.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.

Shakespear's Pericles.

What thing a right line is, the learned know;
  But how avails that him, who in the right
Of life and manners doth desire to grow?
  What are all these human arts and lights,
But seas of errors? In whose depths who sound,
Of truth, find only shadows, and no ground.

Then if our arts want power to make us better,
  What fool will think they can us wiser make,
Life is the wisdom, art is but the letter,
  Or shell, which men oft for the kernel take;
In moods and figures moulding up deceit,
To make each science rather hard, than great.

Lord *Brooke.*

Such is the strength of art, rough things to shape,
And of rude commons rich enclosures make.

James Howell.

For though I must confess an artist can
Contrive things better than another man,
Yet when the task is done, he finds his pains
Sought but to fill his belly with his brains. Is

Is this the guerdon due to liberal arts,
T'admire the head, and then to ſtarve the parts?
Timely prevention though diſcreetly us'd
Before the fruits of knowledge were abus'd.
When learning has incurr'd a fearful damp,
To ſave our oil, 'tis good to quench our lamp.

Lady *Alimony.*

A U T H O R.

What in ſcorn of critical abuſe,
Was ſaid of books, of fame will prove the ſtate,
That readers cenſures are the writer's fate.

Lord *Brooke.*

To which true end, in every art there ſhould
One, or two author's be ſelected out,
To caſt the learners in a conſtant molud;
Who if not falſely, yet elſe go about;
And as the babes by many nurſes do,
Oft change conditions and complections too.

Lord *Brooke.*

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
Th'excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his rav'nous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

Dr. *Donne.*

Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung, and heard.

Dr. *Richard Corbet*, Biſhop of *Norwich.*

——— He that writes
Or makes a feaſt, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends; there's not a gueſt
But will find ſomething wanting, or ill dreſt,

Prologue to Sir *Robert Howard's Surprizal.*

AUTHORITY.

This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the pardoner himſelf is in;
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

My ſoul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupream, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Shakeſpear's Coriolanus.

A Man in authority, is but as
A candle in the wind, ſooner waſted
Or blown out than under a buſhel.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Four Plays in one.*

Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow;
But our paſt life when virtuouſly ſpent,
Muſt to our age thoſe happy fruits preſent.

Denham.

Authority kept up, old age ſecures,
Whoſe dignity as long as life endures.

Denham.

AVARICE.

Greedy avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either ſide,
With precious metal, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himſelf for money ſold;
Accurſed uſury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance weigh'd.

His

His life was nigh unto death's door yplac'd,
And thread-bare coat and cobled ſhoes he ware,
Ne ſcarce good morſel all his life did taſte,
But both from back and belly ſtill did ſpare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare:
Yet child, ne kinſman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to loſe his own,
He led a wretched life, unto himſelf unknown.

Moſt wretched wight, whom nothing might ſuffice,
Whoſe greedy luſt did lack in greateſt ſtore,
Whoſe need had end, but no end covetiſe,
Whoſe wealth was want, whoſe plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wiſhed evermore:
A vile diſeaſe, yet eke in foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full ſore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor ſtand:
Such one was avarice, the fourth of this fair band.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

1. If this be held the highway to get riches,
May I be poor! 2. This is not the gain, but torment.
1. Theſe poſſeſs wealth, as ſick men poſſeſs fevers,
Which trulier may be ſaid to poſſeſs them.

Johnſon's Volpone.

1. Promiſe gold mountains, and the covetous
Are ſtill moſt prodigal.
2. One baſeneſs ſtill accompanies another.

Johnſon's Devil is an Aſs.

See!
The diff'rence 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!
The covetous man never has money,
And the prodigal will have none ſhortly!

Johnſon's Staple of News.

When all ſins are old in us,
And go upon crutches, covetouſneſs
Does but then lie in her cradle; letchery
Loves to dwell in the faireſt lodgings, and
Covetouſneſs in the oldeſt buildings.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honeſt Whore.

His ſtate is like the world's condition right,
Greedy of gain, either by fraud or ſtealth;
And whilſt one toils, another gets the wealth.

Middleton's More Diſſemblers beſides Women.

Groſs nurtur'd ſlaves, who force their wretched ſouls
To crouch to profit; nay, for traſh and wealth,
Doat on ſome crooked or miſhapen form,
Hugging wiſe nature's lame deformity,
Begetting creatures ugly as themſelves.

John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.

When I was blind, my ſon, I did miſ-call
My ſordid vice of avarice, true thrift.
But now forget that leſſon, I prithee do;
That cos'ning vice, although it ſeem to keep
Our wealth, debars us from poſſeſſing it,
And makes us more than poor.

May's Old Couple.

Of age's avarice I cannot ſee
What colour, ground, or reaſon there ſhould be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is ſhort, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice ſome title youth may own,
To reap in autumn, what the ſpring had ſown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with ſummer's plenty, winter's wants.
But age ſcarce ſows, till death ſtands by to reap,
And to a ſtranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be ſo once, ſhe's always poor,
And to avoid a miſchief, makes it ſure.
Such madneſs, as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor, for fear of poverty.

Denham.

AUTUMN.

The year growing antient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter.

Shakeſpear's Winters Tale.

Whate'er

Whate'er the wanton ſpring,
When ſhe doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to autumn; ſummer ſweats
Either in paſturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop of bread, rip'ning the fruits for food,
Autumn's garners houſe them, autumn's jollities
Feed on them; I alone in every land
Traffick my uſeful merchandize; gold and jewels,
Lordly poſſeſſions, are for my commodities
Mortgag'd and ſold; I ſit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd ſummer, and th' extremes
Of winter's tedious froſt; nay, in my ſelf
I do contain another teeming ſpring:
Surety of health, proſperity of life
Belongs to autumn, if thou then canſt hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be ſpent, yet be not old.

John Ford and *Thomas Dekker*'s *Sun's Darling*.

BANISHMENT.

WE baniſh you our territories:
You couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.
2. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort be,
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe, his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

Shakeſpear's *King Richard* II.

1. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?
2. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.
1. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

2. Joy

2. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
1. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
2. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
1. Call it a travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
2. My heart will ſigh, when I miſ-call it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
1. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
2. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages, and in the end
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
1. All places, that the eye of heav'n viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly born.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour;
And not, the king exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime,
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs, whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair Ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs pow'r to bite
The man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Shakeſpear's King Richard II.

He

He promis'd he would banish him ; but what
Could that help *Henry?* for unless assur'd
The earl should plague him no where else, by that
Henry had but his pain remov'd, not cur'd.
And like a running gout with him be vext,
Which leaves one part, but to invade the next.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

B A S T A R D.

Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound ; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother ? why bastard ? wherefore base ?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? why brand they us
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-sleep and wake ?

Shakespear's King Lear.

There is no beast,
But if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine ; for they have more descents ;
And I am ev'ry way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of all law, as they.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's King and no King.*

Oh what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But once in the world, and then to live a bastard :
The curse of the womb, the thief of nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half-damn'd in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Indeed

Indeed a baſtard by nature ſhould make cuckolds,
Becauſe he is the ſon of a cuckold-maker.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Methinks the mother's ſhame, is not to be
Compar'd unto the injury the child ſuſtains;
For ſhe receives her ſorrows by conſent,
But the poor infant, guiltleſs of the fact,
Grown to maturity, ſhall bear the brand
Of baſtard by his birth, be diſpoſſeſt
Of all Inheritance due to the ſeed
That's ſown in holy wedlock; if a curſe
Belong unto the iſſue of baſe luſts,
'Tis giv'n to the child for to beſtow on
Thoſe that did beget him

Webſter and *Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

Why do I take
Baſtardy ſo diſtaſtefully, when in the world
Many things, that are moſt eſſential parts
Of greatneſs, are but by-ſlips, and are father'd
On the wrong parties?
Preferment in the world, is many times
Baſely begotten; nay, I have obſerv'd
Th' immaculate juſtice of a poor man's cauſe,
In ſuch a court as this, has not known whom
To call father, or which way to direct itſelf
For true compaſſion.

Webſter's Devil's Law Caſe.

Our baſtard children are but like to plate;
Made by the coiners illegitimate.

Herrick.

BATTLE.

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn yourſelves all *Hectors.*

Shakeſpear's Antony and Cleopatra.

I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before

A veſſel

A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword, death's ſtamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden reinforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all is this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtreight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Shakeſpear's Coriolanus.

Go, bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes,
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

He hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape.

Shakeſpear's Antony and Cleopatra.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;

What

What time the Shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometimes the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell war.

Shakeſpear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

The ſignal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of policy and ſtratagem) I met them;
I in the fore front of the Armies met them;
And as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I ſtood
The vollies of their ſhot. I, I myſelf
Was he that firſt diſrank'd their woods of pikes:
But when we came to handy-ſtrokes, as often
As I lent blows, ſo often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Laws of Candy.*

Stout *Ferrers* aims to fix his mighty lance
In *Pembroke*'s heart, which on the ſteel doth glance,
And runs in vain the empty air to preſs:
But *Pembroke*'s ſpear obtaining wiſh'd ſucceſs,
Through *Ferrers* breaſt-plate, and his body ſinks,
And vital blood from inward veſſels drinks.
Here *Stanley* and brave *Lovell* try their ſtrength,
Whoſe equal courage draws the ſtrife to length,
They think not how they may themſelves defend,
To ſtrike is all their care, to kill their end.
So meet two bulls upon adjoining hills
Of rocky *Charnwood*, while their murmur fills

The

The hollow crags, when ſtriving for their bounds,
They waſh their piercing horns in mutual wounds.
Sir *John Beaumont*'s *Boſworth Field.*

Now conqueſt with her wings fann'd ev'ry ſide
With equal hope, and ſtruck with equal fear:
Like ſcales with conſtant motion they ſlide,
Now that is upward, and now this is there.
And *Henry*'s faith with fears, yet hopes was mix'd,
Like to thoſe ſtars which tremble, yet are fix'd.
Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

The eager armies meet to try their cauſe,
Our *Engliſh* lords in four Battalias
Bring on their forces; but ſo furious grows
In little time the fight; ſo near the blows,
That ſoon no order we perceive at all,
For like one body, cloſely move they all.
And though the Archers had at firſt begun
The fight with wondrous happineſs, and done
So much as caus'd the future victory,
Yet now their arrows ſcarce have room to flie:
While ſwords and bills do all; while hand to hand
The Armies wreſtling with each other ſtand.
Small ground, and that alternately, they gave,
As by a river's ſide tall reeds do wave:
Or when a field of lofty ſtanding corn
Two ſev'ral ways by diff'rent gales is born:
That if a man had from ſome hill ſurvey'd
The fight, and ſeen what equal motion ſway'd
Both armies there, he would have been ſo far
From judging which ſhould conquer in that war,
As to have fear'd almoſt that all would die,
And leave no conqueſt, but one tragedy.
May's *Edward* III.

And now our drums ſo fill each adverſe ear,
Their fellows groans want room to enter there:
Like ſhips near rocks, when ſtorms are grown ſo high,
They cannot warn each other with their cry;

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo, not hearing what would make them fly,
All ſtay'd and ſunk, for ſad ſociety.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Madagaſcar.*

Two lords, arm'd like king *John*, were in the field,
And by our prince's hand they both were kill'd;
In doing which he did prodigious things,
For though they were not, yet they fought like kings.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Black Prince.*

B A W D.

For we cannot lodge and board a dozen,
Or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly
By the prick of their needles, but it will be thought
We keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight.

Shakeſpear's *King Henry* V.

Fly, oh fly, theſe bed brokers unclean,
The monſters of our ſex, that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And e'en, like vipers, eating out a way
Thro' the womb of their own ſhame, accurs'd they
Live by the death of fame, the gain of ſin,
The filth of luſt, uncleanneſs wallows in.

As if 'twere not enough that we, poor we,
Have weakneſs, beauty, gold and men our foes,
But we muſt have ſome of ourſelves to be
Traitors unto ourſelves, to join with thoſe;
Such as our feeble forces do diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to folly, and to mens untruth.

Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
Vile orators of ſhame, that plead delight;
Ungracious agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darkneſs, meſſengers of night,
Serpents of guile, devils that do unite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree,
Whoſe fruit once pluck'd, will ſhew how foul we be.

You

You in the habit of a grave aſpect,
In credit by the truſt of years, can ſhew
The cunning ways of luſt, and can direct
The fair and wily wanton's how to go,
Having, your loathſome ſelves, your youth ſpent ſo:
And in uncleanneſs ever have been fed,
By the revenue of a wanton bed.

By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The bluſhing fearful boldned unto ſin,
The wife made ſubtile, ſubtile is the maid,
The husband ſcorn'd, diſhonoured the kin;
Parents diſgrac'd, children infamous been:
Confus'd our race, and falſify'd our blood,
Whilſt fathers ſons poſſeſs wrong fathers good.

Daniel's Roſamund.

Hence, thou our ſex's monſter, pois'nous bawd,
Luſt's factor, and damnation's orator,
Goſſip of hell: Were all harlots ſins
Which the whole world contains, number'd together,
Thine far exceeds them all: Of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art baſeſt.
What ſerpent would beguile thee of thy office,
It is ſo deteſtable? For thou liveſt
Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'ſt the door,
Whilſt couples go to dancing. O coarſe devil!
Thou art the baſtard's curſe, thou brand'ſt his birth,
The letcher's *French* diſeaſe; for thou dry ſuck'ſt him:
The harlot's poiſon, and thine own confuſion.

Dekker's Firſt Part of the honeſt Whore.

A bawd, firſt for her profeſſion, or
Vocation, 'tis moſt worſhipful of all
The twelve companies; for as that trade is moſt
Honourable that ſells the beſt commodities,
As the draper is more worſhipful than
The point-maker; the ſilk-man more worſhipful
Than the draper, and the goldſmith more honourable
Than both; ſo the bawd above all: her ſhop
Has the beſt ware; for where theſe ſell but cloth,

Sattens

Sattens and jewels, ſhe ſells divine virtues,
As virginity, modeſty, and ſuch rare
Gems, and thoſe not like a petty chapman,
By retail, but like a great merchant, by
Wholeſale, ha, ha, ho. And who are her cuſtomers?
Not baſe corn-cutters, or ſow-gelders, but
Moſt rare wealthy knights, and moſt rare
Bountiful lords are her cuſtomers. Again,
Whereas no trade or vocation profiteth,
But by the loſs and diſappointment of
Another; as the merchant thrives not but
By the licentiouſneſs of giddy youth,
And unſettled; the lawyer but by the
Vexation of his client; the phyſician
But by the maladies of his patient,
Only my ſmooth-gumb'd bawd lives by others
Pleaſure, and only grows rich by others
Riſing: O merciful gain! O righteous
Income! So much for her vocation,
Trade, and life: As for their death, how can it
Be bad, ſince their wickedneſs is always
Before their eyes, and a death's head moſt commonly
On their middle finger. To conclude, 'tis
Moſt certain they muſt needs both live well, and
Die well, ſince moſt commonly they live in
Clerkenwell, and dye in *Bridewell*.

Marſton's Dutch Courtezan.

1. What's that?
2. A bawdy-houſe.
1. A pox conſume it.
2. If the ſtones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the fleſh lives in it,
Your curſe came handſomely.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Mad Lover.*

A well-practic'd bawd
May purſe up more fees in a ſummer's progreſs,
Than a well-traded lawyer in a whole term:
Pandariſm! why, 'tis grown a lib'ral ſcience,

Or

Or a new sect, and the good professors
Will, like the *Brownists*, frequent gravel-pits shortly,
For they use woods, and obscure holes already.
Barrey's Ram-Alley.

BEARD.

He wears a great round beard like a glover's
Paring knife?
Shakespear's Merry Wives of Windsor.

O, old friend! thy face is valanc'd, since
I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark?*
Shakespear's Hamlet.

Tush, a beard ne'er made *Cato*, though many
Mens *Cato's* hang only on their chin.
Marston's What you will.

His beard is directly brick colour,
And perfectly fashion'd like the husk
Of a chesnut; he kisses with the driest lip!
Marston's What you will.

——————— For his chin,
It has no bush below;
Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe
Peach doth wear:
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.
Suckling's Goblins.

BEAUTY.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigor to repress;
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whilom learn'd that mighty *Jewish* swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,
To lay his spoils before his *Leman's* train:
So also did that great *Oetean* knight

For

For his love's ſake his lion's skin undight:
And ſo did warlike *Anthony* neglect
The world's whole rule for *Cleopatra*'s ſight.
Such wond'rous pow'r hath womens fair aſpect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Her ſacred beauty hath enchanted heav'n,
And had ſhe liv'd before the ſiege of *Troy*,
Helen, whoſe beauty ſummon'd *Greece* to arms,
And drew a thouſand ſhips to *Tenedos*,
Had not been nam'd in *Homer's Iliad*;
Her name had been in ev'ry line he wrote.
Or had thoſe wanton Poets, for whoſe birth
Old *Rome* was proud, but gaz'd awhile on her;
Nor *Lesbia*, nor *Corinna* had been nam'd,
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of ev'ry epigram or elegy.

Marlo's Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

Fair faces have no fruits, if they have no
Witneſſes. When you ſhall behold over
This tender fleſh a tough skin, your eyes, which
Were wont to glance at others faces, to be
Sunk ſo hollow, that you can ſcarce look out
Of your own head; and when all your teeth ſhall
Wag as faſt as your tongue, then will you repent
The time which you cannot re-call, and be
Enforc'd to bear what moſt you blame. Loſe
Not the pleaſant time of your youth, than the
Which there is nothing ſwifter, nothing ſweeter.
Beauty's a ſlipp'ry good, which decreaſeth
Whilſt it is encreaſing, reſembling the
Medlar, which in the moment of his full
Ripeneſs, is known to be in a rottenneſs.
Whilſt you look in the glaſs, it waxeth old
With time; if on the ſun, parch'd with heat; if
On the wind, blaſted with cold. A great care
To keep it, a ſhort ſpace to enjoy it,
A ſudden time to loſe it.

Lilly's Sapho and Phao.

1. If you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould
Admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.
2. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
Than with honeſty ?
1. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty
Will ſooner transform honeſty from what
It is, to a bawd ; than the force of honeſty
Can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright ;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear :
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear !
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.

Shakeſpear's Romeo and Juliet.

As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtream,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Shakeſpear's Firſt Part of King Henry VI.

1. I reliſh not theſe philoſophical feaſts ;
Give me a banquet o' ſenſe, like that of *Ovid* ;
A form to take the eye, a voice mine ear ;
Pure aromaticks to my ſcent ; a ſoft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch ; and for my taſte
Ambroſiack kiſſes to melt down the palate.
2. They are the earthly, lower form of lovers,
Are only taken with what ſtrikes the ſenſes !
And love by that looſe ſcale ! although I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an object,
And, true, would uſe it ; in them all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domeſtick deeds,
In ordering of an army, in our ſtile,
Apparel, geſture, building, or what not ?
All arts and actions do affect their beauty.
But put the caſe, in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous ſtructure, a brave frontiſpiece,
Shall I ſtay captive i'the outer court,

Surpriz'd with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house?
There is my friendship to be made, within;
With what can love m' again; not with the walls,
Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, the cronice.
My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love is, to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds
Be first innoculated, not the bodies.

Johnson's New Inn.

Why did the Gods give thee a heav'nly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?
Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

Our beauties are not ours.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen,——if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.
Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By antient charter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Daniel's Rosamund.

O love and beauty! how are you ordain'd,
Like unto fire, whose flames far off delight,

But

But if you be embrac'd, consume us quite?
Why cannot we make at a lower rate
A purchase of you, but that we must give
The treasure of our hearts, and yet not have
What we have bought so dearly for all that?

Daniel's Arcadia.

Oh beauty! thou an enemy profess'd
To chastity, and us, that love thee most;
Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost?

Daniel's Rosamund.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Chears for a time, but till the sun doth shew;
And straight 'tis gone, as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade, that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
And that in beauty's lease expir'd appears
The date of age, the calends of our death!
But ah! no more; this must not be foretold;
For women grieve to think they must be old.

Daniel.

The merchant, which in traffick spends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife:
The blunt-spoke *Cynick*, poring on his book,
Sometimes aside on beauty seems to look:
The church-men, by whose teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the marriage bed:
The bloody soldier, spent in dang'rous broils,
With beauty's yet content to share his spoils:
The busy lawyer, wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that beauty gives his labour ease:
The toiling tradesman, and the sweating clown,
Would have his wench fair, though his bread be brown:

So much is beauty pleaſing unto all,
That prince and peaſant equally doth call;
Nor never yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.

Drayton.

'Tis needleſs beauty ſhould itſelf admire.
The ſun, by which all creatures lightned be,
And ſeeth all, itſelf yet cannot ſee;
And his own brightneſs his own foil is made,
And is, to us, the cauſe of his own ſhade.

Drayton.

By her virtue learn to ſquare
And level out your life; for to be fair
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gawdy youth, and ſwelling vanity.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

Nature was here ſo laviſh of her ſtore,
That ſhe beſtow'd until ſhe had no more:
Whoſe treaſure being weaken'd by this dame,
She thruſts into the world ſo many lame.

Brown's *Paſtorals.*

For women ſure were made to be belov'd;
If beauty wanting lovers long ſhould ſtay,
It, like a houſe undwelt in, would decay:
When in the heart if it have taken place,
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The adamant and beauty we diſcover
To be alike; for beauty draws a lover,
The adamant his iron.

Brown's *Paſtorals.*

Do not idolatrize, beauty's a flow'r,
Which ſprings and withers almoſt in an hour:
Sickneſs impairs it, but death kills it quite,
It fades as faſt as ſhadows in the night.

William Smith's *Hector of Germany.*

So fair, that had you beauty's picture took,
It muſt, like her, or not like beauty look.

Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

Beauty,

Beauty, my lord, 'tis the worst part of woman,
A weak poor thing, assaulted ev'ry hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies, which each breath of care
Blasts off; and ev'ry hum'rous stream of grief,
Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes
Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

What's beauty? 'Las
How doth it pass?
As flow'rs, as soon as smelled at,
Evaporate,
Ev'n so this shadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

What's colour? 'Las the sullen night
Can it affright;
A rose can more vermillion speak,
Than any cheek;
A richer white on lilies stands,
Than any hands.

Then what's that worth, when any flow'r
Is worth far more?
How constant's that which needs must die
When day doth fly?
Glow-worms can lend some pretty light,
To gloomy night.

And what's proportion? We descry
That in a fly;
And what's a lip? 'Tis in the test,
Red clay at best.
And what's an eye? An eaglet's are
More strong by far.
Who can that specious nothing heed,
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kisses lay
On painted clay?
Who would not, if eyes affection move,
Young eaglets love?

Is beauty thus? Then who would lie
Love-ſick and die?
And his wretch'd ſelf annihilate,
For he knows not what?
And with ſuch ſweat and care invade
A very ſhade?

Hall.

I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as thoſe which on a lip I ſee.
And more affection bear I to the roſe,
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows.

Randolph.

Women, if no envy blind their eyes,
Beſt judge of womens beauties.

Randolph's *Amyntas.*

I've ſeen th' fair outſide of this tomb before;
This goodly apple has a rotten core.

Will. Rowley's *New Wonder.*

When beauty is
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatt'rers greater than it is,
'Tis ſeldom unaccompany'd with pride.

Maſſinger's *Duke of Milan*

No autumn, nor no age ever approach
This heav'nly piece, which nature having wrought,
She loſt her needle, and did then deſpair,
Ever to work ſo lively and ſo fair.

Maſſinger and *Field*'s *Fatal Dowry.*

——————We can diſtinguiſh
Of beauty there, and wonder without ſpectacles,
Write volumes of your praiſe, and tell the world
How envious diamonds, 'cauſe they could not
Reach to the luſtre of your eyes, diſſolv'd
To angry tears; the roſes droop, and gath'ring
Their leaves together, ſeem to chide their bluſhes
That they muſt yield your cheek the victory:
The lilies when they're cenſur'd for comparing

Wit

With your more clear and native purity,
Want white to do their penance in.

Shirley's Royal Master.

For beauty, like white powder, makes no noife,
And yet the filent hypocrite deftroys.

Cleveland.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint and ftamp, and then adore;
Like heathens we the image crown,
And undifcreetly then fall down;
Thofe graces all were meant
Our joy, not difcontent;
But we with untaught defires
We turn thofe lights to fires.
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poifons make.

Cartwright.

Fair while fhe was; and when fhe was not, fair:
Some ruins, more than other buildings are.

Cartwright.

There's no fuch thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere coz'nage all;
For though fome long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingled fo and fo,
That doth not tie me now from chufing new:
If I fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight:
And if I like one difh
More than another, that a pheafant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found;
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Suckling.

This devil, beauty, is compounded ſtrangely;
It is a ſubtil point, and hard to know,
Whether't has in it more active tempting,
Or more paſſive tempted; ſo ſoon it forces,
And ſo ſoon it yields.

Suckling's Aglaura.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the treſſes of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare ſeraphick voice,
That like an angel ſings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all theſe things:
But if thou wilt have me love,
And it muſt be a ſhe;
The only argument can move,
Is, that ſhe will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things;
And but reſemble what we ſee
Each common object brings.
Roſes out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteneſs ſtain:
What fool is he that ſhadows ſeeks,
And may the ſubſtance gain.

Alexander Brome.

Why, baſhful maid, will you your beauty hide,
Becauſe your fairer mind, your love is known?
So jewellers conceal, with artful pride,
Their ſecond wealth, after the beſt is ſhewn.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Now *Laura's* blood back to her liver fled,
True beauty's mint: For by her heart, love's throne,
Beauty's call'd in; like coin when kings are dead,
As if not current, now her lover's gone.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Your looks will ſhortly too decay, whilſt by
Their ſtrange and early periſhing your former
Beauty muſt be quite forgot; like ſullen
Roſes that would wither on the bough, ere
Throughly blown, ere gather'd for the ſtill; ſo
Loſe all memory that they were ever ſweet.

Sir *W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

Where is a lover's wealth? What joy
Is there of beauty when conceal'd, more than
Of jewels in the dark? and when reveal'd,
We ſtand the hazard of another's claim.

Sir *W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

He that firſt does find
A beauty, yet unblemiſh'd, kind;
He is like one that does diſcover
An unknown world, by whoſe ſucceſs,
He makes a way for others to poſſeſs.

Sir *Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

The heav'ns have clouds, and ſpots are in the moon;
But faultleſs beauty ſhines in her alone.

Sir *Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

She has trim and dazzle;
Enough of white and red, t' attract the eye;
Like an indiff'rent copy, flouriſh'd with
Golden trails: But place your judgment nearer,
It cries your mercy for the miſtake:
At diſtance ſhe is a goodly landſkip.

Lord *Faulkland's Marriage Night.*

Heav'n meant that beauty, nature's greateſt force,
Having exceeding pow'r, ſhould have remorſe:
Valour, and it, the world ſhould ſo enjoy,
As both might overcome, but not deſtroy.

Lord *Orrery's Henry* V.

I've ſeen, admir'd, ador'd, yes, and enjoy'd,
Till both my eyes and appetite were cloy'd.
Beauties of all complections, nations, graces,
Hourly attended once on my embraces.

Each hour to diff'rent pleasures I could go;
Now cool my blood in the *European* snow,
Then heat it at the *Asian* fires again,
Then boil it o'er a sun-burnt *African*:
But this one beauty has subdu'd me more,
Than all the armies of 'em did before.

Crown's First Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

B E G G A R.

Small odds I often see
'Twixt them that ask, and them that asked be.

Spenser's Mother Hubberd's Tale.

For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that beggars life is best;
And they that think themselves the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.

Spenser's Mother Hubberd's Tale.

Art thou a man? And sham'st thou not to beg?
To practice such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman;
Or honest labour: Nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the mettal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insists in this loose desp'rate course,
I would esteem the sin, not thine, but his.

Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

When beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then though charity grow cold.

Drayton.

Baſe worldlings, that deſpiſe all ſuch as need;
Who to the needy beggar ſtill are dumb,
Not knowing unto what themſelves may come.
Heywood's Royal King.

For he that's born to be a beggar, know,
Howe'er he toils and trafficks, muſt die ſo.
Heywood and *Rowley's Fortune by Land and Sea.*

He makes a beggar firſt, that firſt relieves him;
Not us'rers make more beggars where they live,
Than charitable men that uſe to give.
Heywood's Royal King.

1. What think you of turning beggars?
Many good gentlemen have don't, or thieves.
2. That's the ſame thing at court:
Begging's but a kind of robbing th'exchequer.
Suckling's Goblins.

B E N E F I T S.

A benefit upbraided, forfeits thanks.
Lady *Eliza. Carew's Mariam.*

And 'tis not ſure ſo full a benefit,
Freely to give, as freely to require:
A bounteous act hath glory following it,
They cauſe the glory, that the act deſire.
Lady *Carew's Mariam.*

Some benefits are odious, ſo is this
Where men are ſtill aſhamed to confeſs
To have ſo done, as to deſerve to die;
And ever ſo deſire, that men ſhould gueſs,
They rather had receiv'd an injury
Than life; ſince life, they know, in ſuch a caſe,
May be reſtor'd to all, but not to grace.
Daniel's Philotas.

He that neglects a bleſſing, though he want
A preſent knowledge how to uſe it,
Neglects himſelf.
Beaumont and *Fletcher's Elder Brother.*

When the receiver of a courteſy
Cannot ſuſtain the weight it carries with it,

'Tis but a trial, not a present act.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Prophetess*.

If to receive a favour, make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that gives;
There's none but slaves will receive courtesy;
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince,
To pour down riches, with a lib'ral hand,
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?

Massinger and *Field's Fatal Dowry*.

'Twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit,
To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe
Laws to the giver's pleasure.

Massinger's Great Duke of Florence.

There are some natures
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Receiv'd in corners; holding it an impairing
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.

Massinger's Guardian.

To brag of benefits one hath bestown,
Doth make the best seem less, and most seem none;
So oftentimes the greatest courtesy,
Is by the doer made an injury.

Richard Brome's Novella.

B I R T H.

True gentry standeth in the trade
Of virtuous life, not in the fleshly line,
For blood is brute, but gentry is divine.

Experience doth cause me thus to say,
And that the rather, for my countrymen,
Which vaunt and boast themselves above the day,
If they may strain their stock from worthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay, fare the worse, if so they be not good,
For why, they stain the beauty of their blood.

H

How would we mock the burden-bearing mule,
If he would brag he were an horſe's ſon,
To preſs his pride, might nothing elſe him rule,
His boaſt's to prove no more, but bid him run.
The horſe for ſwiftneſs hath his glory won.
The bragging mule could ne'er the more aſpire,
Though he ſhould prove *Pegaſus* was his ſire.

Each man may crack of that which was his own,
Our parents good is theirs, and no whit ours:
Who therefore will of noble birth be known,
Or ſhine in virtue like his anceſtors,
Gentry conſiſteth not in lands and tow'rs:
He is a churl though all the world were his
Yea, *Arthur*'s heir, if that he live amiſs.

For virtuous life a gentleman doth make
Of her poſſeſſor, albeit poor as *Job*,
Yea, though no name of elders he can take:
For proof, take *Merlin* father'd by an hob.
For whoſo ſets his mind to ſpoil and rob,
Although he come by due deſcent from *Brute*,
He is a churl, ungentle, vile, and brute.

Dr. *Thomas Phaer* in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*.

Why ſhould my birth keep down my mounting ſpirit?
Are not all creatures ſubject unto time?
To time, who doth abuſe the world,
And fills it full of hotch-podge baſtardy;
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did ſpring from kings;
And many monarchs now, whoſe fathers were
The riff-raff of their age; for time and fortune
Wears out a noble train to beggary;
And from the dunghill minions do advance
To ſtate; and mark, in this admiring world
This is the courſe, which in the name of fate
Is ſeen as often as it whirls about:
The river *Thames* that by our door doth paſs,
His firſt beginning, is but ſmall and ſhallow,
Yet keeping on his courſe grows to a ſea.

Shakeſpear's *Cromwell*.

I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.

Shakeſpear's King Henry VIII.

Didſt thou ne'er read in difference of good,
'Tis more to ſhine in virtue than in blood.

Johnſon's Caſe is alter'd.

'Tis but in vain of my deſcent to boaſt,
When heav'n's lamp ſhines, all other lights be loſt:
Falcons ſeem poor, the eagle ſitting by,
Whoſe brood ſurveys the ſun with open eye.

Drayton.

For to be baſely born,
If not baſe-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of nature's freedom, or an honeſt birth.
Nobility claim'd by the right of blood,
Shews chiefly, that our anceſtors deſir'd
What we inherit; but that man whoſe actions
Purchaſe a real merit to himſelf,
And ranks him in the file of praiſe and honour,
Creates his own advancement.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn.*

————Think not that your glories fall,
Derived from a mean original;
Since lights that may have pow'r to check the dark,
Can have their luſtre from the ſmalleſt ſpark.
Not from nobility doth virtue ſpring,
But virtue makes fit nobles for a king.
From higheſt neſts are croaking ravens born,
When ſweeteſt nightingales ſit in the thorn.

Brown's Paſtorals.

1. Madam, you haply ſcorn the vulgar earth
Of which I ſtand compacted: And becauſe
I cannot add a ſplendor to my name,
Reflective from a royal pedigree,
You interdict my language: but be pleas'd
To know, the aſhes of my anceſtors

If inter-mingled in the tomb with kings,
Could hardly be diſtinguiſh'd. The ſtars ſhoot
An equal infl'ence on th'open cottage,
Where the poor ſhepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
As on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whiſper.
2. And what hence infer you ?
1. That no diſtinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.
2. But yet heaven hath made
Subordination, and degrees of men,
And ev'n religion doth authorize us
To rule ; and tells the ſubject 'tis a crime
And ſhall meet death, if he diſdain obedience.
1. Kind heav'n made us all equal, till rude ſtrength,
Or wicked policy, uſurp'd a pow'r,
And for religion, that exhorts t'obey
Only for its own eaſe.

Habbington's Queen of Arragon.

Put off your giant titles, then I can
Stand in your judgments blank an equal man,
Though hills advanced are above the plain,
They are but higher earth, nor muſt diſdain
Alliance with the vale: We ſee a ſpade
Can level them, and make a mount a glade.
Howe'er we differ in the herald's book,
He that mankind's extraction ſhall look
In nature's rolls, muſt grant we all agree,
In our beſt parts, immortal pedigree.

Dr. *Henry King*, Biſhop of *Chicheſter*.

1. This ſhepherd ſure is ſprung from noble race,
What ſweet behaviour does his perſon grace?
2. No matter how deſcended from his birth,
The pureſt gold itſelf was once but earth.
They wear the badge of honour, who are known,
Not by their father's actions, but their own.

Dover's Roman Generals.

He

He wealth, not birth, preferr'd to council's place;
For council is for uſe, not ornament;
Souls are alike, of rich and ancient race,
Though bodies claim diſtinction by deſcent.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

B L I N D N E S S.

Where ſome time ſtood the beauty of this face,
Lamps clearly lighted as the veſtal flame,
Is now a dungeon, a diſtreſsful place,
A harbour fit for infamy and ſhame;
Which but with horror one can ſcarcely name:
Out of whoſe dark grates miſery and grief,
Starved for vengeance daily beg relief.

The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
Night ſtill me follows, yet too long doth ſtay,
Th'one I o'ertake not, though it ſtill be nigh,
Th'other coming, vaniſheth away,
But what availeth either night or day?
All's one to me, ſtill day, or ever night,
My light is darkneſs, and my darkneſs light.

Drayton.

The wretched'ſt thing, the moſt deſpiſed beaſt,
Enjoys that ſenſe as gen'rally as we,
The very gnat, or what than that is leaſt,
Of ſight by nature kindly is made free.
What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to ſee?
O, that a tyrant then ſhould me deprave
Of that, which elſe all living creatures have!

Drayton.

This fellow muſt have a rare underſtanding,
For nature recompenceth the defects
Of one part, with redundance in another:
Blind men have excellent mem'ries, and the tongue
Thus indiſpos'd, there's treaſure in the intellect.

Shirley's Example.

O happineſs of blindneſs! now no beauty
Inflames my luſt; no others good, my envy;
Or miſery, my pity; no man's wealth

Dra[illegible]s

Draws my reſpect; nor poverty, my ſcorn;
Yet ſtill I ſee enough! man to himſelf
Is a large proſpect, rais'd above the level
Of his low creeping thoughts; if then I have
A world within myſelf, that world ſhall be
My empire; there I'll reign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, ſecure from fear
Of foreign forces, or domeſtick treaſons,
And hold a monarchy more free, more abſolute
Than in my father's ſeat; and looking down
With ſcorn, or pity, on the ſlipp'ry ſtate
Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.

Denham's Sophy.

Where am I now?
I thought the way to death had been ſo broad,
Tho' I were blind, I could not miſs the road:
Death's lodgings ſuch perpetual darkneſs have,
And I ſeem nothing but a walking grave.
——*Virginia*——I muſt never hope to ſee:
All nature's windows are ſhut up in me:
The ſun to me brings an unuſeful light;
About me now I always carry night.

Sir *Robert Howard's Veſtal Virgin.*

B O A S T I N G.

For then we wound our modeſty, and make
Foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when
Of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Shakeſpear's All's well that ends well.

O *Jove!* let it become me
To boaſt my deeds, when he, whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

If valour dwell in vaunting;
In what a phraſe he ſpeaks, as if his actions
Could be ſet off in nothing but a noiſe;
Sure he has a drum in his mouth.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Mad Lover.*

Alas,

Alas, my miserable master! what fudds
Art thou wash'd into? thou art born to be
Scorn'd of ev'ry carted community,
And yet he'll out crack a *German* when he
Is drunk, or a *Spaniard* after he hath eaten
A fumatho, that he hath lien with that,
And that, and t'other lady, that he lay
Last night in such a maiden's chamber, t'other
Night in such a countess's couch, to-night
He lies in such a lady's closet, when poor
I know all this while he ly'd in his throat.

Marston's Fawne.

The honour is over-paid,
When he that did the act is commentator.

Shirley's Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for Achilles's Armour.

He that vaunts
Of a received favour, ought to be
Punish'd as sacrilegious persons are,
'Cause he doth violate that sacred thing,
Pure, spotless honour. But it may be seen,
And yet not prostitute. I would not smother
My joys, and make my happiness a stealth.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

BOOKS.

A book! Oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

1. Let them be burnt! O, how ridiculous
Appears the senate's brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present pow'r, extinguish
The memory of all succeeding times!
2. 'Tis true, when, contrary, the punishment
Of wit, doth make th'authority encrease.
Nor do they ought, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;

But

But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the writers an eternal name.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Now for these instrumental following arts,
Which, in the traffick of humanity,
Afford not matter, but limb out the parts,
And forms of speaking with authority:
I say, who too long in their cobwebs lurks,
Doth like him that buys tools, but never works.

Lord *Brooke.*

And as in grounds, which salt by nature yield,
No care can make return of other grain:
So who with books, their nature over build,
Lose that in practice, which in art they gain.

Lord *Brooke.*

And tho' books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright;
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgment lies. And tho' we cannot find
The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,
And entertain us near about the same:
And give the soul the best delight that may
Enchear it most, and most our sp'rits enflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.

Daniel.

——— Like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and sees the journey's end,
I straggle on too far: long graces do,
But keep good stomachs off that would fall too.

Suckling.

He loves books:
Not that he has a scruple more of learning
Than will suffice him to say grace, but like
Some piteous cowards, who are oft thought valiant
For keeping store of weapons in their chambers:
He loves to be esteem'd a doctor by
His Volumes.

Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable.

Books much contribute to the publick good,
When by the people eas'ly underſtood;
But thoſe who dreſs them in a foreign tongue,
Bring meat in cover'd plate to make men long:
Whilſt thoſe who foreign learning well tranſlate,
Serve plain meat up, and in uncover'd plate.
Sir *W. Davenant.*

Books ſhould to one of theſe four ends conduce,
For wiſdom, piety, delight, or uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſpangled sky?
Or into matter's hidden cauſes pry?
To deſcribe ev'ry city, ſtream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is't to hear a ſophiſter, that pleads,
Who by the Ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wiſe, theſe things we ſhould not mind,
But more delight in eaſy matters find.
Denham.

He us'd books ſo
That they might teach him live, as well as know
'Twas not the language only he would ſee;
Thus daws are wiſe, and parrots learn'd as he.
T'adore the garb of ſpeech, had been t'have ſtaid
To loſe the ſun while he admir'd the ſhade.
His aim was nobler far, he knew there ſprung
More worth in *Roman* virtue, than the tongue.
Not like a ſcholar who his engine lays,
To let paſs fair example, and get phraſe.
War ſtories taught his mind, not his tongue force,
And ſofter, lent him mildneſs, not diſcourſe.
Dr. *Martin Lleuellin.*

Learning is more profound
When in few ſolid authors't may be found.
A few good books digeſted well, do feed
The mind, much cloys, or doth ill humours breed.
Robert Heath.

BOUNTY.

B O U N T Y.

What you require of him, he partly begs,
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Shakespear's Timon.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

1. How fares it with our great and royal master?
2. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment hath
Made once divine election: like the God
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Bounty and gifts lose more than they do find,
Where many look for good, few have their mind;
Each thinks, he merits more than that he hath;
And so gifts laid for love, do catch men wrath.

Daniel's Philotas.

O blessed bounty, giving all content!
The only fautress of all noble arts,
That lend'st success to ev'ry good intent,
A grace that rests in the most god-like hearts,
By heav'n to none but happy souls infus'd,
Pity it is, that e'er thou wast abus'd.

Drayton.

He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Spanish Curate.*

——————— Royal bounties
Are great, and gracious while they are diſpens'd
With moderation; but when their exceſs
In giving giant bulks to others, take from
The prince's juſt proportion, they loſe
The names of virtues, and their natures chang'd,
Grow the moſt dangerous vices.

Maſſinger's Emperour of the Eaſt.

He that doth many good deeds, it may fall
Among the reſt, one may reward them all.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

How ſoon, from virtue, and an honour'd ſpirit,
May man receive, what he can never merit?

May's Old Couple.

Thy bounties, if I name, I'll not admit,
Kings when they love, or woo, to equal it:
It ſhew'd like nature's ſelf, when ſhe doth bring
All ſhe can promiſe by an early ſpring;
Or when ſhe pays that promiſe where ſhe beſt
Makes ſummers for mankind; in the rich eaſt.
And, as the wiſe ſun, ſilently employs
His lib'ral beams, and ripens without noiſe;
As precious dews do undiſcover'd fall,
And growth inſenſibly doth ſteal on all;
So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,
As in the dark, from one that had no name;
Like fairies wealth, not given to reſtore,
Or if reveal'd, it viſited no more.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

As *Heſiod* ſings, ſpread water o'er thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad encreaſe 'twill yield;
But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and wrong be to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'ſt nothing give that is not thine;
That liberality is but caſt away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.

Denham.

B R I B E R Y.

Juſtice herſelf, that ſitteth wimpled 'bout
The eyes, doth it not becauſe ſhe will take
No gold, but that ſhe would not be ſeen bluſhing
When ſhe takes it: the balances ſhe holds
Are not to weigh the right of the cauſe, but
The weight of the bribe: ſhe will put up her
Naked ſword, if thou offer her a golden ſcabbard.

Lilly's Mydas.

1. You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.
2. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
1. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear it's comment.
2. Yet, let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
1. I, an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that ſpeaks this;
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
2. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide it's head.
1. Chaſtiſement!———
2. Remember *March*, the ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? what, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

Decrees are bought, and laws are ſold,
Honours, and Offices, for gold;
The people's voices, and the free
Tongues in the ſenate, bribed be.

Johnſon's Catiline.

Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever find ſuch faith ſo bought, ſo ſold.

Marſton's Sophonisba.

When I go to hell,
I mean to carry a bribe: for look ye,
Good gifts evermore make way for the worſt perſons.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

'Tis gold muſt ſuch an inſtrument procure,
With empty fiſt no man does falcons lure.

Webſter's White Devil.

Silver, though white,
Yet it draws black lines: it ſhall not rule my palm
There to mark forth his baſe corruption.

Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.

A drudge may find more corners in the houſe
Than e'er the maſter knew, and may diſcover
A ſecret inlet to betray a city;
There will I now begin, he ſhall adviſe
Where I ſhall plant my golden batteries.

Sir *Ralph Freeman's Imperiale.*

B R I D E.

I wonder *Zanthia*, why the cuſtom is
To uſe ſuch ceremony, ſuch ſtrict ſhape
About us women; forſooth the bride muſt ſteal
Before her lord to bed: and then delays
Long expectations, all againſt known wiſhes.
I hate theſe figures in locution,
Theſe about-phraſes, forc'd by ceremony:
We muſt ſtill ſeem to fly what we moſt ſeek,
And hide ourſelves from that we fain would find:
Let thoſe that think, and ſpeak, and do juſt acts,
Know, form can give no virtue to their facts,
Nor detract vice.

Marſton's Sophonisba.

1. While early light ſprings from the skies,
A fairer from your bride doth riſe;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a ſecond morning there.
Her bluſh doth ſhed,
All o'er the bed,
Clean ſhame-fac'd beams,
That ſpread in ſtreams,
And purple round the modeſt air.
2. I will not tell what ſhrieks and cries,
What angry piſhes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths then newly born
The liſt'ning taper heard there ſworn:
While froward ſhe,
Moſt peeviſhly,
Did yielding fight
To keep o'er night,
What ſhe'd have profferr'd you ere morn.
3. Fair, we know, maids do refuſe
To grant what they do come to looſe.
Intend a conqueſt you that wed;
They would be chaſtly raviſhed.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For ſuch a maid no *Whitſon* ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her Finger was ſo ſmall, the ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth, for out it muſt,
It look'd like the great collar juſt,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, ſtole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light :
But, Oh ! ſhe dances ſuch a way !
No ſun, upon an *Eaſter* day,
 Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice,
 She would not do't in ſight.
And then ſhe look'd, as who ſhould ſay,
I will do what I liſt to-day ;
 And you ſhall do't at night.

Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on
No daiſy makes compariſon,
 Who ſees them is undone :
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Cath'rine* pear,
 The ſide that's next the ſun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin ;
 Some bee had ſtung it newly.
But, *Dick*, her eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the ſun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall, when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thoud'ſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might paſſage get :
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been ;
 (She look'd that day ſo purely :)
And did the youth ſo oft the Feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
 It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Suckling

Now that love's holiday is come,
And *Madge*, the maid, hath ſwept the room,
And trimm'd her ſpit and pot,
Awake, my merry Muſe, and ſing
The Revels, and that other thing,
That muſt not be ſorgot.

As the grey morning dawn'd, tis ſaid,
Clarinda broke out of her bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her pride:
Where all the maiden lights that were
Compriz'd within our hemiſphere
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dreſs'd the bride from top to toe,
And brought her from her chamber;
Deck'd in her robes and garments gay,
More ſumptuous than the live-long day,
Or ſtars enſhrin'd in amber.

The ſparkling bullice of her eyes
Like two eclipſed ſuns did riſe
Beneath her cryſtal brow;
To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange accidents,
Some ſudden changeable events
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed
Preſag'd the bluſt'ring night;
Which his encircling arms and ſhade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And ſkreen her virgin light.

Her lips, thoſe threads of ſcarlet dye,
Wherein love's charms and quiver lie,
Legions of ſweets did crown;
Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay,
Crop me, crop me, while you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her breaſts, thoſe melting *Alps* of ſnow,
On whoſe fair hills, in open ſhew,
The god of love lay napping;
Like ſwelling buts of lively wine,
Upon their ivory ſtells did ſhine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waſte, that ſlender type of man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle ſpan,
Yet, I dare ſafely ſwear,
He that whole thouſands has in fee,
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the manor there.

Cleveland.

BUILDING.

See, boys! this gate,
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Shakeſpear's Cymbeline.

She builds in gold, and to the ſtars,
As if ſhe threaten'd heav'n with wars;
And ſeeks for hell in quarries deep,
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of day.

Johnſon's Catiline.

They had rather drown their ſubſtance
In ſuperfluities of bricks and ſtones;
(Like *Siſyphus*, advancing of them ever,
And ever pulling down) than lay the coſt
Of any fluttiſh corner, on a man
Built with God's finger, and inſtil'd his temple.

Chapman's Revenge of Buſſey D'ambois.

And

And his fair houſe, rais'd high in envy's eye,
Whoſe pillars rear'd perhaps on blood and wrong,
The ſpoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can aſſure it to continue long?
If rage ſpar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profaneſt piles of ſin keep ſtrong?

How many proud, aſpiring palaces,
Have we known made the prey of wrath and pride;
Levell'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulneſs;
Whilſt titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderleſs
Order, pretending change of ſome ſtrong ſide.

Daniel.

A room prepar'd with pilaſters ſhe choſe,
That to the roof their ſlender points did rear,
Arching the top, whereas they all did cloſe;
Which from below ſhew'd like an hemiſphere:
In whoſe concavity ſhe did compoſe
The conſtellations, that to us appear
In their corporeal ſhapes, with ſtars enchas'd,
As by th' old poets they on heav'n were plac'd.

About which lodging, tow'rds the upper face,
Run a fine border, circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the zenith and the baſe,
Which as a zone the waſte ingirdled,
That lent the ſight a breathing, by the ſpace
'Twixt things near hand, and thoſe far over head.

Drayton.

——————— Here the architect
Did not with curious ſkill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porphery,
But built a houſe for hoſpitality;
No ſumptuous chimney-piece of ſhining ſtone
Invites the ſtrangers eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his ſight, but clear
And cheerful flames, cheriſh and warm him here:

No *Dorick*, nor *Corinthian* pillars grace
With imag'ry this ſtructure's naked face,
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than ſeem in ſight;
Inſtead of ſtatues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men, their merry hall;
Where at large tables fill'd with wholſome meats
The ſervant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats.
Some of that rank, ſpun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, ſtew'rd, and chaplain fed
With dainties cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
Have ſever'd from the common, freely ſit
At the lord's table. *Amalthea*'s horn
Of plenty, is not in effigie worn
Without the gate, but ſhe within the door,
Empties her free and unexhauſted ſtore.
Nor, crown'd with wheaten wreaths, doth *Ceres* ſtand
In ſtone, with a crook'd ſickle in her hand:
Nor, on a marble tun, his face beſmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd unſcizzar'd *Bacchus* rear'd.
We offer not in emblems to the eyes,
But to the taſte thoſe uſeful deities.

Carew.

Not walls, but ſubjects love
Do to a prince the ſtrongeſt caſtle prove.
Behold, great p[illegible] allegiance mix'd with love
Lock'd in our breaſts: thou art the living key
To ſhut, and to unlock them at thy pleaſure.

Goffe's Raging Turk.

The neighb'ring monarch, wealthy and at eaſe,
Will build a city all of palaces:
A work, which does the founder's wealth expreſs,
And that he weary is of that acceſs:
Why ſhould he elſe his ſolid treaſure waſte
To make the ſhadow of his mem'ry laſt?
Since from that ſtrength which he from quarries brings,
To make his name out-wear all other things,

He

He but provides his purpose to prevent;
His name may perish ere the monument:
For many a city built for future fame,
Has long out-liv'd the vanish'd founder's name.
By that tall pyramid, which does appear
The strongest pile that art did ever rear,
Egyptians now themselves like strangers pass,
And but in vain, ask who the artist was?
Ev'n of the learn'd but few so curious seem
As to desire to know the name of him
For whom 'twas built: and both their aims have lost,
One in his art, the other in his cost.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

CALAMITY.

OH, *Craterus*, do not insult calamity,
It is a barb'rous grossness, to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
So much already weighs mens fortunes down:
For if the cause be ill, I undergo
The law, and not reproach, must make it so.

Daniel's Philotas.

Calamity, is man's true touch-stone.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Four Plays in one.*

Cunning calamity!
That others gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

Calamity, in *Homer*, barefoot goes;
Therefore, encountring hard and stubborn men,
She makes a less impression of her woes;
For she is bare-foot, and treads lightly then.
But if with soft, and gentle souls she meet,
She dares more boldly trample with her feet.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

How wiſely fate ordain'd for human kind
Calamity! which is the perfect glaſs
Wherein we truly ſee and know ourſelves.
How juſtly it created life but ſhort!
For being incident to many griefs,
Had it been deſtin'd to continue long,
Fate, to pleaſe fools, had done the wiſe great wrong.
Sir *W. Davenant's Law againſt Lovers.*

Know, he that
Foretells his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over, doth
Endure the pains of evil deſtiny.
But we muſt truſt to virtue, not to fate:
That may protect, whom cruel ſtars will hate.
Sir *W. Davenant's Diſtreſſes.*

CARE.

There entring in, they found the good man ſelf,
Full buſily unto his work ybent;
Who was to weet, a wretched weariſh elf,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheeks forſpent,
As if he had in priſon long been pent:
Full black and grieſly did his face appear,
Beſmear'd with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary ſhagged hair,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better car'd:
With bliſtring hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he far'd:
His name was *Care*; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working ſpar'd,
But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made;
Thoſe be unquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.
Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Sir

Sir *Scudamore* there entring, much admir'd
 The manner of their work and weary pain;
And having long beheld, at last enquir'd
 The cause and end thereof: but all in vain;
For they, for nought would from their work refrain,
 Ne let his speeches come unto their ear;
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amain,
 Like to the northern wind, that none could hear:
 Those *pensiveness* did move, and *sighs* the bellows were.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen.*

Another shape appears
Of greedy care, still brushing up the breers,
His knuckles knobb'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hardy tanned skin.

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
 To spread his light, ev'n peeping in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun;
 But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
 And with foul durk never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

Sackville E. of *Dorset*, in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

Timely crooks that tree that will be a camock
And young it pricks that will be a thorn; and
Therefore he that began without care to
Settle his Life, it is a sign without
Amendment he will end it.

Lilly's *Endimion.*

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, ever more succeeds
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Shakespear's *Second Part of King Henry* VI.

Care keeps his watch in ev'ry old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye.

Shakespear's *Romeo and Juliet.*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Shakespear's First Part of King Henry VI.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.
Johnson's Tale of a Tub.

When enemies bid enemies take heed,
They trust not them, and yet they will beware;
For disadvantage grows of little care.
Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

In care they live, that must for many care;
And such the best, and greatest ever are.
Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

Although my cares do hang upon my soul
Like mines of lead, the greatness of my spirit,
Shall shake the sullen weight off.
Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

Of all proceedings, in this great affair
We must not use our fortune, but our care.
Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

What bliss, what wealth, did e'er the world bestow
On man, but cares and fears attended it?
Yet who so base, as to be freed from those,
Would throw away the highest bliss on earth?
May's Agrippina.

You now are destin'd to more watchful care
Than spies of faction, or the scouts of war;
To care, which higher and more swiftly flows,
Than that which from design of conquest grows;
Such as may seem to other monarchs new;
Care to reform those whom you might subdue.
Sir *W. Davenant.*

Care, that in cloysters only seals her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns;
Fools by not knowing her, out-live the wise;
She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones.
Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

CAUSE.

C A U S E.

I ſay the cauſe, and not the caſual ſpeed,
Is to be weigh'd in ev'ry kind of deed.

This rule obſerv'd, how many ſhall we find
For virtue's ſake with infamy oppreſt ?
How ſome again through help of fortune blind,
For ill attempts atchiev'd, with honours bleſt ?
Succeſs is worſt oft times, when cauſe is beſt :
Therefore ſay I, God ſend them ſorry haps,
That judge the cauſes by their after claps.

W. Baldwin in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

T' anticipate the cauſe which makes one great,
Is the compendious way to make one leſs.
When cauſes ſtop, effects do make a pauſe,
And periſh in the ruin of their cauſe.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

We may
Accuſe the pow'rs above, as partial, when
A good cauſe, well defended too, muſt ſuffer
For want of fortune.

Maſſinger's Baſhful Lover.

Circumſtance muſt make it probable
Whether the cauſe's juſtneſs may command
Th' attendance of ſucceſs : For an attempt
That's warranted by juſtice, cannot want
A proſperous end.

Nabbe's Hannibal and Scipio.

——————————Juſtneſs of cauſe is nothing,
When things are riſen to the point they are ;
'Tis either not examin'd or believ'd
Among the warlike———
The better cauſe the *Grecians* had of yore,
Yet were the Gods themſelves divided in't ;
And the foul raviſher found as good protection
As the much injur'd huſband.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Every cause
Works not the same way; we distinguish thus:
Some by a physical and real touch
Produce: so carvers hewing the rough marble,
Frame a well polish'd statue: but there is
A virtual contact too; which other causes
Imploy in acting their more rare effects:
So the bright sun does in the solid earth,
By the infusive virtue of his rays,
Convert the sordid substance of the mold
To mines of metal; and the piercing air,
By cold reflection, so engenders ice;
And yet you cannot say the chilly hand
Of air, or quickning fingers of the sun,
Really touch the water, or the earth.
The load-stone so, by operative force,
Causes the iron which has felt his touch,
T' attract another iron; nay, the needle
Of the ship-guiding compass, to respect
The cold pole artick; just so, the salve works;
Certain hid causes convey its pow'rful
Virtue to the wound from the anointed
Weapon, and reduce it to welcome soundness.

Glapthorne's Hollander.

This is a cause which our ambition fills;
  A cause, in which our strength we should not waste
In vain like giants, who did heave at hills;
  'Tis too unwieldy for the force of haste.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Small are the seeds fate does unheeded sow
  Of slight beginnings to important ends;
Whilst wonder, which does best our rev'rence shew
  To heav'n, all reason's sight in gazing spends.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

CAUTION.

But now so wise and wary was the knight,
By triall of his former harms and cares,

That

That he defcry'd, and fhunned ftill his flight:
The fifh, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.
Spenfer's Fairy Queen.

Who 'fcapes the fnare
Once, has a certain caution to beware.
Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

They that fear the adders fting, will not come
Near her hiffing.
Chapman's Widow's Tears.

Thofe are but feeble brains which fancies load
With tim'rous dreams, which bare furmifes brings;
Who fear vain fhadows, muft not walk abroad,
Too wary wits dare never work great things.
E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

None pities him that's in the fnare,
And warn'd before, would not beware.
Herrick.

CEREMONY.

O hard condition, and twin-born with greatnefs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whofe fenfe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eafe muft kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
That private men have not too, fave ceremony,
Save general ceremony?———
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that fuffer'ft more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worfhippers.
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, fhew me but thy worth:
What is thy toll, O adoration?
Art thou aught elfe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art lefs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ft thou oft, inftead of homage fweet,
But poifon'd flatt'ry? O be fick, great greatnefs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'ft

Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou commandſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tiſſu'd robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell:
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in groſs brains, little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

Shakeſpear's King Henry V.

Ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry e'er 'tis ſhewn;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

There

There are a ſort of fond effeminate men,
Deep ſtudy'd in diſcourſive complement,
That many times will waſte more aiery language
To take a ſolemn leave, than would make up
A city orator.

Nabbs's Covent Garden.

'Tis not a robe of lawn, a hallow'd verge,
Nor flow'ry chaplets nicely wreath'd, can add
Proſperity to pray'rs, or to vows; no
Formal pomp or ceremony needs, to
Wiſhes that are clean and humbly made.

Sir *W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

CHARACTER.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold.

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

1. What's your true cenſure of his gen'ral worth,
Virtue and judgment?
2. As of a picture wrought to optick reaſon,
That to all paſſers by, ſeems as they move,
Now woman, now a monſter, now a devil;
And till you ſtand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the main form is:
So men that view him but in vulgar paſſes,
Caſting but lateral, or partial glances,
At what he is; ſuppoſe him weak, unjuſt,
Bloody, and monſtrous; but ſtand free and faſt,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuouſly, and by the right laid line
Of truth, he truly, will all ſtiles deſerve,
Of wiſe, juſt, good; a man both ſoul and nerve.

Chapman and *Shirley's Admiral of France.*

She can't be parallell'd by art, much leſs
By nature: ſhe'd baffle painters to decypher
Her exactly, as bad as agues puzzle doctors.

Robert Nevile's Poor Scholar.

CHARITY.

Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Sea Voyage.*

His eyes and silent gesture spake his grief,
No tedious way was made to his relief.
It was sufficient, that his wants were known,
True charity makes others wants their own.

Robert Dauborne's *Poor Man's Comfort.*

'Mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call
The first born of religion; and I wonder
I cannot see it in yours. Believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,
Or later welcom'd; it begins the rest,
And sets them all in order.

Middleton's *Women beware Women.*

This is the charity of some rich men,
That passing by some monument that stoops
With age, whose ruins plead for a repair,
Pity the fall of such a goodly pile,
But will not spare from their superfluous wealth
To be the benefactor.
2. I acknowledge
That empty wishes are their shame, that have
Ability to do a noble work,
And yet fly the Action.

Shirley's *Hide Park.*

Good works abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they do,
'Tis the best string they challenge to their bow;
But ev'ry he's no monk that wears a hood;
'Tis well, if they're well done, as well as good:
When wand'ring passengers have lost their way,
No sort of men that ride so fast as they.

Francis Quarles.

Where

Where are all the poor?
Jasper, go, call them in. Now prithee learn,
For this late accident may truly teach
A man what value he should set on wealth;
Fire may consume my houses, thieves may steal
My plate and jewels, all my merchandize
Is at the mercy of the winds and seas;
And nothing truly can be term'd mine own,
But what I make mine own by using well.
Those deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep;
The other is not ours.

May's Old Couple.

For true charity
Though ne'er so secret, finds a just reward.

May's Old Couple,

CHASTITY.

Your chaste hearts, my nymphs, should resemble the
Onyx, which is hottest when it's whitest:
And your thoughts, the more they are assaulted
With desires, the less they should be affected.

Lilly's Gallathea.

1. Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep, within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent:
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
2. I shall th'effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Shew

Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n ;
Whilſt, like a puſt and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries, we dream, and ſwears there's no ſuch thing,
As this chaſte love we ſing.
Peace, luxury, thou art like one of thoſe,
Who, being at ſea, ſuppoſe,
Becauſe they move, the continent doth ſo.
No, vice we let thee know,
Tho' thy wild thoughts with ſparrow's wings do fly,
Turtles can chaſtly die ;
And yet, in this t'expreſs ourſelves more clear,
We do not number here,
Such ſpirits as are only continent,
Becauſe luſt's means are ſpent :
Or thoſe, who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name,
Cannot ſo ſafely ſin ; their chaſtity
Is mere neceſſity.
Nor mean we thoſe whom vows and conſcience
Have fill'd with abſtinence :
Tho' we acknowledge, who can ſo abſtain,
Makes a moſt bleſſed gain.

Johnſon.

———————— Chaſtity's attire's
Th'unſtain'd vail, which innocents adorns,
Th'ungather'd roſe, defended with the thorns.

Daniel's Roſamund.

Th' *Arabian* bird that never is but one,
Is only chaſte becauſe ſhe is alone :
But had our mother nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and ſparrows do.

Drayton.

Though

Though heav'n cannot allure you to do well,
From doing ill let hell fright you; and learn this,
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride, and maidens souls are such:
The soul that leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

A Woman honest first, and then turn'd whore,
Is, as with me, common to thousands more:
But from a strumpet to turn chaste, that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

Continuance crowns desert, she ne'er can go
For perfect-honest, that's not always so.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

Like will to like, each creature loves his kind,
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

Herrick.

1. She's not turn'd whore, is she?
2. No, but her honesty is so straight beset,
That if she be not victuall'd well within,
And have some sudden succours,
She will, I fear, ere long surrender.

Suckling's Sad One.

Or if he wicked were,
What danger could you fear?
Since virtue's force all vicious pow'r controuls;
Lucreece a poniard found, and *Portia* coals.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

Thou, my love, art sweeter far than balmy
Incense in the purple smoke; pure and
Unspotted as the cleanly ermine, ere
The hunter sullies her with his pursuit;
Soft as her skin; chaste as th' *Arabian* bird
That wants a sex to wooe, or as the dead,
That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects,
And from thought.

Sir *W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

Oh!

Oh! ſhe is colder than the mountain's ſnow.
To ſuch a ſubtile purity ſhe's wrought,
She's pray'd and faſted to a walking thought:
She's an enchanted feaſt, moſt fair to ſight,
And ſtarves the appetite, ſhe does invite;
Flies from the touch of ſenſe, and if you dare
To name but love, ſhe vaniſhes to air.

Crown's Firſt Part of the Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

For though ſhe virtuous be,
Malice ſo great, diſhonours chaſtity;
They ſhould not dwell together in one breaſt,
It is a ſerpent in a *Phœnix'* neſt.

Crown's Caliſto.

CHILDREN.

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
 Be lack of children, to ſupply your place;
Lo! how good fortune doth to you preſent
 This little babe, of ſweet and lovely face,
 And ſpotleſs ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
Whatever forms thereto ye liſt apply,
 Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him train in chevalry,
 Or nouſle up in lore of learn'd philoſophy.

And certes it hath ſometimes been ſeen,
 That of the like whoſe lineage was unknown,
More brave and noble knights have raiſed been,
 (As their victorious deeds have after ſhown,
 Being with fame through many nations blown,)
Than thoſe which have been dandled in the lap:
 Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe brave imps were ſown
Here by the gods, and fed with heav'nly ſap,
 That made them grow ſo high t'all honourable hap.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial, as the ſons of *Tamburlaine*:
Water and air being ſymboliz'd in one,

Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair as white as milk, as soft as down,
Which should be like the quills of porcupines,
As black as jet, and hard as iron or steel,
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars.
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,
Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,
But that I know they issu'd from thy womb,
That never look'd on man but *Tamburlaine.*

Marlo's Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?

Shakespear's King Richard III.

His children thy great lord may call his own;
A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.

Johnson.

Some bows grow crooked from the straightest tree:
Ye are no ways partakers of their shame,
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

Drayton.

Things like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air, got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred; as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring 'em to the world to curse 'em,
Crying they creep among us like young cats.
Cares and continual crosses keeping with them,
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so; they grow and goodly
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water
They fall into the main, are known no more.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Mad Lover.*

What benefit can children be
But charges and disobedience? What's the
Love they render at one and twenty years?

I pray

I pray die, father: When they are young, they
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noiſe
And giddineſs; and come to years once, there
Drops a ſon by the ſword in his miſtreſſes
Quarrel, a great joy to his parents: A
Daughter ripe too, grows high and luſty in
Her blood, muſt have a heating; runs away
With a ſupple-hamm'd ſerving-man: His twenty
Nobles ſpent, takes to a trade, and learns to ſpin.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Wit without Money.*

We will adopt us ſons;
Then virtue ſhall inherit, and not blood:
If we do luſt, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourſelves as other creatures do,
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her iſſue.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Maid's Tragedy.*

Where is the glory of the goodlieſt trees
But in the fruit and branches? The old ſtock
Muſt decay; and ſprigs, ſciens, ſuch as theſe,
Muſt become new ſtocks, for us to glory
In their fruitful iſſue; ſo are we made
Immortal one by the other.

Middleton and *Rowley*'s *Fair Quarrel.*

How adverſe runs the deſtiny of ſome creatures?
Some only can get riches and no children,
We only can get children and no riches;
Then 'tis the prudent part to check our will,
And till our ſtate riſe, make our blood lie ſtill.

Middleton's *Chaſte Maid of Cheapſide.*

——————— What's a ſon?
A thing begot within a pair of minutes, thereabout:
A lump bred up in darkneſs, and doth ſerve
To balance thoſe light creatures we call women,
And at nine months end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a ſon,
To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries and breeds teeth.

What

What is there yet in a ſon?
He muſt be fed, be taught to go, and ſpeak:
Ay, or yet; why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in paſſion o'er a friſking kid, as for a ſon?
Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little ſmooth horſe colt,
Should move a man, as much as doth a ſon;
For one of theſe in very little time,
Will grow to ſome good uſe; whereas a ſon,
The more he grows in ſtature and in years,
The more unſquar'd, unlevell'd he appears;
Reckons his parents 'mong the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old, before they meet with age:
This is a ſon.

The *Spaniſh Tragedy*.

Oh curſed age,
When children 'gainſt their parents all things dare,
Yet fathers, ſtill prove fathers in their care.

Heywood's *Maiden-head well loſt*.

The children, whoſe parents have been wrong'd,
Inherit all their hatred, and are dang'rous.

Baron's *Mirza*.

For 'tis the conſtant creed of most old fools,
That they enjoy their wealth when they are dead,
In the damn'd ſilly perſons of their ſons;
When the young fools themſelves do not enjoy it.

Crown's *Ambitious Stateſman*.

C H O I C E.

What many men deſire, that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhew,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits.

Shakeſpear's *Merchant of Venice*.

A

A wise man likes that best, that is it self;
Not that which only seems, tho' it look fairer.

Johnson, Fletcher, and *Middleton's Widow.*

When better choices are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.

Daniel.

Now this he tasts, then that he glances on,
Diversity confounds election.

Baron.

Election is an act
Of will, not voice; of an internal suffrage,
Not outward sound.

Tragedy of Orator *M. T. Cicero.*

CHURCHMEN.

Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman, better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.

Shakespear's King Henry VIII.

Hood an ass with rev'rend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Johnson's Volpone.

Shew me a clergyman, that is in voice
A lark of heav'n, in heart a mole of earth;
That hath good livings, and a wicked life;
A temp'rate look, and a luxurious gut;
Turning the rents of his superfluous cures
Into your pheasants and your partridges;
Venting their quintessence, as men read hebrew:
Let me but hawk at him, he shall confess all.

Chapman's Buffy D'ambois.

We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To teach belief in good, and, still devotion,
To preach of heaven's wonders, and delights:
Yet, when each of us, in his own heart looks,
He finds the God there, far unlike his books.

Lord *Brook's Mustapha.*

Make not the church to us an inſtrument
Of Bondage, to yourſelves of liberty:
Obedience there, confirms your government;
Our ſovereigns, God's ſubalterns, you be:
Elſe while kings faſhion God in human light,
Men ſee, and ſcorn what is not infinite.

Lord *Brook*'s *Alaham.*

I have heard ſome talk of divinity very much,
And many time, to their auditors impatience;
But pray what practice make they of it in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honeſt;
And ſome of them not only impatient
Of their own ſlighteſt injuries, but ſtark mad
At one another's preferment.

Webſter's *Devil's Law Caſe.*

Who ſhou'd afford ſalvation to afflicted conſciences,
And not give torment to contented minds:
Who ſhould be lamps to guide us in our way,
And not like fire-drakes, to lead men aſtray.

George Wilkins's *Miſeries of enforced Marriage.*

You ſhould, my lord, be like the robes you wear,
Pure as the dye, and like that rev'rend ſhape,
Nurſe thoughts as full of honour, zeal, and purity;
You ſhould be the court-dial, and direct
The king with conſtant motion; be ever beating,
Like to clock-hammers, on his iron heart,
To make it ſound clear; and to feel remorſe
You ſhould unlock his ſoul, wake his dead conſcience,
Which like a drowſy centinel gives leave
For ſin's vaſt army to beleaguer him:
His ruins will be ask'd for at your hands.

Sam. Rowley's *Noble Spaniſh Soldier.*

Some raw divines, no ſooner are eſpous'd,
To their firſt wives, and in the temple hous'd,
But ſtraight the peace is broke: They now begin
T'appoint the field, to fight their battles in:
Schoolmen muſt war with ſchoolmen, text with text;
The firſt's the *Chaldee*'s paraphraſe; the next

The *Septuagint's*: Opinion thwarts opinion;
The *Papist* holds then the first, th' last th' *Arminian*;
And then the councils must be call'd t'advise,
What this of *Lat'ran* says, what that of *Nice*:
And here the point must be a new disputed,
Arius is false, and *Bellarmine's* confuted:
Thus with the sharp artill'ry of their wit,
They shoot at random, careless where they hit:
The slightly-study'd fathers must be pray'd,
Although on small acquaintance, into aid;
Whose glorious varnish must impose a gloss
Upon their paint, whose gold must gild their dross.
Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them,
From all his errors, like a school boy's theme:
Free-will's disputed, consubstantiation,
And the deep ocean of predestination,
Where, daring venture oft too far into't,
They, *Pharaoh* like, are drown'd both horse and foot.

F. Quarles.

Poor princes, how are they misled!
While they, whose sacred office 'tis to bring
Kings to obey their God, and men their king,
By these mysterious links to fix and tie
Them to the foot-stool of the deity;
Ev'n by these men, religion, that should be
The curb, is made the spur to tyranny.
They with their double key of conscience bind
The subjects souls, and leave kings unconfin'd;
While their poor vassals sacrifice their bloods;
T'ambition, and to avarice their goods:
Blind with devotion, they themselves esteem
Made for themselves, and all the world for them:
While heav'ns great law, giv'n for their guide, appears
Just, or unjust, but as it waits on theirs:
Us'd, but to give the eccho to their words,
Pow'r to their wills, and edges to their swords:
To varnish all their errors, and secure
The ills they act, and all the world endure.

Thus

Thus by their arts kings awe the world, while they
Religion, as their mistress, seem t'obey;
Yet as their slave command her; while they seem
To rise to heav'n, they make heav'n stoop to them.
2. Nor is this all, where feign'd devotion bends
The highest things, to serve the lowest ends:
For if the many-headed beast hath broke,
Or shaken from his neck the royal yoke,
With pop'lar rage, religion doth conspire,
Flows into that, and swells the torrent higher:
Then power's first pedigree from force derives,
And calls to mind the old prerogatives
Of free-born man; and with a sawcy eye
Searches the heart and soul of majesty:
Then to a strict account, and censure brings
The actions, errors, and the ends of kings;
Treads on authority, and sacred laws;
Yet all for God, and his pretended cause,
Acting such things for him, which he in them,
And which themselves, in others, will condemn;
And thus engag'd, nor safely can retire,
Nor safely stand, but blindly bold aspire,
Forcing their hopes, ev'n through despair, to climb
To new attempts; disdain the present time,
Grow from disdain to threats, from threats to arms;
While they, though sons of peace, still sound th'alarms.
Thus whether kings or people seek extreams,
Still conscience and religion are their themes;
And whatsoever change the state invades,
The pulpit either forces, or persuades:
Others may give the fuel, or the fire;
But they the breath that makes the flame, inspire.

Denham's Sophy.

An orator of rude, but ready tongue:
Who at the temple-gate thus pleads aloud!
We know, though priests are pensioners of heav'n,
Your flock which yields best rent, is this dull crowd;
The learn'd examine why their fleece is giv'n.

 Though

Though by the rich firſt ſhorn, to you they bear
  A ſecond tribute, and by zeal ſupport
Temples, which kings for glory raiſe, and where
  The rich for fame, the learn'd as ſpies reſort.

Temples are your's, not God's lov'd palaces;
  Where off'rings make not his, but your own feaſts;
Where you moſt wiſely live, becauſe at eaſe,
  And entertain your founders as your gueſts:

With eaſe you take, what we provide with care;
  And we, who your legation muſt maintain,
Find all your tribe in the commiſſion are;
  And none but heav'n could ſend ſo large a train.

But being all ambaſſadors from thence,
  The growing charge will ſoon exceed our rent,
Unleſs you pleaſe to treat at his expence
  Who ſent you; not at ours, where you are ſent.

The ancient laws liv'd in the people's voice;
  Rites you from cuſtom, not from canon draw;
They are but faſhions of a graver choice,
  Which yields to laws, and now our voice is law.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

My trade is a fine, eaſy, gainful cheat:
How eaſy 'tis, faintſhip to counterfeit,
And pleaſing fables to invent and ſpread;
And fools ne'er find the cheat, till they are dead?

Crown's Engliſh Frier.

CIRCUMVENTION.

They muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: Let it work ——
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: And't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

With advice it muſt be managed,
Not with a head-long rage as thou intend'ſt;

Nor

Nor in a moment can it be perform'd:
This work requires long time, dissembling looks
Commixt with undermining actions,
Watching advantages to execute.
Our foes are mighty, and their number great,
It therefore follows that our stratagems
Must branch forth into manifold deceits,
Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

Chapman's Alphonsus.

We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the cannon. Bear your wrongs conceal'd,
And patient as the tortoise; let this camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruis'd: Sleep with the lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody *audit*, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Webster's White Devil.

My pleasure gave thee life, and it resumes
That life again, because it kills my pleasure:
Thou art like ivy nourish'd at the root
Of some proud oak, that, not content to creep,
And feed upon the sap, but stretching up,
Proudly presum'st to overlook the top;
So that the verdure of th' ambitious imp,
Detains all admiration: The oak wants grace,
Only because the ivy is in place.
But I'll displant thee, for no weed shall grow
So near the root from whence my sap doth flow..

John Mason's Muleasses.

——— He with his train essay'd
His follow'rs and dependants: they that would
Blow up a castle, will begin the mine
Some distance from the place which they design.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

1. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor

Of your neighbour, master *Frugal?* As 'tis said,
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange,
And his land lying in the midst of your
Many lordships, is a foul blemish.
2. I have thought on't, *Marrall,*
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
1. 'Tis most fit, sir.
2. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences;
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns; or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expences,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have hurry'd him thus, two or three years,
Tho' he sue in *formâ pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift, and care, he'll grow behind-hand.
Then with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: Want will force him
To put it to arbitrament: Then if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Massinger's New Way to pay Old Debts.

CITIZENS.

These base mechanicks never keep their words
In any thing they promise. 'Tis their trade
To swear and break; they all grow rich by breaking
More than their words; their honesties and credits,
Are still the first commodities they put off.

Johnson's New Inn.

1. A broke-wing'd shop-keeper! I nose him straight!
He had no father, I warrant him, that durst own him:
Some foundling in a stall, or the church-porch;
Brought up in an hospital, and so bound 'prentice;
Then master of a shop; then one of th'inquest;
Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alderman:
The original of both is a church-porch.
2. Of some, my colonel.

1. Good

1. Good faith, of moſt
O' your ſhop-citizens, they're rude animals,
And let them get but ten mile out of town,
They'll out-ſwagger all the wapentake!

Johnſon's New Inn.

We're ſet here to pleaſe all cuſtomers,
Their humours, and their fancies; offend none:
We get by many, if we loſe by one:
May be his mind ſtood to no more than that,——
A pen'worth ſerves him; and 'mongſt trades 'tis found,
Deny a pen'worth, it may croſs a pound.
Oh, he that means to thrive, with patient eye
Muſt pleaſe the devil, if he come to buy.

Dekker's Firſt Part of the Honeſt Whore.

If all fail
I will turn citizen, a beauteous wife
'S th' horn-book to the richeſt tradeſman's life.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honeſt Man's Fortune.*

This ſame honour with us citizens,
Is a thing we are mainly fond of, eſpecially
When it comes without money, which is very ſeldom.

Webſter's Devil's Law Caſe.

You have certain rich city chuffs,
That when they have no acres of their own,
Do plough up fools, and turn them to excellent meadow;
Beſides ſome incloſures, for the firſt cherries in the ſpring,
And apricocks, to pleaſure a friend at court with.

Webſter's Devil's Law Caſe.

Indeed all our chief living, is by fools
And knaves; we could not keep open ſhop elſe:
Fools that enter into bands, and knaves bind them.

Middleton's Phœnix.

I ſmile to myſelf, to hear
Our knights and gallants ſay, how they gull us
Citizens, when indeed we gull them; or
Rather they gull themſelves: Here they come, in
Term-time, hire chambers, and, perhaps, kiſs
Our wives: Well, what loſe I by that?

God's bleſſing on's heart I ſay ſtill, that makes
Much of my wife, for they were very hard
Favoured, that none could find in his heart
To love, but ourſelves.

Middleton's Family of Love.

The grey-ey'd morning braves me to my face,
And calls me ſluggard; 'tis time for tradeſmen
To be in their ſhops, for he that tends well
His ſhop, and hath an alluring wife, with a
Graceful what d'e lack, ſhall be ſure to have
Good doings; and good doings is that, that
Crowns ſo many citizens, with the horns
Of abundance.

Middleton's Family of Love.

The fawning citizen, whoſe love's bought deareſt,
Deceives his brother when the ſun ſhines cleareſt,
Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in, and ſtops out light,
And lives a knave, to leave his ſon a knight.

Brown's Paſtorals.

Take heed what you ſay, ſir,
An hundred honeſt men! why, if there were
So many i'th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter.

Shirley's Gameſter.

——————— It is a curſe,
That fortune juſtly makes the city's lot,
The young fool ſpends whate'er the old knave got.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

We that had
Our breeding from a trade; cits as you call us,
Though we hate gentlemen ourſelves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen;
In three generations they return again;
We for our children purchaſe land; they brave it
I'th' country, beget children; and they ſell,
Grow poor, and ſend their ſons up to be 'prentices:
There is a whirl in fate, the courtiers make
Us cuckolds; mark, we wriggle into their

Eſtates;

Eſtates; poverty makes their children citizens,
Our ſons cuckold them, a circular juſtice,
The world runs round.

Shirley's Gameſter.

COLOURS.

But beauty's other ſecond element,
Colour, and luſtre now is as near ſpent.
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone;
As a compaſſionate turcoiſe, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls ſick being ſtung with mercury,
All the world's parts of ſuch complection be.
When nature was moſt buſy, the firſt week
Swaddling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport her ſelf ſometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours ev'ry day:
And then, as though ſhe could not make enough,
Himſelf his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one,
Yet ſight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: ſummer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft dy'd garment ſhews.
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpread,
Is inward ſunk, and only our ſouls are red;
Perchance the world might have recover'd,
If ſhe, whom we lament, had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blue,
Beauty's ingedients, voluntary grew,
As in an unvex'd paradiſe, from whom,
Did all things verdure and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous.
For air and fire but thick groſs bodies were,
And livelieſt ſtones but drowſy, pale to her,
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how wan a ghoſt this our world is:

And learn'ſt thus much by our anatomy,
That it ſhould more affright than pleaſure thee:
And that, ſince all fair colour then did ſink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colour to illude mens ſenſe.

Dr. *Donne*.

COMFORT.

I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

Shakeſpear's *Othello*.

What is comfort,
When the poor patient's heart is paſt relief?
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief.

Middleton's *Chaſte Maid in Cheapſide*.

Here is a haven yet to reſt my ſoul on,
In midſt of all unhappineſs, which I look on.
With the ſame comfort, as a diſtreſſed ſeaman
A far off views the coaſt he would enjoy,
When yet the ſeas do toſs his reeling bark,
'Twixt hope and danger.

Shirley's *Maid's Revenge*.

Your comforts
Come, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the earth, it wets, but leaves no moiſture,
To give the fear'd plants growth.

Glapthorne's *Albertus Wallenſtein*.

So dying men receive vain comforts
From thoſe viſitants they love, when they
Perſuade them to be patient at the loſs of life,
With ſaying they are mortal too, and mean
T' endure the like calamity; as if
To die were from good fellowſhip, from free
Intent t' accompany departing friends,
When ſuch laſt courteſy proceeds not from
Their will, but nature's obſtinate decree:
So if ſhe mourns, 'tis not through willing
Kindneſs, but conſtraint.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite*.

How can your griefs
Expect comfort from him, who knows not how
He can redress his own?

Sir *W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

For in a dearth of comforts, we are taught
To be contented with the least.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

COMMEMORATION.

All this is while she lives;
But dead, her very name will be a statue
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity; when brass and marble,
Ay, and the capitol it self is dust!

Johnson's Catiline.

What makes vain worldings so to swell with pride,
Who come of earth, and soon to earth return?
So hellish furies with their fire-brands burn
Proud and ambitious men, that they divide
Them from themselves; and so turmoil their minds,
That all their time they study still,
How to content a boundless will,
Which never yet a full Contentment finds:
Who so this flame within his bosom smothers,
He many fancies doth contrive,
And ev'n forgets himself alive,
To be remembred after death by others:
Thus while he is, his pains are never ended,
That whilst he is not, he may be commended.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

Their pomps and triumphs stand them in no stead;
Their arches, tombs, and pyramides high,
And statues are but vanity:
They die, and yet would live in what is dead!

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

When envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise *Egyptians* wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses; these of clay,

But those of brass and marble were: so we
Give more unto thy ghost, than unto thee.

Dr. Donne.

And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms:
As well, a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs.

Dr. *Donne*,

Children unborn, and priests, not yet begotten,
Shall sing our names upon high festivals:
And many a happy pen shall toil to keep
Our Memories as fresh, when time himself
Grows old and halts, as now our beautys are.

Baron's Mirza.

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gone to lands exempt from nature's law,
Where love no more can mourn, nor valour bleed?

Why to this stormy world from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where during nature's reign we are opprest,
Till we by death's high privilege are eas'd?

Is it to boast that verse has chymick pow'r,
And that its rage, which is productive heat,
Can these revive, as chymists raise a flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents compleat?

Though in these worthies gone, valour and love
Did chastly as in sacred temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve,
Than flow'rs, so rais'd by chymists, make us sweet.

Yet when the soul's disease we desp'rate find,
Poets the old renown'd physicians are,
Who for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples, as the ancient cure, prepare.

And

And bravely then physicians honour gain,
When to the world diseases cureless seem,
And they in science valiant, ne'er refrain
Art's war with nature, till they life redeem.

But poets their accustom'd task have long
Forborn, who in examples did disperse
The heroes virtues in heroick song,
And now think virtue sick, past cure of verse.

Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed;
Such patterns shew, as shall not fail to move;
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapless lovers constancy in love.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

COMMUNICATION.

1. Man, how dearly ever, parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owns, but by reflection;
As when his virtues, shining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
2. This is not strange, *Ulysses*,
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To other eyes: nor doth the eye itself
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself
Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd,
Salute each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself; this is not strange.
1. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expresly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Tho' in, and of him, there is much consisting,

Till

Till he communicate his parts to others ;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended ; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again ; or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

Thyſelf, and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues ; they on thee :
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine Iſſues ; nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thirſty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

O, hadſt thou known the worth of heav'ns rich gift,
Thou wouldſt have turn'd it to a truer uſe,
And not, with ſtarv'd and covetous ignorance,
Pin'd in continual eyeing that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more,
Than to thy famiſh'd mind the wide world's ſtore :
So wretched is it to be merely rich.
Witneſs thy youths dear ſweets, here ſpent untaſted,
Like a fair taper, with his own flame waſted.

Johnſon's Cynthia's Revels.

Communicated joys, as ſown, do grow ;
Whilſt encreaſe comes by that which we beſtow.

E. of *Sterline.*

As ſick phyſicians ſeldom their own art
Dare truſt, to cure their own diſeaſe, ſo theſe
Were to themſelves quite uſeleſs when apart ;
Yet, by conſult, each can the other eaſe.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

COMPARISON.

The precious ſtone, moſt beautiful and rare,
When with itſelf we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent, as that we only ſee;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous, we do contemn our eye,
Which then appears more orient, and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to ſhew it's light.

Drayton.

Your lord may there your ſouls compare; for we,
Though ſouls, like ſtars, make not their brightneſs known;
May find which greater than the other be;
The ſtars are meaſur'd by compariſon!

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

For man does moſt by the comparative,
At the true knowledge of extremes arrive.
And in affliction's ready to adore,
That which he hardly could endure before.

Sir *Robert Howard.*

COMPASSION.

When a weary traveller, that ſtrays
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed *Nile*,
Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in falſe grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears:
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is ſwallow'd up unawares:
Forgetful of his own, that minds anothers cares.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

To pity one in grief doth work him ill.
Bemoan his grief, and cannot eaſe his thrall,
It kills his heart, but comforts none at all.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Pity is often like a mask,
That hides our eyes from seeing what is just;
Inviting any t' undertake the task,
To work our woes and execute their lust.

Brandon's Octavia.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside:
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den:
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face:
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back:
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Shakespear's Timon.

Never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny
In tort'ring him, would make him worth lamenting.

Johnson's Sejanus.

'Take heed of pity, pity was the cause
Of my confusion, pity hath undone
Thousands of gentle natures in our sex,
For pity is sworn servant unto love,
And this be sure, where-ever it begin
To make the way, it lets the master in.

Daniel's Arcadia.

Hard though they were, and villains to all worth,
They had some softness, for they pity'd one.
As in the crystal, which the freezing north
Doth of an ice convert into a stone,
Some little water uncongeal'd we find,
Not hardned by the rigour of the wind.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

I do

I do not hold thee brother for a man;
For it is reasonless to mock calamity:
If he die innocent, thrice happy soul;
If guilty, weep that man should so transgress:
Nature of reason thus much doth importune,
Man should partake in grief with man's misfortune.
Lewis Machen's Dumb Knight.

I pity him, but must not dare to shew it:
It adds to some mens misery not to know it.
Richard Brome's Queen and Concubine.

Our sultan does his pow'r from heav'n derive,
'Tis rais'd above the reach of human force:
It could not else with soft compassion thrive:
For few are gain'd, or mended by remorse.
Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

Pity, though't doth a kind affection shew,
If it end there, our weakness makes us know. *Nero.*

There must be some proportion still to pity,
Between ourselves, and what we moan: 'tis hard
For men to be aught sensible, how motes
Press flies to death.
John Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

A common pity does not love express;
Pity is love when grown into excess.
Sir *Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

C O M P L A I N T.

The wounded man which must abide the smart
Of stitching up, or searing of his sore,
As things too bad, reproves the surgeon's art;
Which notwithstanding doth his health restore:
The child likewise to science plied sore,
Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood:
Yet surgery and sciences be good.
But as the patients grief, and scholars pain,
Cause them deem bad such things as sure be best;
So want of wisdom causeth us complain
Of ev'ry hap, whereby we seem opprest;
The poor do pine for wealth, the rich for rest:

And

And when as loſs or ſickneſs us aſſail,
We curſe our fate, our fortune we bewail.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;
Men help thee moſt, that think thou haſt no need:
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou ſoon ſhalt loſe a friend and find a foe.

Randolph.

Since wrongs muſt be, complaints muſt ſhew thee
griev'd;
And favourites ſhould walk ſtill open-ear'd;
For of the ſuing crowd half are reliev'd
With the innate delight of being heard.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert.*

COMPLIMENT.

1. We are invited to dinner together,
He and I, by one that came thither to him,
Sir *La Foole.*
2. O that's a precious Mannekin.
1. Do you know him?
2. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he
Saw you but once, though you ſhould meet him at
Church in the midſt of prayers. He is one
Of the braverys, though he be none of
The wits. He will ſalute a judge upon
The bench, and a biſhop in the pulpit,
A lawyer when he is pleading at the
Bar, and a lady when ſhe is dancing
In a maſque, and put her out.

Johnſon's *Silent Woman.*

Baniſh all compliments, but ſingle truth,
From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry ſhepherd's heart,
Let them uſe ſtill perſuading, but no art.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

Treachery oft lurks
In compliments. You have ſent ſo many poſts
Of undertakings, they out ride performance;

And

And make me think your fair pretences aim
At ſome intended ill, which my prevention
Muſt ſtrive to avert.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

Marry, their wits were not ſo changeable
As their faces, and having but one ſuit
Of compliment, and that now unfaſhionable,
They were fain to ſupply it, with legs and ſilence.

Killegrew's Conſpiracy.

C O N C E I T.

Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt works.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

There is no truth of any good
To be diſcern'd on earth, and by converſion
Nought therefore ſimply bad; but as the ſtuff
Prepar'd for arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be form'd, and man hath caſt the beams
Of his imaginous fancy through it,
In forming ancient kings and conquerors,
As he conceives they look'd, and were attir'd,
Though they were nothing ſo: So all things here
Have all their price ſet down by mens conceits,
Which make all terms and actions good or bad;
And are but pliant and well colour'd threads
Put into feigned images of truth:
To which, to yield, and kneel, as truth's pure kings,
That pull'd us down with clear truth of their goſpel,
Were ſuperſtition to be hiſs'd to hell.

Chapman's Firſt Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

This ſelf-conceit is a moſt dang'rous ſhelf,
  Where many have made ſhipwreck unawares:
He who doth truſt too much unto himſelf,
  Can never fail to fall in many ſnares.

E. of *Sterline's Crœſus.*

A ſtrong conceit is rich, ſo moſt men deem:
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to ſeem.

Marſton's Firſt Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Conceit the weakeſt things can fortify,
And in a turn the ſtrong debilitate:
This few, thought more, did thouſands terrify;
For our imagination may create
Real effects: Though here no cauſe to yield,
His own opinion beat him from the field.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

He's highly rais'd by flattering conceit
And ſelf-opinion, that he might be ſtrook
With greater ruin from ſo great a height:
As when an eagle hath ſome ſhell-fiſh took,
She bears it up aloft, that ſhe may break
That with a fall, ſhe could not with her beak.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

CONSCIENCE.

So gnaws the grief of conſcience evermore,
And in the heart it is ſo deep ygrave,
That they may neither ſleep nor reſt therefore,
Ne think one thought but on the dread they have.
Still to the death ſore-toſſed with the wave
Of reſtleſs woe, in terrour and deſpair,
They lead a life continually in fear.

Like to the deer that ſtricken with the dart,
Withdraws himſelf into ſome ſecret place,
And feeling green the wound about his heart,
Startles with pangs till he fall on the graſs,
And in great fear lies gaſping there a ſpace,
Forth braying ſighs, as tho' each pang had brought
The preſent death, which he doth dread ſo oft:

So we deep wounded with the bloody thought,
And gnawing worm that griev'd our conſcience ſo,
Never took eaſe, but as our heart out-brought
The ſtained ſighs in witneſs of our woe,
Such reſtleſs cares our fault did well beknow:

Wherewith of our deserved fall, the fears,
In ev'ry place rang death within our ears.

E. of *Dorset* in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

When tyrannizing pain shall stop
The passage of thy breath:
And then compel to swear thyself,
True servant unto death:
Then shall one virtuous deed impart
More pleasure to thy mind,
Than all the treasures that on earth
Ambitious thoughts can find.
The well-spent time of one short day,
One hour, one moment then,
Shall be more sweet than all the joys
Amongst us mortal men.
Then shalt thou find but one refuge
Which comfort can retain:
A guiltless conscience pure and clear,
From touch of sinful stain.

Brandon's Octavia to Antonius.

1. Where's thy conscience, now?
2. O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* purse.
1. When he opens his purse to give us our
Reward, the conscience flies out.
2. 'Tis no matter,
Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.
1. What if it come to thee again?
2. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dang'rous
Thing, it makes a man a coward: A man
Cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man
Cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot
Lye with his neighbour's wife but it detects
Him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that
Mutinies in a man's bosom: It fills
One full of obstacles. It made me once
Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
Found. It beggars any man, that keeps it.
It is turn'd out of towns and cities for

A dang'rous thing; and every man that means
To live well, endeavours to trust to himself,
And live without it.

Shakespear's King Richard III.

Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

He that is round within himself, and straight,
Need seek no other strength, no other height;
Fortune upon him breaks herself, if ill,
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it still.
That thou, at once, then nobly may'st defend
With thine own course the judgment of thy friend,
Be always to thy gather'd self the same:
And study conscience, more than thou would'st fame:
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got without the first.

Johnson.

Conscience,
Thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th'fears
Of cowardice, a sad and fond remembrance,
Which men should shun, as elephants clear springs,
Lest they behold their own deformities,
And start at their grim shadows.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy.

What muse? What pow'r? Or what thrice sacred herse,
That lives immortal in a well-tun'd verse,
Can lend me such a sight that I might see,
A guilty conscience, true anatomy;
That well kept register wherein is writ
All ills men do, all goodness they omit?

Brown's Pastorals.

Oh!

Oh! how his words now rail againſt a ſin,
Which beats upon his conſcious thoughts within!
His tongue ſpeaks fair; his inparts look on them,
And they like jurymen himſelf condemn.

Goffe's Oreſtes.

The ſweeteſt cordial we receive at laſt,
Is conſcience of our virtuous actions paſt.

Denham.

There is a kind of conſcience ſome men keep,
Is like a member that's benumb'd with ſleep;
Which, as it gathers blood, and wakes again,
It ſhoots, and pricks, and feels as big as ten.

Quarles.

Conſider all thy actions, and take heed,
On ſtolen bread, tho' it is ſweet, to feed:
Sin, like a bee unto thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the ſting.
Thou may'ſt conceal thy ſin by cunning art,
But conſcience ſits a witneſs in thy heart;
Which will diſturb thy peace, thy reſt undo,
For that is witneſs, judge, and priſon too:
The pleaſant ſtream doth fair and ſmoothly glide,
When in the bottom no great rubs abide.
No ſwelling grief, no boiſt'rous cares appear,
Where honeſt ways preſerve the conſcience clear;
Our cloaths being new and fair, we hold it fit,
To care what thing we touch, and where we ſit:
When they are foul, or torn, we leave that care,
And caſt them up and down like broken ware:
'Tis ſo with conſcience; while 'tis fair within,
We fear to ſtain it with ſome heinous ſin:
If once the virgin conſcience plays the quean,
We ſeldom after care to keep it clean.
Then keep thy conſcience, like thy paper white,
And do not blot, when thou may'ſt fairly write.

Watkyns.

Now what ails your conſcience?
Theſe little ſouls wear great long poking conſciences,
That

That make them ſtumble ev'ry ſtep they go.
Away with thy fool's bauble of a conſcience,
A horn-book is not ſo ridiculous;
Thy mother ty'd it to thee in thy childhood,
And thou art ſuch an aſs to wear it ſtill.

Crown's Ambitious Stateſman.

CONSPIRACY.

O conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles and affabilities:
For if thou path thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

Say, you are conſtant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched ſpirit,
With whom the fear of puniſhment ſhall work
'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
You are not now to think what's beſt to do,
As in beginnings; but what muſt be done,
Being thus enter'd; and ſlip no advantage
That may ſecure you.

Johnſon's Catiline.

Now are we enter'd, and now to retire
Were the worſe treaſon; like an enrag'd fire
The more we are oppos'd, the more we'll ſpread,
And make our foes our fuel: To be head

We'll

We'll cut off any member, and condemn
Virtue of folly, for a diadem;
Banish religion, and make blood as cheap,
As when two armies turn'd into one heap
Of carcasses, lye grov'ling: what care we
For the slight tainture of disloyalty?
None will commend the race till it be run,
And these are deeds, not prais'd, till they are done.
Robert Gomersall's Lodovick Sforza Duke of Milan.

Provide what money, and what arms you can;
Who has the gold, shall never want the man.
Baron's Mirza.

My plots fall short, like darts which rash hands throw
With an ill aim, and have too far to go;
Nor can I long discoveries prevent,
I deal too much among the innocent.
The tracts are not so soon discern'd that go
Thorough foul paths, as theirs that tread in snow.
Sir *Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

CONSTANCY.

Constancy is that which marreth all;
A weak conceit which cannot wrongs resist,
A chain it is which binds ourselves in thrall,
And gives men scope to use us as they list;
For when they know that you will constant bide,
Small is their care, how often they do slide.
Brandon's Octavia.

I am constant as the northern star;
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament:
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and ev'ry one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one

That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

Sooner I'll think the ſun would ceaſe to cheer
The teeming earth, and then forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or *Thames*
With ribs of ice in *June* would bind his ſtreams;
Or nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world endures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter yours.

Johnſon.

It is a noble conſtancy you ſhew
To this afflicted houſe: That not like others,
The friends of ſeaſon, you do follow fortune,
And in the winter of their fate, forſake
The place, whoſe glories warm'd you.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

———————— Love but one,
Who hunts two hares at one time, catcheth none.

Daniel's Arcadia.

1. I made a deed of gift,
And gave my oath unto the king; I ſwore
By thy true conſtancy.
2. Then keep that word
To ſwear by; O let me be conſtant ſtill.
1. What ſhall I cancel faith, and break my oath?
2. In breaking conſtancy, thou break'ſt them both.
1. Thy conſtancy, no evil can purſue.
2. I may be conſtant ſtill, and yet not true.
1. As how?
2. As thus, by violence detain'd;
They may be conſtant ſtill, that are conſtrain'd.

Dekker's Satiro-maſtix.

But his fair *Gordon* would not leave him there,
But to himſelf, and to his fortunes cleave;
Her kindred ſhe forſook, and did adhere
T'a ſtranger: Thus a loadſtone will not leave

The kisses of the iron's lov'd embrace,
Although a thousand loadstones were in place.
Aleyn's Henry VII.

Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold? y'are constant then to none.
That's a dead virtue, goodness must have practice,
Or else it ceases; then is woman said
To be love-chaste, knowing but one man's bed:
A mighty virtue; beside fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex;
And the true use of wedlock's time and space,
Is woman's exercise for faith and grace.
Middleton's More Dissemblers besides Women.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant, but a virtuous mind.
Shirley's Witty Fair One.

First shall the heav'ns bright lamp forget to shine,
The stars shall from the azur'd sky decline:
First shall the orient with the west shake hand,
The centre of the world shall cease to stand:
First wolves shall league with lambs, the dolphins fly,
The lawyer and physician fees deny:
The *Thames* with *Tagus* shall exchange her bed,
My mistress' locks with mine shall first turn red:
First heav'n shall lie below, and hell above,
Ere I inconstant to my *Delia* prove.
Howell.

1. Such be the disgrace of their sex,
Whose appetites change with variety;
And taint the general name of women
With the vicious note of inconstancy.
2. That is the folly of men, to term inconstancy
Vicious in us; for were they not so prone
To wrong us, they would ne'er expect it; but
Know that to be too constant to them, were
To be too disloyal to ourselves, which
I hope ne'er came nigh a woman's wit.
1. Yet it is the perfection of virtue,

To loſe by the exerciſe.
2. By the pleaſures of change, I ſwear, this conſtancy
Is a mortal ſin, and not a virtue
In any of us.
1. A ſin! and mortal!
2. A ſin, and moſt mortal, becauſe
Moſt againſt nature, and brings many of
Us to lead apes in hell. To loſe the ſweets
Of youth, the very nectar of nature,
And fruſtrate the end of our creation;
Can this be leſs than a mortal ſin?
1. 'Tis a work of merit, and they be ſaints
Worthy to have their names written upon
The altar of chaſtity. 'Tis belov'd
Of heav'n, and ſometimes fortunately
Rewarded here.

John Jones's *Adraſta.*

Is there in martyrdom no juſter way,
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time, ſhou'd have the crown from them
That have endur'd the flame with conſtancy?

Suckling's *Brennoralt.*

We call men conſtant when they're dull and tame;
Thus imperfection gets a noble name.

Crown's *Caligula.*

CONTENT.

Who hath the mean with a contented mind,
Moſt perfect bliſs his God hath him aſſign'd.

Thomas Blener Haſſet in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by other's waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my ſtate;
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Shakeſpear's *Second Part of King Henry* VI.

O happy

O happy he who far from fame, at home
Securely sitting by a quiet fire,
Though having little, doth not more desire;
But first himself, then all things doth o'ercome:
His purchase weigh'd, or what his parents left,
He squares his charges to his store,
And takes not what he must restore,
Nor eats the spoils that from the poor were reft:
Not proud, nor base, he, scorning creeping art,
From jealous thoughts and envy free,
No poison fears in cups of tree;
No treason harbours in so poor a part:
No heavy dream doth vex him when he sleeps,
A guiltless mind the guardless cottage keeps.
He doth not study much what storms may blow,
Whose poverty can hardly be impair'd;
He fears no foreign force, nor craves no guard;
None doth desire his spoil, none looks so low.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

————Oh calm, hush'd, rich content,
Is there a being, blessedness, without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost rest,
Nectar to life, thou sweet ambrosian feast.

Marston's First Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Yet oft we see that some in humble state,
Are chearful, pleasant, happy, and content:
When those indeed that are of higher state,
With vain additions do their thoughts torment.
The one would to his mind his fortune bind,
The other to his fortune frames his mind.
To wish variety, is sign of grief;
For if you like your state as now it is,
Why should an alteration bring relief?
Nay, change would then be fear'd, as loss of bliss.
That man is only happy in his fate,
That is delighted in a settled state.

Lady Carew's Mariam.

How man's desire
Pursues contentment? 'Tis the soul of action,
And the propounded reason of our life:
Yet as the choice appears, or gross, or excellent,
We fly not from th'enjoying, but are chang'd
In our opinion, either of the object,
Or of the means that work it.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

The mind's content
Sweetens all suff'rings of th'afflicted sense.
Those that are bred in labour, think it sport,
Above the soft delight which wanton appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees, though equal nature
Made all alike.

Nabbs's Tottenham Court.

He that from dust of worldly tumults flies,
May boldly open his undazzled eyes,
To read wise nature's book; and with delight,
Survey the plants by day, the stars by night.
We need not travel, seeking ways to bliss;
He that desires contentment, cannot miss:
No garden walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in ev'ry desart place.
Large scope of pleasure drowns us like a flood,
To rest in little, is our greatest good.

Sir *John Beaumont.*

Each good mind doubles his own free content,
When in another's use they give it vent.

Sir *Giles Goosecap.*

Contentment gives a crown,
Where fortune hath deny'd it.

Thomas Ford's Love's Labyrinth.

CORRUPTION.

Since the corruption of one
Must conclude the generation of
Another, though not always in the same
Profession; the corruption of an apothecary

May be the generation of a doctor
Of phyſick; the corruption of a citizen
May beget a courtier, and a courtier
May very well beget an alderman:
The corruption of an alderman may
Be the generation of a country juſtice,
Whoſe corrupt ignorance eaſily may
Beget a tumult; a tumult may beget
A captain, and the corruption of a
Captain may beget a gentleman-uſher;
And a gentleman-uſher may beget
A lord, whoſe wit may beget a poet;
And a poet may get a thouſand pound
A year, but nothing without corruption.

Chapman and *Shirley*'s *Admiral of France.*

Corruption is a tree, whoſe branches are
Of an unmeaſureable length, they ſpread
Ev'ry where; and the dew that drops from thence,
Hath infected ſome chairs, and ſtools of authority.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Honeſt Man's Fortune.*

COUNTRY.

She ſhews you, *Curius*,
What claim your country lays on you, and what duty
You owe to it: Be not afraid to break
With murderers and traitors, for the ſaving
A life ſo near and neceſſary to you,
As is your country's; think but on her right:
No child can be too nat'ral to his parent,
She is our common mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us; do not ſtop, but give it.
He that is void of fear, may ſoon be juſt:
And no religion binds men to be traitors.

Johnſon's Catiline.

Stand
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honour'd and lov'd: It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
What thanks, what titles, what rewards, the ſenate

Will heap upon you, certain, for your ſervice?
Let not a deſp'rate action more engage you,
Than ſafety ſhould; and wicked friendſhip force
What honeſty and virtue cannot work.

Johnſon's Catiline.

I can make any country mine: I have
A private coat for *Italian* ſtillettos,
I can be treach'rous with the *Walloon*, drunk with
The *Dutch*, a chimney-ſweeper with the *Iriſh*,
A gentleman with the *Welch*, and turn arrant
Thief with the *Engliſh*; what then is my country to me?

Sam. Rowley's Noble Spaniſh Soldier.

COUNTRY LASS.

'Tis a rare wench! ſhe i'th' blue ſtockings;
What a complection ſhe had when ſhe was warm!
'Tis a hard queſtion, of theſe country wenches,
Which are ſimpler, their beauties, or themſelves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A town lady, and one of theſe,
As there is betwixt a wild pheaſant, and a tame.
2. Right. ———————
There goes ſuch effenſing, waſhing, perfuming,
Daubing to th'other, that they are the leaſt part
Of themſelves:
Indeed there's ſo much ſauce, a man can't taſte the meat.
1. By this light, I hate a woman dreſs'd up to her height,
Worſe than I do ſugar with muſcadine;
It leaves no room for me to imagine
I cou'd improve her if ſhe were mine:
It looks like a jade with his tail ty'd up with ribbons,
Going to a fair to be ſold.

Suckling's Goblins.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Now for our mountain ſport, up to yon hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which leſſens and ſets off;

And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.
2. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know,
What air's from home. Hap'ly, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known: Well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed,
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
3. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? When we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? How,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.
1. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. *Shakeſpear's Cymbeline.*

This is a beautiful life now, privacy,
The ſweetneſs and the benefit of eſſence:
I ſee there is no man but may make his paradice,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't;
For he that lives retir'd in mind and ſpirit
Is ſtill in paradice; and has his innocence
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as ſtands with juſtice: Here no eyes
Shoot their ſharp pointed ſcorns upon my ſhame:
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or preciſe dimenſions:
Plain down-right honeſty, is all the beauty
And elegancy of life, found amongſt ſhepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or deſiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuſe us.
The name of envy is a ſtranger here,
That dries mens bloods abroad, robs health and reſt;
Why here's no ſuch fury thought on, no, nor falſhood,
That brotherly diſeaſe, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our boſom, and betrays us.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Nice Valour.*

Live among hinds, and thick skinn'd fellows! that
Make faces, and will hop a furlong back,
To find the other leg they threw away
To ſhew their reverences! with things that ſquat
When they ſhould make a courteſy! To court madam,
And live not thus for ſhame——

Shirley's Royal Ma[illegible]

I wou'd not
Endure again the country converſation,
To be the lady of ſix ſhires! the men
So near the primitive making, they retain
A ſenſe of nothing but the earth; their brains
And barren heads ſtanding as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground; To hear a fellow
Make himſelf merry, and his horſe, with whiſtling

Sellinger's

Sellinger's round; to obſerve with what ſolemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-
ſticks;
How they become the morris, with whoſe bells
They ring all into *Whitſon* ales, and ſweat
Through twenty ſcarfs and napkins, till the hobby
horſe
Tire, and the maid *Marrian* diſſolv'd into a gelly,
Be kept for ſpoon-meat.

Shirley's *Lady of Pleaſure.*

Can you think that we
Bred in the various pleaſures of the city,
Would for your ſakes turn beaſts and graze i'th' country;
We cannot milk, make wholeſome cheeſe, nor butter,
And ſell it at next market, and lay up,
Out of the precious income, as much coin
In thread-bare groats, mill'd ſix pences, and pence,
As will ſuffice to find the houſe in candles
And ſoap a twelve month after.
2. Nor can we
Spin our own ſmocks out of the flax, which grows
Behind your dove-houſe; no, nor card the wool
Muſt make us petticoats; things, to ſay truth,
Not worth the taking up.
All the company
We can enjoy there, is each day to walk
To the next farmer's wife; whoſe whole diſcourſe
Is what price barley bears, or how her huſband
Sold his laſt yoke of oxen: Other meetings
We cannot have, except it be at church-ales,
When the ſweet bag-pipe does draw forth the
Damſels to friſk about the may-poles, or at
Weddings, where the beſt cheer is, wholeſome
Stew'd broth made of legs of pork and turnips.
Yes, at chriſt'nings, where the good
Wives, inſtead of burnt wine and comfits,
Drink healths to the mem'ry of all chriſtian ſouls
In ale, ſcarce three hours old: Eat cakes more tough

Than glue or farthing ginger-bread: Then talk
Of the last blazing star, or some new monster:
Then drink, and cry, heav'n bless us from the *Spaniards*.
While the learn'd vicar's wife expounds the ballad
Of 'twas a lady's daughter in *Paris*, properly,
And so breaks up the wise assembly.

Glapthorn's Wit in a Constable.

None can describe the sweets of country life,
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, tho' far below our pitch
Of fortune plac'd, enjoy a wealth above us:
To whom the earth with true and bounteous justice
Free from war's cares returns an easy food.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
Their state is fearless and secure, enrich'd
With sev'ral blessings, such as greatest kings
Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.
2. 'Tis true, *Crispinus*, greatest monarchs oft
Have in the midst of all their careful glories
Desir'd such lives as those plain people lead.
1. Let us enjoy that happiness then, *Lucius*,
The country sports and recreations,
And friends as innocent as we, with whom
We need not fear the strength of richest wine
In drawing out our secrets: But, well fill'd,
At supper-time, may hold a free discourse
Of *Cæsar*'s weakness; of the wealth and pride
Of his freedmen; how lordly *Pallas* rules;
How fierce and cruel *Agrippina* is;
What slaves the *Roman* senate are become;
And yet next morn awake with confidence.

May's Agrippina.

COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

1. What a fine man hath your taylor made you?
2. 'Tis quite contrary,
I have made my taylor, for my cloaths are paid for,

As

As ſoon as put on; a ſin your man of title
Is ſeldom guilty of: but heav'n forgive it,
I've other faults too, very incident
To a plain gentleman. I eat my veniſon
With my neighbours in the country, and preſent not
My pheaſants, patridges, and growſe to th' uſ'rer,
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his ſcrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feaſt her
With the firſt cherries, or peaſcods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband when I come to *London*.
The wool of my ſheep, or a ſcore or two of fat oxen
In *Smithfield*, give me money for my expences.
I can make a wife a jointure of ſuch lands too,
As are not encumber'd, no annuity
Or ſtatute lying on them.

Maſſinger's *City Madam*.

You're a country gentleman; a gallant
Out of faſhion all the year; but ſpecially
At ſeſſions, and upon high holidays, when
Your ſattin doublet draws away the eyes
Of the ſimple, and diſtracts their devotion
Almoſt into idolatry. Giving it more
Worſhip than the heralds ever gave
Your anceſtors. You intend, as I underſtand,
To come forth in a new edition; and
When the mercers and taylors have new printed
You, and that ſome genteel wit may be read
In your character, to marry a wife
In the city. You ſhall then have a paſs
Seal'd upon her by a courtier; be ſhipp'd
At cuckold's haven, and ſo tranſported.

Nabbs's *Covent-Garden*.

They ſay he's one, was wiſe before he was
A man, for then his folly was excuſable;
But ſince he came to be of age, which had
Been a queſtion till his death, had not
The law given him his father's lands; he is
Grown wicked enough to be a landlord.

He

He does pray but once a year, and that's for
Fair weather in harveſt; his inward ſenſes
Are ſound, for none comes from him; he ſpeaks words
But no matter; and therefore is in election
To be of the peace and *quorum*, which his
Tenants think him fit for, and his tutor's
Judgment allows, whom he maintains to make
Him legs and ſpeeches. He feeds well himſelf,
But in obedience to government, he
Allows his ſervants faſting-days: he loves
Law, becauſe it kill'd his father, whom the
Parſon overthrew in a caſe of tithes;
And in memory wears nothing ſuitable;
For his apparel is a *cento*, or
The ruins of ten faſhions; he does not
Much care for heav'n, for he's doubtfull of any
Such place, only hell he's ſure of, for the
Devil ſticks to his conſcience; therefore he
Does purpoſe when he dies, to turn his ſins
Into alms-houſes, that poſterity
May praiſe him for his bountiful ordination
Of hot pottage.

Shirley's Witty Fair One.

COUNTRY WIFE.

O happy woman, of true pleaſure ſure,
Who in the country lead'ſt a guiltleſs life!
From Fortune's reach retir'd, obſcure, ſecure,
Though not a queen, yet a contented wife.
Thy mate more dear to thee than is the light,
Though low in ſtate, loves in a high degree,
And with his preſence ſtill to bleſs thy ſight,
Doth ſcorn great courts whilſt he lives courting thee.
And as thou wound'ſt him not with his diſgrace,
He with no jealous thought doth rack thy breaſt:
Thus both lie down to reſt, and riſe in peace,
Then if they ſtrive, they ſtrive who ſhould love beſt.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandræan Tragedy.*

COURT.

C O U R T.

Since each court is untruſt and tranſitory,
  Changing as oft as weather-cock in wind;
Making ſome glad, and other ſome right ſorry;
  Foremoſt this day, the morn may go behind:
  Let not vain hope of court your reaſon blind.
Truſt well ſome men will give you laud as lords,
That would be glad to ſee you hang on cords.

Sir *David Lindſay*.

Who in ſome courts been bairns of *Beliel*,
  Full of diſſimulate painted flattery,
Provoking by intoxicate counſel,
  Princes to whoredom and to harlotry:
  Who do in princes put ſuch haſatry,
I ſay for me, ſuch peart provocators,
Should puniſh'd be above all ſtrong traytors.

Sir *David Lindſay*.

This vain aſcenſe of court who will conſider,
Who ſits moſt hie, ſhall find his ſeat moſt ſlidder.

Sir *David Lindſay*.

Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court.
Experience, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report.——
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.

Shakeſpear's Cymbeline.

In courts men longeſt live, and keep their ranks,
By taking injuries, and giving thanks.

Daniel's Philotas.

And what are courts, but camps of miſery?
  That do beſiege mens ſtates, and ſtill are preſs'd
T' aſſail, prevent, complot and fortify;
  In hope t'attain, in fear to be ſuppreſs'd.
Where all with ſhews, and with apparency,
  Men ſeem as if for ſtratagems addreſs'd:
Where fortune, as the wolf, doth ſtill prefer
The fouleſt of the train that follows her.

And where fair hopes are laid, as ambuſhments,
To intercept your life, and to betray
Your liberty to ſuch intanglements,
As you ſhall never more get clear away:
Where both th'engagements of your own intents,
And others reck'nings and accounts, ſhall lay
Such weights upon you, as you ſhall not part,
Unleſs you break your credit, or your heart.

Beſides, as exiles ever from your homes,
You live perpetual in diſturbancy;
Contending, thruſting, ſhuffling for your rooms
Of eaſe, or honour, with impatiency;
Building your fortunes upon others tombs,
For other than your own proſperity.
You ſee, courts few advance; many undo:
And thoſe they do advance, they ruin too.

Daniel.

If you at court to credit would ariſe,
You muſt not ſeek by truth to gain renown;
But ſometimes muſt applaud what you deſpiſe,
And ſmile in ſhew, whilſt in effect you frown.

E. of *Sterline's Craeſus.*

Th' eminent court, to them that can be wiſe,
And faſten on her bleſſings, is a ſun
That draws men up from coarſe and earthly being.
I mean theſe men of merit that have pow'r
And reaſon to make good her benefits:
Learns them a manly boldneſs, gives their tongues
Sweetneſs of language, makes them apt to pleaſe;
Files off all rudeneſs, and uncivil 'haviour,
Shews them, as neat in carriage, as in cloaths.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Noble Gentleman.*

Though ragged virtue oft may be kept out,
No gate ſo ſtrongly kept above the center,
But aſſes with gold laden, free may enter.

Heywood's Royal King.

Indeed

Indeed the court, to well compoſed natures,
Adds much to perfection; for it is, or ſhould be,
As a bright cryſtal mirror to the world,
To dreſs itſelf: But I muſt tell you, friend,
If th' excellency of the place could have wrought ſalvation,
The devil had never fall'n from heaven.

Webſter's Devil's Law Caſe.

O happy they that never ſaw the court,
Nor ever knew great men but by report!

Webſter's White Devil.

1. How looks the court?
2. As it uſes, like a lottery,
Where one may draw, and draw, till he exchanges
His whole ſtock but for blanks; and if by chance
A prize do come, 'tis more by luck than ſkill:
And then the noiſe, the drum, and gen'ral cry,
Follow the fortunate, when a thouſand others
That ventur'd more, may ſit and curſe their ſtars.

Baron's Mirza.

——————————— The Court
Was fill'd with revels, with all royal ſport,
And ſhews, that high magnificence could give:
There art in ſtrange varieties did ſtrive
Both to perplex and pleaſe the eyes of all,
But nature more. For to the feſtival,
From ev'ry part the choiceſt beauties came:
There, like a fire æthereal, ev'ry dame
Did blaze, more bright than elements could make;
While from the countries they all flock'd to take
Survey of kingly glories; while they ſought
To view the luſtre of a court, they brought
The luſtre with them, and might ſeem to be
Themſelves that ſplendor, that they came to ſee.

May's Henry II.

1. The court is but a narrow circuit;
Though ſomething elevate above the common;
A kind of ant's neſt in the great wide field,

O'er

O'ercharged with multitudes of quick inhabitants,
Who ſtill are mis'rably buſy'd to get in,
What the looſe foot of prodigality
As faſt does throw abroad.
2. A moſt eternal place of low affronts,
And then as low ſubmiſſions.
1. High cowards in revenges 'mongſt themſelves,
And only valiant when they miſchief others.
2. Stars that would have no names,
But for the ills they threaten in conjunction.
1. A race of ſhallow, and unskilful pilots,
Which do miſguide the ſhip ev'n in the calm,
And in great ſtorms, ſerve but as weight to ſink it.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

1. 'Tis but the ſame thing we do at court; here's
Ev'ry man ſtriving who ſhall be foremoſt, and
Hotly purſuing of what he ſeldom
O'ertakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.
2. He that's beſt hors'd, that is, beſt friended, gets
In ſooneſt, and then all he has to do
Is to laugh at thoſe that are behind.
1. To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?
2. Right; and he that has a ſtrong faſhion
Againſt him hunts upon a cold ſcent, and
May in time come to a loſs.
1. Here's one rides two miles about, while
Another leaps a ditch, and is in before him.
2. Where, note, the indirect way's the neareſt.
1. Good again. ——
2. And here's another puts on, and falls into
A quagmire, that is, follows the court till
He has ſpent all; for your court quagmire is
Want of money: there a man is ſure to
Stick, and then not one helps him out, if they
Do not laugh at him.
1. What think you of him that hunts after my
Rate, and never ſees the deer?

2. Why

2. Why he is like some young fellow, that follows
The court, and never sees the king.
1. To spur a horse till he is tir'd, is——
2. T' importune a friend till he be weary of you.
1. For then, upon the first occasion, y'are
Thrown off, as I was now.

Suckling's Aglaura.

'Tis the court fashion still to discommend,
All that which they want brain to comprehend.

Bishop *King.*

Though poets are like eaglets, bred to soar,
Gazing through stars at heav'ns mysterious pow'rs:
Yet I observe they quickly stoop to ease
Their wings, and pearch on palace pinnacles;
From thence more usefully they courts discern;
The schools where greatness does disguises learn;
The stages where she acts to vulgar sight,
Those parts which statesmen as her poets write;
Where none but those wise poets may survey,
The private practice of her publick play;
Where kings, gods counterfeits, reach but the skill,
In study'd scenes to act the god-head ill;
Where cowards, smiling in their closets, breed
Those wars which make the vain and furious bleed:
Where beauty plays not meerly nature's part,
But is, like pow'r, a creature form'd by art;
And, as at first, pow'r by consent was made,
And those who form'd it, did themselves invade:
So harmless beauty (which has now far more
Injurious force than states or monarch's pow'r)
Was by consent of courts allow'd art's aid;
By which themselves they to her sway betray'd,

Sir *W. Davenant.*

The court does seem a ship, where all are still
Busy by office, or employ'd for skill;
And active grow through stirring hope or fear;
For courts breed storms, and storms are lasting there.

Where

Where he that feeds a wild ambitious ſpirit,
And nouriſhes deſire above his merit,
Is loſt when he imagines to prevail;
Becauſe his little ſhip bears too much ſail:
While cunning ſtateſmen, ſafe from envious checks,
Move careleſsly, as ſeamen walk on decks;
Wearing their faces often to the weſt,
When bound and ſailing to the riſing eaſt.
And in the court, as in a ſhip, we find,
That in ſome factious ſudden war of wind,
The very ballaſt we were poized by,
(Weighty diſcretion and integrity,
The helps which time and nature beſt afford)
We for our ſafety, oft throw over-board.
And, as in ſhips, ſo when the ſtorm grows high
At court, we oft on coz'ning hope rely;
Our anchor in uncertain quick-ſands caſt,
Where wanting ſteady hold to make it faſt,
The anchor, hope, alas! we vainly ſpend,
Like men expos'd to truſt a faithleſs friend.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

Oh, curſed court! where not to be the moſt
In fight, and eminent, is to be loſt;
Where ſtill the weary by falſe ſteps muſt climb,
And yet their falling is eſteem'd a crime.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Muſtapha.*

If virtue in a court itſelf advance,
Vice there will ſoon grow out of countenance.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Tryphon.*

Court deeps but few can found;
Tyrants and prieſts in myſteries abound.
Perhaps their art will not the light endure,
They ſtrike moſt awe, like temples, when obſcure.

Crown's *Caligula.*

All the corruptions of a land repair
To courts, and fill them with unwholſome air.

Crown's *Caligula.*

COUR-

COURTESY.

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;
His legs are more for necessity, than flexure.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

What fairer cloak than courtesy for fraud.

E. of *Sterline's Crœsus.*

A free and honest nature may be opprest,
Tir'd with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's.

Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

The *Florentine* deliver'd this position:
When people think their prince's courtesy
Is not derived from his disposition,
But from constraint, or some state secresy;
The grace is valu'd at a slender rate:
And more endangers than secures a state.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

This *Fredeline's* a very saint, so meek,
And full of courtesy, that he would lend
The devil his cloak, and stand i'th' rain himself.

Sir *W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

COURTIER.

Forsooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise: And he doth honest rise
That best can handle his deceitful wit,
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by sland'ring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and feigned forgery;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secresy:
To which him needs, a guileful hollow heart,
Masked with fair dissembling courtesy;
A filed tongue, furnish'd with terms of art;
No art of school, but courtiers schoolery.

For arts of ſchool have there ſmall countenance,
Counted but toys to buſy idle brains;
And there profeſſours find ſmall maintenance,
But to be inſtruments of others gains.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unleſs to pleaſe, itſelf it can apply;
But ſhould'red is, or out of door quite ſhit;
As baſe, or blunt, unfit for melody.
For each mans worth is meaſur'd by his weed,
As harts by horns, or aſſes by their ears:
Yet aſſes be not all, whoſe ears exceed,
Nor yet all harts, that horns the higheſt bears.
For higheſt looks have not the higheſt mind,
Nor haughty words moſt full of higheſt thought:
But are like bladders blowen up with wind,
That being prick'd do vaniſh into nought.
Even ſuch is all their vaunted vanity,
Nought elſe but ſmoke, that fumeth ſoon away:
Such is their glory that in ſimple eye
Seem greateſt, when their garments are moſt gay.
So they themſelves for praiſe of fools do ſell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price thereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchaſe higheſt rooms in bower and hall.
Whiles ſingle truth and ſimple honeſty
Do wander up and down, deſpis'd of all:
Their plain attire ſuch glorious gallantry
Diſdains ſo much, that none them in doth call.

Spenſer's Colin Clout is come home again.

We work with wiles, the minds of men like wax,
The fawning whelp gets many a piece of bread:
We follow kings with many cunning knacks,
By ſearching out, how are their humours fed.
He haunts no court that hath a doltiſh head:
For as in gold the precious ſtone is ſet,
So fineſt wits in court the credit get.

Thomas Churchyard in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

I re-

I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe; and took't away again,
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff—— and ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd;
And as the ſoldiers bear dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: Amongſt the reſt, demanded
My pris'ners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I, then all-ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; God ſave the mark!
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was *Sperma Cœti* for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: And, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier ————

Shakeſpear's Firſt Part of King Henry IV.

There be two,
Know more, than honeſt councils; whoſe cloſe breaſts,
When

When they are ript up to light, it would be found
A poor and idle fin, to which their trunks
Had not been made fit organs. Thefe can lye,
Flatter, and fwear, deprave, inform,
Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then beg
The forfeit lives to get the livings; cut
Mens throats with whifp'rings; fell to gaping fuitors
The empty fmoke that flies about the palace.

Johnfon's Sejanus.

True courtiers fhould be modeft, and not nice:
Bold, but not impudent; pleafure love, not vice.

Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.

Yet princes muft be ferv'd, and with all forts:
Some both to do, and council what is beft,
Some ferve for cyphers to fet out the reft,
Like lifelefs pictures which adorn the ports.
And as ambition princes undermines,
So doth it thofe who under them rule all:
We fee in how fhort time they rife and fall,
How oft their light eclips'd, but dimly fhines:
They long time labour by all means to move
Their prince to value much their parts;
And when advanc'd by fubtle arts,
O what a danger is't to be above!
For, ftraight expos'd to hatred, and defpight,
With all their skill they cannot march fo even,
But fome opprobrious fcandal will be given;
For all men envy them who have moft might:
And if the king diflike them once, then ftraight
The wretched courtiers fall with their own weight.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

Thus are we foothers, as all fhadows be,
Sworn to the bodies of authority:
Thus do inferiors, catch'd with their own ends,
Pay double ufe, for all the fceptre lends:
Not feeing, while man ftrives to ftand by grace,
He offers nature's freedom up to place;

Whofe

Whoſe true relation, between men and might,
Aſſures us, thrones ſhould not be infinite.

Lord *Brooke*'s *Muſtapha.*

'Tis common in ſuch baſe fellows, ſuch court-
Spiders, that weave their webs of flattery
In the ears of greatneſs, if they can once
Entangle them in their quaint treachery,
They poiſon them ſtraight.
2. They are like unneceſſary worms, whom
The ſun of greatneſs creates of the groſs and
Slimy multitude; as ſoon as they recover
Strength, they eat into the credit of true
Born gentry; undermine, and work out the
True nobility, t' inroot and eſtabliſh themſelves;
1. And, in the end, like *Eſop*'s ſtarved ſnake,
Having lapp'd the ſweet milk of greatneſs, made
Themſelves ſtrong in authority and friends,
They turn their ſtings of envy into their
Preſervers boſoms.

John Day's *Iſle of Gulls.*

Let us call our ſpirits
To a true reck'ning; firſt, to arm our wits
With compleat ſteel of judgment, and our tongues
With ſound artillery of phraſes: Then
Our bodies muſt be motions; moving firſt
What we ſpeak; afterwards, our very knees
Muſt humbly ſeem to talk, and ſuit our ſpeech;
For a true furniſh'd courtier hath ſuch force,
Though his tongue faints, his very legs diſcourſe.

Dekker's *Satiro-maſtix.*

I have been told, that virtue in courtiers hearts
Suffers an oſtraciſm, and departs.

Dr. *Donne.*

He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he being underſtood
May make good courtiers; but who courtiers good?

Dr. *Donne.*

He is a fine courtier, flatters admirable, kisses
Fair madam, smells surpassing sweet, wears
And holds up the arras, supports the tapestry,
When I pass into the presence very gracefully.

Marston's What you will.

He that with safety would well lurk in courts,
To best elected ends, of force is wrung,
To keep broad eyes, soft feet, long ears, and most short
tongue:
For 'tis of knowing creatures the main art,
To use quick hams, wide arms, and most close heart.

Marston's Fawn.

He liv'd not there to serve himself, but thee;
No silk-worm courtiers, such as study there
First how to get their cloaths, then how to wear:
And though in favour high, he ne'er was known
To promote others suits to pay for's own;
He valu'd more his master, and knew well,
To use his love was noble; base to sell.
Many there be live in the court, we know,
To serve for pageants, and make up the shew;
And are not serviceable there at all,
But now and then, at some great festival.
He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
Of commonwealths, and mystick state affairs;
And when great *Henry* did his maxims hear
He wore him as a jewel in his ear.

Randolph.

In court, I have been told the very place transforms
Men; and that not one of a thousand that
Before liv'd honestly in the country,
On plain sallads, but bring him thither, mark
Me that —— and feed him but a month or two
With custards and court-cake bread, and he turns
Knave immediately. I would be honest;
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

Massinger's Great Duke of Florence.

Here's a courtier that will not miſs a hair
Of his compliment, when he is to appear
Before his miſtreſs: Ev'ry morning does
This fellow put himſelf upon the rack,
With putting on's apparel, and manfully
Indures his taylor, when he ſcrews and wreſts
His body into the faſhion of
His doublet;——but that the court cannot ſubſiſt
Without a fool, I ſhould marvel what this
Fellow does to follow it.
2. There are more have much about his parcel
Of brains; the benefit of youth and good
Cloaths procur'd their places, and ignorance
And impudence have ſince maintain'd them.
1. Two great helps at court, as the world goes.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

1. Your courtier, ſir, I pray ——
2. I'll tell you in a brief character, what
Was taught me. Speak nothing that you mean;
Perform nothing that you promiſe; pay nothing
That you owe; flatter all above you; ſcorn
All beneath you; deprave all in private;
Praiſe all in publick; keep no truth in your
Mouth; no faith in your heart; no health in your
Bones; no friendſhip in your mind; no modeſty
In your eyes; no religion in your conſcience;
But eſpecially no money in your purſe.
If you do, take heed of ſpending it on
Any thing but panders, punks, and fidlers;
For that were moſt unfaſhionable.

Richard Brome's City Wit.

1. Oh! you fill a place about his grace,
And keep out men of parts, d'you not?
2. Yes.
1. A fooliſh utenſil of ſtate,
Which, like old plate upon a gawdy day,
'S brought forth to make a ſhew, and that is all;
For of no uſe y'are; you had beſt deny this.

2. Oh! no.
1. Or that you do want wit,
And then talk loud to make that paſs for it;
You think there is no wiſdom but in form;
Nor any knowledge like to that of whiſpers.
2. Right, right.
1. Then you can hate, and fawn upon a man
At the ſame time;
And dare not urge the vices of another,
You are ſo foul yourſelf:
So the prince ſeldom hears truth.
2. Oh! very ſeldom.
1. Did you never give his grace odd counſels?
And when you ſaw they did not proſper,
Perſuade him, to take them on himſelf?

Suckling's Gobblins.

The firſt element of a courtier is
To be in debt, the criſs-croſs is the laſt.

Marriage-broker, or the Pander.

1. Their everlaſting bus'neſs is, ſlowly
To move behind, when the king walks; and
When he dines, to ſtand in a ſelected crowd, as
As they would ſtare him out of countenance.
2. And yet they take it ill, they are not rich;
1. With reaſon, ſir, for they waited hard;
That is, worn out his grace's hangings with
Their backs, and with their feet, his mats. I would
Have men of brain and courage, fill a court.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

1. My lord, we need you here in court, and are
Not ignorant, that you may make what choice
You pleaſe in your deſires.
2. Alas, I want
The ſkill how to grow great; the patience to
Permit thoſe wrongs, which they that riſe
Muſt not alone endure, but praiſe.
Thorello, you have travell'd long, d'ye find
No change in the court, ſince your return?

3. Faith

1. Faith, sir, not much; now, as before, the steps
To high command, like such as up to steeples reach,
Are worn a little with the num'rous tread
Of fools that climb to gaze upon the top;
Therefore, 'tis harder to ascend, than if
The number of those men that press to rise
Were few; but 'tis the same way still, though
The steps must be uneasy, 'cause they're over-worn.
2. I want good parts; my head's too light t'ascend.
1. O take't on my experience, sir, you should
Not load your shoulders with a weighty head-piece, when
You mean to mount; the greatest will be thought
The wisest still: Therefore they seldom lend
A hand, to lift a wiser than themselves:
Besides, a little head may weigh enough,
When coz'ning fortune holds the scale,
Which she hath ever done in court.
2. Little intelligences of little things,
Will serve for universal knowledge here,
If whisper'd often with a travell'd face.
1. And then, an inward safe content we all
Enjoy, since every one believes he hath
Enough to be above others, 'cause he hath learn'd
How to contemn them.
2. Nor is the danger, sir, in enemies; for though
Each table feeds a sev'ral faction here,
Where they despise th' absent still as heartily
As they do eat; yet in the presence-chamber
The opposites can smile, laugh, and embrace
Like neighbours, that were newly met
Upon a foreign coast.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

'Tis a full court;
Let's hasten to the privy-gallery,
And whisper there a while; for so
We may be taken for cabinet-statesmen,
And at least be held secret, if not wise.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

COURTSHIP.

If my precepts may persuade (and I pray
Thee let them persuade) I would wish thee first
To be diligent: For that women desire
Nothing more than to have their servants officious.
Be always in sight, but never slothful:
Flatter, I mean, lie; little things catch little
Light minds; and fancy is a worm, that feeds
First upon fennel. Imagine with thy
Self all are to be won; otherwise mine
Advice were as unnecessary as
Thy labour. It is impossible for
The brittle metal of women to withstand
The flatt'ring attempts of men; only this,
Let them be ask'd, their sex requires no less;
Their modesties are to be allow'd so much.
Be prodigal in praises and promises,
Beauty must have a trumpet, and pride a
Gift. Peacocks never spread their feathers, but
When they are flatter'd; and gods are seldom pleas'd,
If they be not brib'd. There's none so foul, that
Thinketh not herself fair. In commending
Thou canst lose no labour: For of ev'ry
One thou shalt be believ'd. Oh simple women,
That are brought rather to believe what their
Ears hear of flatt'ring men, than what their eyes
See in true glasses!

Lilly's Sapho and Phao.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frowns; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility;
And say, she utt'reth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If

If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall ask the banns, and when be marry'd.
Shakeſpear's Taming of the Shrew.

1. A man ſhould not doubt to overcome
Any woman: Think he can vanquiſh 'em,
And he ſhall: For though they deny, their deſire
Is to be tempted. *Penelope* herſelf
Cannot hold out long. *Oſtend*, you ſaw, was
Taken at laſt. You muſt perſevere, and
Hold to your purpoſe. They would ſollicit us,
But that they are afraid. Howſoever,
They wiſh in their hearts we ſhould ſollicit
Them. Praiſe 'em, flatter 'em, you ſhall never
Want eloquence, or truſt: Ev'n the chaſteſt
Delight to feel themſelves that way rubb'd: With
Praiſes you muſt mix kiſſes too; if they
Take them, they'll take more. Though they ſtrive,
They would be overcome.
2. O, but a man muſt beware of force.
1. It is to them an acceptable violence,
And has oft-times the place of the greateſt
Courteſy. She that might have been forc'd, and
You let her go free without touching, though
Then ſhe ſeem to thank you, will ever hate
You after; and glad i'th' face, is aſſuredly
Sad at the heart.
2. But all women are not to be taken all ways.
1. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fiſhes.
If you appear learned to an ignorant
Wench, or jocund to a ſad, or witty
To a fooliſh, why ſhe preſently begins
To miſtruſt herſelf. You muſt approach them
In their own height, their own line; for the
Contrary makes many that fear to commit
Themſelves to noble and worthy fellows,
Run into the embraces of a raſcal.
If ſhe love wit, give verſes, though you borrow
Them of a friend; or buy them, to have good.

If valour, talk of your ſword, and be frequent
In the mention of quarrels, though you be
Staunch in fighting. If activity, be ſeen
On your barbary often, or leaping
Over ſtools, for the credit of your back.
If ſhe love good cloaths, or dreſſing, have your
Learned council 'bout you ev'ry morning,
Your *French* taylor, barber, linener, *&c.*
Let your powder, your glaſs, and your comb be
Your deareſt acquaintance. Take more care for
The ornament of your head, than the ſafety;
And wiſh the common-wealth rather troubled,
Than a hair about you. That will take her.
Then if ſhe be covetous, and craving,
Do you promiſe any thing, and perform
Sparingly; ſo ſhall you keep her in appetite
Still. Seem as you would give, but be like a
Barren field, that yields little; or unlucky
Dice to fooliſh and hoping gameſters. Let
Your gifts be ſlight and dainty, rather than
Precious. Let cunning be above coſt. Give
Cherries at time of year, or apricots;
And ſay, they were ſent you out o'th' country,
Though you bought them in *Cheapſide.* Admire
Her tires; like her in all faſhions;
Compare her in ev'ry habit to ſome deity;
Invent excellent dreams to flatter her,
And riddles; or if ſhe be a great one,
Perform always the ſecond parts to her;
Like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and
Fail not to make the houſhold and ſervants
Yours, yea, the whole family, and ſalute
Them by their names, ('tis but light coſt, if you
Can purchaſe them ſo) and make her phyſician
Your penſioner, and her chief woman. Nor
Will it be out of your gain to make love to her too,
So ſhe follow, not uſher her lady's pleaſure.

All

All blabbing is taken away, when she
Comes to be part of the crime.

Johnson's Silent Woman.

For shame, *Amyntas*, let her go as she is,
You see her vain, and how perversly set;
'Tis fond to follow, what we cannot get.

Daniel's Arcadia.

I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is fev'rish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze;
'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade.
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his pain,
Was he that first taught women to disdain.

Dr. *Donne.*

It is your virtue, being men, to try;
And it is ours, by virtue to deny.

Drayton.

A man's a fool,
If not instructed in a woman's school.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Spanish Curate.*

Women are nice to wooe, sir,
I would not have her forc'd; give her fair liberty;
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Island Princess.*

I've seldom seen a wench stand upon stricter
Points; s'life, she will not endure to be courted,
Does she e'er think to prosper? I'll ne'er believe
The tree can bring forth fruit, that never bears
A blossom. Courtship's a blossom, and often
Brings forth fruit in forty weeks.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

The tree bows down his head
Gently to have me touch it; but when I offer
To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high
To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly:
I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown.

Middleton and *Rowley's Spanish Gipsey.*

Away, you casheer'd younger brother, be gone:
Do not I know the fashions of you all?
When a poor woman has laid open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy;
But when wise maids dissemble and keep close,
Then you, poor snakes, come creeping on your bellies,
And with all oil'd looks prostrate yourselves,
Before our beauty's sun; where once but warm,
Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings,
And then forsake us.

Barry's Ram Alley.

I do not love
Much ceremony; suits in love, should not,
Like suits in law, be rack'd from term to term.

Shirley's Hide Park.

——————'Tis but a modest custom
For men to wooe: 'Tis women's only pride
To have men court them, not to be deny'd.

Nabbs's Bride.

There is, sir, a critical minute in
Ev'ry man's wooing, when his mistress may
Be won; which if he carelessly neglect
To prosecute, he may wait long enough
Before he gain the like opportunity.

Marmyon's Antiquary.

Some severe plot upon a maidenhead.
These two young lords make love,
As embroid'ries work 'gainst a masque, night and day;
They think importunity a nearer way than merit,
And take women as school-boys catch squirrels,
Hunt 'em up and down 'till they are weary,
And fall down before them. *Suckling's Aglaura*

For

For ſhame, thou everlaſting wooer,
Still ſaying grace, and ne'er fall to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac'd,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waiſt.
Unleſs your fame confeſs its gender,
And your parley cauſe ſurrender,
You're ſalamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untouch'd amidſt the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a dame of ſtone,
The widow of *Pigmalion*:
An hard and unrelenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or, what doth more of ſtatue carry,
A nun of the platonick quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred;
A flint will break upon a feather bed.

Cleveland.

Repent not then thy well plac'd love, though ſhe
With the like coyneſs ſlight its modeſty:
For who asks doubting leſt he ſhould obtain,
Inſtructs his miſtreſs to a coy diſdain.

Heath's Claraſtella.

Much joy t' you, ſir, you have made quick diſpatch;
I like a man that can love, wooe, and wed
All in an hour: my husband was ſo long
A getting me, ſo many friends conſents
Were to be ask'd, that when we came to church,
'Twas not a Marriage, but our times were out;
And we were there made free of one another.

Jaſper Main's City Match.

Know that love a warfare is,
Where the commander fights with ſtratagems
And courage; he doth bribe the officers
For to betray their charge; if this not take,
He ſprings the wall, that valour may prevail
In thoſe deſigns, where ſubtilty did fail:

So when thou woo'st, see those are near thy mistress;
The chamber secretary, or the man
Carries her private errands;
But if this fail, assay to make a breach;
Women are brittle clay, and made to yield
Where manhood shews his standard in the field.

Marriage Broker.

1. I shall easily grant that we can love,
And love with reason too; but still am heretick
To your position, that we ought to court
The object so belov'd.
2. See, madam, now
Your thoughts are not deny'd to be as willing,
And ready too, as ours; but the expression
You think unfit, and so will needs set up
A kind of just hypocrisy, nay virtuous;
Whilst that which you stile modesty, is only
A more allowable and fair dissembling.
For so 'tis in effect: you must appear
Unwilling, when desiring nothing more:
You must seem backward, and be much intreated;
Nay sometimes scarce entreated unto that,
Which should you miss of, you would curse your virtues,
And count your modesty injurious.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

But yet be wise,
And don't believe, that I
Did think your eyes
More bright than stars can be;
Or that your face angels outvies
In their celestial liveries;
'Twas all but poetry:
I could have said as much by any she;
You are not beauteous of yourself, but are made so by me.

Though

Though we, like fools,
Fathom the earth and sky,
And drain the ſchools
For names t'expreſs you by:
Out-rant the loud'ſt hyperboles,
To dub ye ſaints and deities,
By cupids heraldry;
We know you're fleſh and blood as well as men;
And when we will, can mortalize, and make you ſo again.

Alexander Brome.

'Tis men alone that womens empire raiſe,
By wooing them with fancy'd praiſe;
When, if we would their maſters be,
They muſt grant ſuperiority:
Nay, did we ceaſe to flatter thus,
'Twould not be long ere they would flatter us.
Ceaſe then, my heart, and doat no more in vain,
Thou never thus the fort will gain;
No more upon entreaties ſtand,
But learn like her how to command;
Thoſe caſtles which find no remorſe
On ſummons, muſt be taken in by force.

John Dancer.

So, So, my love is in a fine condition!
This 'tis to have two miſtreſſes at once:
'Tis failing in a veſſel with two keels;
Two holds will never join well, 'tis odds they ſplit.
And ſuch a riſque why ſhould a merchant run?
For where's the man has freight enough for one?

Crown's Married Beau.

C O W A R D S.

Diſtraction heartens fear in deſp'rate deeds,
Conſtraint in coward thoughts raſh valour breeds.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Cowards and faint-hearted run-aways,
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our ſwords ſhall play the orators for us.

Marlo's Firſt Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

Am

Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs: Who does me this——
Yet I ſhould take it—— for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal.

Shakeſpear's *Hamlet.*

Whom neither glory or danger can excite,
'Tis vain t'attempt with ſpeech; for the mind's fear
Keeps all brave ſounds from ent'ring at that ear.

Johnſon's *Catiline.*

All cowards muſt inconſtant be of force;
With bold deſigns none fearful breaſts ſhould truſt.

E. of *Sterline*'s *Julius Cæſar.*

Think not, coward, wit can hide the ſhame
Of hearts; which, while they dare not ſtrike for fear,
Would make it virtue in them to forbear.

Lord *Brook*'s *Alabam.*

Fear is my vaſſal, when I frown, he flies;
A hundred times in life a coward dies.

Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs.*

A baſe ſpirit has this 'vantage of a
Brave one, it keeps always at a ſtay;
Nothing brings it down, not beating.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *King and No King.*

But look for ruin when a coward wins;
For fear and cruelty were ever twins.

Aleyn's *Poictiers.*

Let valiant fools
Brag of their ſouls; no matter what they ſay,
A coward dares in ill, do more than they.

Shirley's *Example.*

A coward abuſeth no man, but makes
Him ſatisfaction: For if he wrong all men,

He

He gives all men leave to beat him: He's like
A whetſtone, he ſets an edge on another,
And yet he will not cut himſelf.

Edw. Sharpham's Fleire.

All mankind
Is one of theſe two cowards;
Either to wiſh to die
When we ſhould live, or live when we ſhould die.
Some fear, ſome wiſh; too early, or too late
Moſt fall; yet none muſt chuſe his fate:
Thoſe that prepare for ev'ry ſtorm, do ſeldom caſt
Themſelves away;
It is but bravely ſinking at the laſt.

Sir *Robert Howard's Blind Lady.*

He never ſtoops in perſon to ſubdue;
He fights by proxy, as great princes wooe:
He dares not look on war.

Crown's Caligula.

Thy crime will have ſuch a grim ghaſtly face,
The baſeſt *Perſian* cowards, will be ſcar'd
Out of their natures into ſomething brave.
Cow'rds oft by flying, into valour fly.

Crown's Darius.

C R A F T.

1. The chriſtian church from me is not exempt;
Laws have by me both honour and contempt;
By me the war upholds her reputation;
And luſt, which leaves no certain generation;
Envy, that hates all diff'rence of degree;
And ſelf love which hath no affinity;
E'vn you, without me, cannot proſper well;
I am the mould, and majeſty of hell.

2. Craft, peace; thou cutteſt ev'ry thread ſo thin,
As it deſtroys thy works ere they begin.
Thy cobwebs, like th' Aſtrologer's thin line,
Fit for diſcourſe, for uſe are over fine.
Thy ſtate is nothing elſe but change and fear,
Weeds that no fruit, but fading bloſſoms bear,

Cloath'd

Cloath'd with py'd colours of hypocrisy,
Which like to all is, yet can nothing be.
Lord *Brook*'s *Alabam.*

So vile a thing is craft in ev'ry heart
As it makes pow'r it self descend to art.
Lord *Brook*'s *Mustapha.*

For craft once known,
Does teach fools wit; leaves the deceivers none.
Middleton's *Michaelmas Term.*

For he
That sowes in craft, does reap in jealousy.
Middleton's *Michaelmas Term.*

This is the fruit of craft,
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft
And finds it in his forehead; so does hit
The arrow of our fate; wit destroys wit.
Middleton's *Michaelmas Term.*

Yet those who live contented without wit,
Sin less than when they wear the counterfeit;
When wit in craft's vile stamp they current make,
Craft, the most wretched shape weak man can take!
Slender, and low; for it through crowds would pass,
By sleight, not strength, and would not cumber place.
It hath a little head, and fill'd with air,
Small eyes, so match'd, that they are scarce a pair;
Looking with strange and with familiar shew,
At once on two whom equally they know.
Craft wears this shape, whose bosom mischief lines
With stuff, as poor as witches low designs:
And yet they give their craft the name of wit;
And weakly think that pow'r has use of it.
Sure when so base a metal aims to pass
For gold, the very blind will cry out, brass!
Dares shadow'd craft assume the shape of wit,
When nought but light can well resemble it?
Sir *W. Davenant.*

CRE-

CREDULITY.

Your noblest natures are most credulous.
Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to break;
Hate like hell-mouth, who think not what they speak.
Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.

For we that traffick with credulity,
And with opinion, still shall cherish'd be.
For such as I, by women must begin
To gain a name, and reputation win;
Which when we have attain'd to, you know then
How easily the women draw on Men.
Daniel's Arcadia.

Hasty belief, my lord, hath hasty deeds;
And with their wounds, oft truth, and wisdom bleeds.
Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

The good belief of mankind is a sea
Where honour drowns, iniquity goes free;
Whose thoughts, like sails, for ev'ry weather be.
Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

O credulity,
Security's blind nurse! the dream of fools,
The drunkard's ape, that feeling for his way,
Ev'n when he thinks, in his deluded sense,
To snatch at safety, falls without defence.
Mason's Muleasses.

What should citizens do with kind hearts; or
Trusting in any thing but God and ready money?
Richard Brome's City Wit.

How easy a thing it is to be undone,
When credulous man will trust his 'state to others.
Richard Brome's City Wit.

Blessed credulity, thou great god of error,
That art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thee, great deity, he doth believe
Falshoods, that falshoods self could not invent;
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
T' o'erwhelm ev'n virtue, truth and sanctity,

Les

Let him go on, bleſt ſtars, 'tis meet he fall,
Whoſe blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.

Machen's Dumb Knight.

Generous ſouls
Are ſtill more ſubject to credulity.

Sir *W. Davenant's Albovine.*

C R U E L T Y.

But cruelty can never 'ſcape the ſcourge
  Of ſhame, of horror, or of ſudden death:
Repentance ſelf, that other ſins may purge,
Doth fly from this; ſo ſore the ſoul it ſlay'th.
  Deſpair diſſolves the Tyrants bitter breath:
For ſudden vengeance ſuddenly alights
On cruel deeds, to quit their cruel ſpights.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

The wrath of kings doth ſeldom meaſure keep,
Seeking to cure bad parts, they lance too deep;
When puniſhments, like light'ning ſhould appear
To few mens hurt, but unto all mens fear:
Great elephants, and lions, murder leaſt;
Th' ignoble beaſt, is the moſt cruel beaſt.

Daniel's Philotas.

And though ſome make us to be loath'd of one,
We by their means anothers love obtain;
But cruelty, with which none can comport,
Makes th' authors hated when the deed is done;
Oft ev'n by thoſe whom it did moſt ſupport;
As that which alienates men from their kind:
And as humanity the mind enchants,
So barb'rous ſouls which from the ſame refrain,
More fierce than ſavage beaſts, are lov'd of none:
Since with ſuch beaſts one with leſs danger haunts,
Than with the Man whoſe mind all mercy wants.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

Oft thoſe whoſe cruelty makes many mourn,
Do by the fires which they firſt kindled burn.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

No

No council from our cruel wills can win us,
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.

John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.

Strange cruelty! So tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,
After their condemnation, to reserve them
To combat wild beasts in the spacious cirque,
Or bloody amphitheatre.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

1. O! whoever yet
Saw the returning steps of th' credulous beasts,
That visited the counterfeit sick lion?
2. And yet, O *Abbas*, what fierce rav'nous lion
Did ever *Lybia*'s fiery womb produce,
Or what fell tyger, thy *Hyrcania*,
Of so prodigious cruelty, as thou art?
1. Lions are tame as lambs, and tygers mild
As frisking kids, to that outrageous monster.
2. There is no perilous desart but his breast,
Where teeth and armed fangs do tear the strong,
And treach'rous toils t' insnare th' innocent,
Are ever ready set. ——

Baron's Mirza.

CUCKOLD.

As horns are odious, they are necessary.
It is said, many a man knows no end
Of his goods, right: Many a man has good
Horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is
The dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his
Own getting; horns! Even so——poor men alone.
No, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge
As the rascal: Is the single man therefore
Bless'd? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier
Than a village, so is the forehead of
A marry'd man more honourable than
The bare brow of a batchelor; and by
How much defence is better than no skill,
So much is a horn more precious than to want.

Shakespear's As you like it.

If marriage be honourable, then
Cuckolds are honourable; for they cannot
Be made without marriage.

Shakeſpear's Yorkſhire Tragedy.

For if he can prove his father was free
Of the order, and that he was his father's
Son; then by the laudable cuſtom of
The city, he may be a cuckold by
His father's copy, and never ſerve for't.

Chapman's Monſieur D'Olive.

They ſay, for one cuckold to know that his
Friend is in the like head-ach, and to give
Him counſel; is as if there were two part'ners,
Th' one to be arreſted, th'other to bail him.

Dekker and *Webſter's Weſtward Hoe.*

What is a cuckold? learn of me,
Few can tell his pedigree,
Nor his ſubtil nature conſtrue,
Born a man, but dies a monſter.
Yet great antiquaries ſay,
They ſpring from our *Methuſela*,
Who, after *Noah*'s flood, was found
To have his creſt with branches crown'd:
God in *Eden*'s happy ſhade
This ſame creature never made;
Then to cut off all miſtaking,
Cuckolds are of women's making.

Marſton's Inſatiate Counteſs.

1. Cuckolds, make cuckolds, 'tis a pretty trade
In a peaceful city; 'tis women's work, man,
And they are good pay-maſters.
2. I dare not.
'Tis a work of ſuper-errogation, and the church forbids it.
1. Prythee, what's latin for a cuckold, ſcholar?
I could never learnt yet.
2. Faith, the *Latins* have no proper word for it,

That

That ever I read; *homo*, I take it, is the beſt,
Becauſe it is a common name to all men.

Middleton and *Rowley*'s *World toſt at Tennis.*

What ſhould you do with a wife?
Would you be creſted? Will you needs thruſt your head
In one of *Vulcan*'s helmet's? Will you perforce
Wear a city-cap and a court feather?

Barry's *Ram Alley.*

I would not ask
An alderman leave to cuckold him, ſo he might
Take his example from a city kind one,
Whoſe wife long'd to kiſs a lord; upon which
He grew ſo proud, for being exalted above
The reſt of his neighbours, that he'd ſuffer none
To cuckold him but lords ever after.

Nabbs's *Covent Garden.*

To be a cuckold is as natural
To a married man, as to eat, ſleep,
Or wear a night-cap. Friends! I will rather
Truſt mine arm in the throat of a lion,
My purſe with a courtezan, my neck with
The chance on a dye, or my religion
In a ſynagogue of *Jews*, than my wife
With a friend. Wherein do princes exceed
The pooreſt peaſant that ever was yoak'd
To a ſix-penny ſtrumpet, but that the
Horns of the one are mounted ſome two Inches
Higher by a chopin than the other?
Oh *Actæon*! The goodlieſt-headed beaſt
Of the foreſt, amongſt wild cattle, is a ſtag;
And the goodlieſt beaſt, amongſt tame fools
In a corporation, is a cuckold.

John Ford's *Love's Sacrifice.*

A merchant newly marry'd went to ſea;
Returning after three years voyage, he
Found his wife buſy'd 'midſt her children two,
And with a third as big as ſhe could go:

She,

She, to prevent a ſtorm, ſaid, Husband, you
By ſea, and I by land have travail'd too.

Heath's Claraſtella.

It is the common condition
Of cuckolds to miſtruſt ſo much aforehand,
That when they are dubb'd indeed,
They have not a glimpſe of ſuſpicion left.

Richard Brome's Sparagus Garden.

CURSES.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave-wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads: To general filths
Convert o'th' inſtant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and piety,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick-awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confuſion live! ——Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their crop

Be gen'ral leprosy: Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with mutiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
Th'unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
The gods confound, hear me, ye good gods all,
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!

Shakespear's Timon.

A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards stings!
Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell ———
a. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou tormentest thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or, like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry VI.

I could

I could
Accuſe my unkind deſtiny; declaim
Againſt the pow'r of love; rail at the charms
Of language, and proportion, that betray us
To haſty ſorrow, and too late repentance;
But breath is this way loſt: Wounds that are made,
Require a balſam, and not empty curſes,
To ſtate our body. Should the marriner,
When a ſtorm meets him, throw away his card,
Neglect himſelf and veſſel, and lye down,
Curſing the winds and tempeſt?

Shirley's *Love's Cruelty.*

But curſes are like arrows ſhot upright,
That oftentimes on our own heads do light:
And many times ourſelves in rage prove worſt;
The fox ne'er better thrives, but when accurſt.

Valiant Welſhman.

I do not wiſh them *Egypt*'s plagues, but ev'n
As bad as they: I'll add unto them ſeven.
I wiſh not graſs-hoppers, frogs, and lice come down,
But clouds of moths in ev'ry ſhop i'th' town.
Then, honeſt devil, to their ink convey
Some *Aqua-fortis*, that may eat away
Their books: To add more torments to their lives,
Heav'n, I beſeech thee, ſend 'em handſome wives;
Such as will pox their fleſh, till ſores grow in't,
That all their linen may be ſpent in lint:
And give them children with ingenious faces,
Indu'd with all the ornaments and graces
Of ſoul and body; that it may be known
To others, and themſelves—they're not their own.

Randolph.

CUSTOM.

That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good,
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night;

And

And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next, more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

Cuſtom calls me to't. ———
What cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſweep'd,
And mount'nous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer. ———

Shakeſpear's Coriolanus.

Cuſtom, in courſe of honour, ever errs:
And they are beſt, whom fortune leaſt prefers.

Johnſon's Poetaſter.

But thus the horſe, at firſt, bites at the bit,
That after, is content to play with it.

Daniel.

Crows are fair with crows:
Cuſtom in ſin, gives ſin a lovely dye;
Blackneſs in moors is no deformity.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honeſt Whore.

Corruption well may be gen'ration's firſt,
We're bad by nature, but by cuſtom worſt.

Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

W'endure the ſtrokes like anvils, or hard ſteel,
Till pain itſelf, make us no pain to feel.

Webſter's White Devil.

If cuſtom lawful make;
Then ſin were lawful for example ſake.

Will. Rowley's New Wonder.

Cuſtom in ills that do affect the ſenſe,
Make reaſon uſeleſs, when it ſhould direct
The ills reforming: men habituate
In any evil, 'tis their greateſt curſe:
Advice doth ſeldom mend, but makes them worſe.

Nabbs's Microcoſmus.

'Tis base,
And argues a low spirit, to be taught
By custom, and to let the vulgar grow
To our example.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

Oft bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
What others can't, with all their strength put to.

Herrick.

Such days of joy, before the marriage day,
The *Lombards* long by custom had embrac'd;
Custom, which all, rather than law obey;
For laws by force, customs, by pleasure last.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Our woes made habits by the use, or dare
Not think we know how great our suff'rings are.
Like those, who dwell in still-resounding caves,
Where *Nile* sends headlong down his rapid waves,
Are deaf, because the clamours constant are,
The water not out-thunder'd by the air.
So, still oppress'd, custom at last denies
Unto our souls, the use of faculties.

Sir *Robert Howard.*

DANGER.

WITH him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of bear's-skin, that him more dreadful made;
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horrour to deform his griesly shade.
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this mischief, that mishap:
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Be well aware, quoth then that lady mild,
Leſt ſudden miſchief ye too raſh provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts: Oft fire is without ſmoke,
Peril without ſhow: Therefore your hardy ſtroke,
Sir knight, with-hold, till further trial made.
Ah! lady, ſaid he, ſhame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
Virtue gives herſelf light, through darkneſs for to wade.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth,
And let them grapple—O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a lion, than to ſtart a hare.

Shakeſpear's Firſt Part of Henry IV.

The abſent danger greater ſtill appears;
Leſs fears he, who is near the thing he fears.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

Speak, ſpeak, let terror ſtrike ſlaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts moſt reſolute.

Marſton's Sophoniſba.

See how miſchances ſuddenly do fall,
And ſteal upon us, fartheſt being from doubt:
Our life's uncertain, and our death is ſure,
And tow'rds moſt peril, man is moſt ſecure.

Drayton.

What is danger
More than the weakneſs of our apprehenſions?
A poor cold part o'th' blood: Who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds
Were made the maſters of it: And as hearty ſeamen,
In deſp'rate ſtorms, ſtem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cauſe and ſwords, do they do dangers.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Chances.*

Our dangers and delights are near allies;
From the ſame ſtem, the roſe and prickle riſe.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

He is blind-hardy, that will dangers slight,
For they grow heavy, when they once seem light.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

All dangers clouded with the mist of fear,
Seem great far off, but lessen coming near.

Sir *John Beaumont's Bosworth-field.*

Our God, and soldier, we alike adore,
Ev'n at the brink of ruin, not before:
After deliv'rance both alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our soldier's slighted.

Quarles.

Danger, thou dwarf dress'd up in giant cloaths,
That shew'st far off still greater than thou art,
Go, terrify the simple and the guilty, such
As with false opticks still do look upon thee;
But fright not lovers; we dare look on thee
In thy worst shapes, and meet thee in them too.

Suckling's Aglaura.

Danger's a vain, unbody'd blast; let it
Prevail with infants often frighted in
Their sleep; with judges grown effeminate
In their warm furrs; who think most fearfully
Of death, because 'tis terrible to those
Whom they condemn; with priests, who at
Their frequent visits, find the sickly in
Despair, that hourly see the guilty die,
And by uncertain faith, derive at last
Their fears unto themselves: To such
As these preach danger; but to me, it is
The musick of the drum, ordain'd to fright
Cowards, but gives the valiant appetite.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

Who dangers seek, are indigent of fame.

Samuel Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

On remote fires, with small concern we gaze,
But we all rise, when our own dwellings blaze.

Crown's Caligula.

DEATH.

DEATH.

Unhappy maid! then answer'd she, whose dread
  Untry'd, is less than when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
  Both grace and gain; but he in hell doth lie,
  That lives a loathed life, and wishing, cannot die.
Spenser's Fairy Queen.

What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus distraught
  Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever more judgment taught,
  But he should die, who merits not to live?
  None else to death this man despairing drive,
But his own guilty mind, deserving death.
  Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loathing living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
  To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
  Is not great grace to help him over-past,
  Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man that grieves at neighbour's good,
  And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest
  And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And farther from it daily wanderest:
  What if some little pain the passage have,
  That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well born, that brings long ease,
  And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

The knight much wondred at his ſudden wit,
 And ſaid ; the term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor ſhorten it:
 The ſoldier may not move from watchfull ſted,
 Nor leave his ſtand, until the captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom,
 Quoth he, knows beſt the terms eſtabliſhed ;
And he that 'points the centinel his room,
Doth licenſe him depart at ſound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done
 In heaven and earth ? Did not he all create
To die again ? All ends that was begun ;
 Their times in his eternal book of fate
 Are written ſure, and have their certain date.
Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong neceſſity,
 That holds the world in his ſtill changing ſtate,
Or ſhun the death ordain'd by deſtiny ?
When hour of death is come, let none aſk whence, nor why.

Is not he juſt, that all this doth behold
 From higheſt heaven, and bears an equal eye ?
Shall he thy ſins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impiety ?
 Is not his law, let every ſinner die ?
Die ſhall all fleſh ? What then muſt needs be done,
 Is it not better to die willingly,
Than linger till the glaſs be all out-run ?
Death is the end of woes.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

A dumb dead coarſe we ſaw,
 Heavy and cold, the ſhape of death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law :
 Againſt whoſe force it is in vain to fight.
 No peers, no princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, no realms, cities, nor ſtrongeſt tow'r,
But all perforce muſt yield unto his pow'r.

His

His dart anon out of the corpſe he took,
And in his hand, a dreadful ſight to ſee,
With great triumph eftſoons the ſame he ſhook:
That moſt of all my fears affrayed me.
His body dight with nought but bones *perdie,*
The naked ſhape of man there ſaw I plain,
All ſave the fleſh, the ſinew, and the vein.

E. of *Dorſet* in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

Spare him,
He's not prepar'd for death: Ev'n for our kitchins
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves?

Shakeſpear's *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which, ſome ſuppoſe, the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Shakeſpear's *King John.*

1. Death's a fearful thing.
2. And ſhamed life, a hateful.
1. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot:
This ſenſible warm motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fiery floods, or to reſide,
In thrilling regions of thick ribb'd ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thought,
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest, and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Shakeſpear's *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear.

Shakeſpear's *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear:
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Shakeſpear's *Julius Cæſar.*

The ports of death are ſins, of life good deeds;
Through which, our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he then, that ſhould ſtray,
And hath it in his pow'r to make his way?
This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here, it ſhould be one of our firſt ſtriſes,
So to front death, as men might judge us paſt it:
For good men but ſee death, the wicked taſte it.

Johnſon.

You have a conſul,
Not readier to obey, than to defend
Whatever you ſhall act, for the republick;
And meet with willing ſhoulders any burden,
Or any fortune with an even face,
Though it were death; which to a valiant man
Can never happen foul; nor to a conſul
Be immature; or to a wiſe man wretched.

Johnſon's *Catiline.*

—— What blaſts of words hath learning found,
To blow againſt the fear of death and dying?
What comforts unſick eloquence can ſound,
And yet all fail us in the point of trying?
For whilſt we reaſon with the breath of ſafety,
Without the compaſs of deſtruction living;
What precepts ſhew we then, what courage lofty
In taxing others fears, in council giving?

When

When all this air of ſweet contrived words
Proves but weak armour to defend the heart,
For when this life, pale fear and terror boards,
Where are our precepts then, where is our art?

Daniel's Cleopatra.

Unrighteous death, why art thou but all one
Unto the ſmall offender and the great?
Why art thou not more than thou art, to thoſe
That thouſands ſpoil, and thouſands lives do loſe?

Daniel.

Men never ſooth the dead, but where they do
Find living ties to hold them thereunto.

Daniel.

If nature ſaw no cauſe of ſudden ends,
She, that but one way made to draw our breath,
Would not have left ſo many doors to death.

Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labour, entry unto reſt;
Death hath the bounds of miſery confin'd,
Whoſe ſanctuary ſhrowds affliction beſt.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandræan Tragedy.*

What life refus'd, to gain by death he thought:
For life and death are but indiff'rent things,
And of themſelves not to be ſhunn'd nor ſought,
But for the good or ill that either brings.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandræan Tragedy.*

For though the ſoul of man
Be got when man is made; 'tis born but then
When man doth die: Our body's as the womb,
And, as a midwife, death directs it home.

Dr. *Donne.*

Death is unwelcome never,
Unleſs it be to tortur'd minds and ſick ſouls,
That make their own hells; tis ſuch a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, ſhews ſo ſweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to reſtrain us;
For ev'ry living thing would love it elſe,

Fly boldly to their peace ere nature call'd them;
The reſt we have from labour and from trouble
Is ſome incitement, ev'ry thing alike,
The poor ſlave, that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his maſter, in that tomb:
The earth as light upon him, and the flow'rs
That grow about him, ſmell as ſweet, and flouriſh:
But when we live with honour to our ends,
When memory and virtue are our mourners,
What pleaſure's there?

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Wife for a Month.*

Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So ſhall ye learn the nobleſt part, to die.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Bonduca.*

Our lives cut off,
In our young prime of years, are like green herbs,
With which we ſtrow the hearſes of our friends:
For as their virtue gather'd, when they're green,
Before they wither, or corrupt, is beſt;
So we in virtue, are the beſt for death;
While yet we have not liv'd to ſuch an age,
That the increaſing canker of our ſin,
Hath ſpread too far upon us.——

Tourneur's *Atheiſt's Tragedy.*

The worſt can be but death, and let it come;
He that lives joyleſs, ev'ry day's his doom.

Middleton's *Women beware Women.*

Weary of life, *Warwick* the plot embrac'd,
And ventur'd death, to fly the fear of it:
Thus did the tunnie, by a dolphin chac'd,
Into a boat, with greater danger get.
He could no longer death's expectance bear,
For death is leſs than death's continual fear.

Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

O death! why art thou fear'd? Why do we think
'Tis ſuch a horrid terror not to be?
Why not to be, is, not to be a wretch,

Why

Why, not to be, is to be like the heav'ns,
Not to be ſubject to the pow'r of fate:
O there's no happineſs but not to be.

Gomerſall's Lodovick Sforza.

I buried ſorrow for his death,
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal, though, I vow, I grieve,
And see no reaſon, why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant and unworthy men
Should dye alike.

Maſſinger and *Field's Fatal Dowry.*

The glories of our blood and ſtate,
Are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things;
There is no armour againſt fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and crown,
Muſt tumble down,
And in the duſt be equal made,
With the poor crooked ſcythe and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords may reap the field,
And plant freſh lawrels where they kill;
But their ſtrong nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill:
Early or late,
They ſtoop to fate,
And muſt give up their murm'ring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
Your heads muſt come,
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in the duſt.

Shirley's Contention of Ajax and Ulyſſes.

The

The bad man's death is horror; but the juſt
Keeps ſomething of his glory, in his duſt.

Habbington's Caſtara.

Stars fall but in the groſſneſs of our ſight,
A good man dying, th'earth doth loſe a light.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

The wiſeſt men are glad to dye; no fear
Of death, can touch a true philoſopher.
Death ſets the ſoul at liberty, to fly,
And ſearch the depth of that divinity,
Which, whilſt impriſon'd in the body, here
She cannot learn: A true philoſopher
Makes death his common practice, while he lives,
And ev'ry day by contemplation ſtrives
To ſeparate the ſoul, far as he can,
From off the body: What's the death of man
But ſeparation of thoſe two? Should he,
That ev'ry day did ſtrive in ſome degree
To gain this freedom, fear it at the time
When nature has allotted it to him?
Would birds incag'd, that with all motions try,
And ſeek all ways to gain their liberty,
The cage ſet ope, refuſe to fly from thence?
Nay more, have lovers in impatience
Forc'd out their lives, and violently fled
Into the other world to find their dead
Dear loves? And ſhould the ſoul, which here below,
Clos'd in the body, ev'ry day did wooe,
And court that knowledge, which is perfect bliſs,
Refuſe to go; and find it where it is,
Then when the Gods have open'd her the way?
But here, till then, the ſoul is bound to ſtay;
Nor muſt ſhe leave her ſtation, till that God
Do call her hence, that gave her this abode.

May's Continuation of Lucan.

But death againſt the will,
Is but a ſlovenly kind of potion;
And though preſcrib'd by heav'n,

It goes againſt mens ſtomachs:
So does it at fourſcore too; when the ſoul's
Mew'd up in narrow darkneſs,
Neither ſees nor hears—piſh—'tis mere fondneſs in our nature,
A certain clowniſh cowardice, that ſtill
Would ſtay at home, and dares not venture
Into foreign countries, though better than
Its own, ——ha, ——what countries? for we receive
Deſcriptions of the other world from our divines,
As blind men take relation of this from us.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Why ſhould we not as well deſire death,
As ſleep? no diff'rence, but a little breath.
'Tis all but reſt, 'tis all but a releaſing
Our tir'd limbs; why then not alike pleaſing?
Being burthen'd with the ſorrows of the day,
We wiſh for night; which being come, we lay
Our body down: Yet, when our very breath
Is irkſome to us, we're afraid of death.
Our ſleep is oft accompany'd with frights,
Diſtracting dreams, and dangers of the nights;
When in the ſheets of death, our body's ſure
From all ſuch evils, and we ſleep ſecure:
What matter, down or earth? What boots it whether?
Alas! our body's ſenſible of neither:
Things that are ſenſeleſs, feel nor pains nor eaſe;
Tell me, and why not worms as well as fleas?
In ſleep, we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from death, we're ſure to riſe:
Ay, but 'tis long firſt. Oh! is that our fears?
Dare we truſt God for nights; and not for years?

Francis Quarles.

Yet he that kept his virtues from decay,
Had that about him needs muſt wear away;
The daily leſſ'ning of our life, ſhews by
A little dying, how outright to dye.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

But

But ask not bodies, doom'd to die,
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but ſorrow's ſpy,
It is not ſafe to know.

Sir W. Davenant's Juſt Italian.

Fond, fooliſh man! with fear of death ſurpriz'd,
Which either ſhould be wiſh'd for, or deſpis'd:
This, if our ſouls with bodies death deſtroy:
That, if our ſouls a ſecond life enjoy:
What elſe is to be fear'd? When we ſhall gain
Eternal life, or have no ſenſe of pain.

Denham.

Death is honourable, advantageous,
And neceſſary: Honourable in
Old men to make room for younger;
Advantageous to thoſe that get legacies
By it; and neceſſary for marry'd
People, that have no other gaol-delivery.

Fane's Love in the dark.

Oh death, death, death! thou art not half ſo cruel
In thy deſtructions of the proſperous,
As in not killing wretches that would die!——

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

D E B T.

In my ſchool days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight,
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; by vent'ring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf-ſame way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice.

Oh!

Oh, how you wrong our friendſhip, valiant youth !
With friends there is not ſuch a word as debt :
Where amity is ty'd with bond of truth,
All benefits are there in common ſet.

Lady Carew's Mariam.

Creditors, my lord,
Are maſters, and not ſervants : As the world goes,
Debtors are very ſlaves to thoſe to whom
They have been beholden to.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Laws of Candy.*

He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due ;
A prodigal, that before it is requir'd,
Makes tender of it.

Maſſinger's Very Woman.

Doſt think, friend,
The ſenſe of all my debts could ſhake me thus ?
I knew 'twould come, and in my fears examin'd
The miſchief they preſent ; 'tis not their weight
Affrights me : let the vultures whet their talons ;
And creditors, with hearts more ſtubborn, than
The metal they adore, double their malice ;
Had I a pile of debts upon me, more
Heavy than all the world, I could, but with
The preſſure keep this piece of earth beneath 'em,
My ſoul would be at large, and feel no burthen.

Shirley's Example.

Though long it be, years may repay the debt ;
None loſeth that, which he in time may get.

Herrick.

D E C E I T.

What man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſcry the crafty cunning train,
By which deceit doth mask in vizor fair,
And caſt her colours died deep in grain,
To ſeem like truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can feign,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guiltleſs man with guile to entertain ?

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Lords,

Lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
Henry, my lord, is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: *Glo'ſter*'s ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or, as the ſnake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Shakeſpear's *Second Part of King Henry* VI.

O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face,
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bow'r the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhou'd dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Shakeſpear's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Do not ſtand on quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead: For that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Shakeſpear's *Second of Part King Henry* VI.

Yet well it fits, for that ſin ever muſt
  Be tortur'd with the rack of his own frame;
For he that holds no faith, ſhall find no truſt,
  But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reap the ſame.

Daniel.

For ſome men
Swallow ev'n empty hooks, like fools that fear
No drowning where 'tis deepeſt, cauſe 'tis clear.

Dekker's *Firſt Part of the Honeſt Whore*.

The

Thus ſometimes to deceit, deceit is known:
'Tis honeſt craft by wit to get one's own.

Richard Brome's *City Wit.*

You have learn'd
The cunning fowlers art, who pleaſantly
Whiſtles the bird into the ſnare: Good heav'n!
How had you ſtrew'd th'enticing top o'th'cup
With *Arabian* ſpices; but you had laid i'th'bottom
Epheſian aconite? You are love's hypocrite:
A rotten ſtick in the night's darkneſs borne,
And a fair poppy in a field of corn.

Davenport's *City Night Cap.*

He ſecretly
Puts pyrates colours out at both our ſterns,
That we might fight each other in miſtake,
That he ſhould ſhare the ruin of us both!

Crown's *Ambitious Stateſman.*

DEPENDANTS.

Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not try'd
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide:
To loſe good days that might be better ſpent,
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent.
To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes, and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortleſs deſpairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to diſaſtrous end,
That doth his life in ſo long tendance ſpend.

Spenſer's *Mother Hubberd*'s *Tales.*

What ſhalt thou expect
To be a depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?

Shakeſpear's *Cymbeline.*

Look how againſt great rains, a ſtanding pool
Of paddocks, toads, and water-ſnakes put up
Their ſpeckl'd throats above the ven'mous lake,
Croking and gaſping for ſome freſh fall'n drops
To quench their poiſon'd thirſt; being near to ſtifle
With clotter'd purgings of their own foul bane:
So ſtill, where *Cæſar* goes, there thruſt up heads,
Impoſtors, flatt'rers, favourites, and bawds,
Buffoons, intelligencers, ſelect wits,
Cloſe murth'rers, mountebanks, and decay'd thieves,
To gain their baneful lives reliefs from him:
From *Britain*, *Belgia*, *France*, and *Germany*,
The ſcum of either country, ſwarming about him.

Chapman's *Cæſar and Pompey.*

Thinks he to make his firmeſt men, his clouds?
The clouds, obſerving their aierial natures,
Are borne aloft, and then to moiſture chang'd,
Fall to the earth; where, be'ng made thick, and cold,
They loſe both all their heat and levity;
Yet then again recov'ring heat and lightneſs,
Again they are advanc'd, and by the ſun
Made freſh and glorious; and ſince clouds are rapt
With theſe uncertainties, now up, now down;
Am I to flit ſo, with his ſmile, or frown?

Chapman's *Second Part of Byron*'s *Conſpiracy.*

And a man will play the fool and be a
Lord, or be a fool and play the lord, he
Shall be ſure to want no followers,
So there be hope to raiſe their fortunes.
They ſay followers are but ſhadows, that
Follow their lords no longer than the ſun
Shines on them; but I find it not ſo: The
Sun is ſet upon my employment,
And yet I cannot ſhake off my ſhadows;
My followers grow to my heels like kibes,
I cannot ſtir out of doors for them.

Chapman's *Monſieur D'Olive.*

2. Alas! what popular dependances
Do I retain? Can I ſhake off the zeal
Of ſuch as do out of their kindneſſes
Follow my fortunes in the commonweal?
1. Indeed, *Philotas*, therein you ſay true:
They follow do your fortunes, and not you.
2. Yes, but I find their love to me ſincere.
1. Ev'n ſuch as to the wolf the fox doth bear,
That viſits him but to partake his prey,
And ſe'ing his hopes deceiv'd, turns to betray.
2. I know they would, if I in danger ſtood,
Run unto me with hazard of their blood.
1. Yes, like as men to burning houſes run,
Not to lend aid, but to be lookers on.
2. But I with bounty, and with gifts have ty'd
Their hearts ſo ſure, I know they will not ſlide.
1. Yea, thoſe that love, and have no other end.
Think you that men can love you, when they know
You have them not for friendſhip, but for ſhew?
And as you are engag'd in your affairs,
And have your ends, think likewiſe they have theirs.

Daniel's Philotas.

Who would rely upon theſe miſerable
Dependances, in expectation
To be advanc'd to-morrow? What creature
Ever fed worſe, than hoping *Tantalus*?
Nor ever dy'd any man more fearfully,
Than he that hop'd for a pardon?

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

——————————— Can it be
That any will be friends to wretchedneſs?
High mounted in the courts and army's head,
The ſun had not more atoms dancing in
His beams, than I had followers in mine.
But e'en from him eclips'd, all ſhadows vaniſh,
And ſhall mine then continue?

Baron's Mirza.

I hate dependance on another's will,
Which changes with the breath of ev'ry whiſper,

Juſt as the ſky and weather with the winds:
Nay with the winds, as they blow eaſt or weſt,
To make his temper pleaſant or unpleaſant;
So are our wholſome or unwholſome days.

Crown's Ambitious Stateſman.

DESIGN.

The noble heart, that harbours vertuous thought,
  And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never reſt, until it forth have brought
  Th'eternal brood of glory excellent.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

I do believe, you think, what now you ſpeak.
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which, now like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax; no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

He that intends well, yet deprives himſelf
Of means, to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpoſe of the due reward.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honeſt Man's Fortune.*

When mens intents are wicked, their guilt haunts
  them:
But when they're juſt, they're arm'd, and nothing daunts
  them.

Middleton's Mad World my Maſters.

Be chearful, man, for know, that good intents
Are in the end crown'd with as fair events.

Maſſinger's Renegado.

When any great deſign thou doſt intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.

Denham,

'Twas dull and fooliſh to betray my flame;
Deſigns that hit ſhould be as ſwift as aim:
They ſhould go quicker off; powder not dry
Does ſeldom hit, but makes the fowl more ſhy.

Sir *Robert Howard*'s *Veſtal Virgin*.

Honeſt deſigns
Juſtly reſemble our devotions,
Which we muſt pay, and wait for the reward.

Sir *Robert Howard*'s *Great Favourite*.

D E S I R E.

O fierce deſire, the ſpring of ſighs and tears,
  Reliev'd with want, impoveriſh'd with ſtore,
Nurſt with vain hopes, and fed with doubtful fears,
  Whoſe force withſtood, encreaſeth more and more!
How doth thy pride thus torture my poor heart,
  While I for bodies ſhadows entertain;
And in the harveſt of moſt high deſert,
  Do reap no fruit, but ſcorn and deep diſdain?
No fierce *Hyrcanian* foreſt doth poſſeſs
  So wild a tyger, nor no *Lybian* coaſt
Hath ever known a greedy lyoneſs,
  Robb'd of the prey which ſhe affected moſt,
So beyond meaſure full of furious ire,
As is the mind, robb'd of his chief deſire.

Brandon's *Octavia*.

You do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.

Shakeſpear's *Troilus and Creſſida*.

And as of *Homer*'s verſes many criticks
On thoſe ſtand, of which times old moth hath eaten,
The firſt or laſt feet, and the perfect parts,
Of his unmatched poem ſink beneath,
With upright gaſping, and ſloth dull as death;
So the unprofitable things of life,

And thofe we cannot compafs, we affect;
All that doth profit, and we have, neglect:
Like covetous, and bafely getting men,
That gath'ring much, ufe never what they keep;
But for the leaft they lofe, extremely weep.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffy D'ambois.

'Tis moft ignoble, that a mind unfhaken
By fear, fhould by a vain defire be broken;
Or that thofe pow'rs no labour e'er could vanquifh,
Should be o'ercome and thrall'd by fordid pleafure.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Defire, that is of things ungot,
See what travel it procureth,
And how much the mind endureth,
To gain, what yet it gaineth not:
For never was it paid,
The charge defray'd,
According to the price of thought.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.

Thus we fondly flatter our defires,
Our beft conceits do prove the greateft liars.

Drayton.

Shall I thus fall? I will not; no, my tears
Caft on my heart, fhall quench thefe lawlefs fires:
He conquers beft, conquers his lewd defires.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in one.

Things long defir'd fo well efteemed are,
That when they come, we hold them better far:
There is no mean 'twixt what we love and want,
Defire, in men, is fo predominant.

Brown's Paftorals.

How large are our defires? and yet how few
Events are anfwerable? So the dew
Which early on the top of mountains ftood,
Meaning, at leaft, to imitate a flood;
When once the fun appears, appears no more,
And leaves that parch'd, which was too moift before.

Gomerfall.

DE-

D E S P A I R.

'That darkſome cave they enter, where they find
That curſed man, low ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen mind ;
His greazy locks, long growen, and unbound,
Diſorder'd hung, about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound ;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were ſhrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrapp'd abouts ;
And him beſide there lay upon the graſs
A dreary corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,
All wallow'd in his own, yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled freſh, alas !
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Deſpair, we ſee, doth thruſt men on,
Se'ing no way elſe, t'undo, or be undone.

Daniel's Philotas.

That ſame deſpair doth likewiſe let them fall
In that amaze, they can do nought at all.

Daniel's Philotas.

——————— Deſpair is it,
That now makes chance a god ; and danger wit.

Lord *Brook's Alabam.*

To doubt
Is worſe than to have loſt : And to deſpair,
Is but to antedate thoſe miſeries,
That muſt fall on us.

Maſſinger's Duke of Milan.

Deſpair takes heart, when there's no hope to ſpeed :
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed.

Herrick.

He

He that declines himſelf ———
When chance or fortune has declin'd him firſt,
He learns of thoſe mean helpers to do worſt.
Sir *Robert Howard*'s *Blind Lady.*

Deſpair,
Thou haſt the nobleſt iſſues of all ill,
Which frailty brings us to; for to be worſe
We fear not, and who cannot loſe,
Is ever a frank gameſter.
Sir *Robert Howard*'s *Blind Lady.*

The brave are ſtill the makers of their fate;
'Tis only, ſir, thoſe men whoſe ſouls are low,
Which firſt made fate, and then to fate did bow.
Nor war, nor love, ſir, are reſiſtleſs pow'rs,
Both have their happy, as unhappy hours;
But he who does for one miſchance deſpair,
Can ne'er be proſperous in love, or war.
Lord *Orrery*'s *Black Prince.*

DETRACTION.

For in your ſelf your only help doth lie,
To heal your ſelves, and muſt proceed alone
From your own will, to cure your malady:
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye ſeek, obſerve this one:
Firſt, learn your outward ſenſes to refrain
From things that ſtir up frail affection;
Your eyes, your ears, your tongues, your talk reſtrain
From what they moſt affect, and in due terms contain.
Spenſer's *Fairy Queen.*

The beſt, ſaid he, that I can you adviſe,
Is to avoid th' occaſion of the ill;
For when the cauſe whence evil doth ariſe,
Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill:
Abſtain from pleaſure, and reſtrain your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight;
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight.
Spenſer's *Fairy Queen.*

Let men beware, how they true folk defame,
Or threat on them the blame of vices nought;
For infamy breeds wrath, wreke follows ſhame:
The open ſlander oftentimes hath brought
That to effect, that erſt was never thought:
To be miſdeem'd, men ſuffer in ſome ſort;
But none can bear the grief of miſ-report.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Live, virtuous empreſs, mirror of our age,
Though chance diſcharge whole vollies of reproach;
With fortitude withſtand proud fortune's rage,
Let not deſpair, near thy ſweet thoughts encroach.
Time muſt needs turn thy mourning into joy,
For true delight from hence his ſpring doth take:
When we with patience ſuffer ſharp annoy,
Not for our merits, but for virtue's ſake.

Brandon's Virtuous Octavia.

No might, nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape: Back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
And can put them to mending.

Shakeſpear's Much ado about nothing.

'Tis not the wholſome ſharp morality,
Or modeſt anger of a ſatyrick ſpirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a ſtate;
But the ſiniſter application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and baſe
Interpreter; who will diſtort, and ſtrain
The gen'ral ſcope and purpoſe of an author,
To his particular and private ſpleen.

Johnſon's Poetaſter.

They talk, as they are wont, not as I merit:
Traduce by cuſtom, as moſt dogs do bark;
Do nothing out of judgment, but diſeaſe;
Speak ill, becauſe they never could ſpeak well:

And who'd be angry with these race of creatures?
What wise physician have we ever seen,
Mov'd with a frantick man? The same affects
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these:
And I do count it a most rare revenge,
That I can do thus——with such a sweet neglect,
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their malice,
For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts,
To wound my patience, howsoe'er they seem
To aim at other objects: Which if miss'd,
Their envy's like an arrow, shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

1. It is a kind of slander, to trust rumour.
2. I know it. And I could be angry with it.
1. So may not I. Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Johnson's Catiline.

For such obloquies
If they despised be, they die suppreſt;
But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they're confest.

Johnson's Sejanus.

For times of faction, times of slander be.

Daniel.

The insolent with vile seditious words,
Who trembled whilst they heard the trumpets sound,
Stir now their tongues, as we did then our swords;
And what *Mars* spar'd, make *Mercury* confound.

E. of *Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

————Thy generous thoughts
Nourish no base detraction; thy free love
Thy profest actions say: 'Twere no just fate
That good mens deeds should die by ill mens hate.

Goffe's Raging Turk.

He is from slander at securest rest,
Not that hath none, but that regards it least.

Goffe's Couragious Turk.

——To

——————To you I ſhall no trophy raiſe
From other mens detraction or diſpraiſe:
That jewel never had inherent worth,
Which ask'd ſuch foils as theſe to ſet it forth.

Biſhop King.

Who ſtabs my name, would ſtab my perſon too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way.

Crown's Second Part of Henry VI.

DEVOTION.

One grain of incenſe with devotion offer'd,
'S beyond all perfumes or *Sabæan* ſpices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it.

Maſſinger's Baſhful Lover.

They keep the feaſt
Of our great *Pan* with more than needful ſtrictneſs;
And take upon them to be great oath-haters,
When all is but diſſembling: and their devotions
Like witches charms, diſguis'd with ſeeming good
To bear out wickedneſs.

Jones's Adraſta.

1. Hey-ho! What a ſtream's here!
I wonder much what make theſe families ſo devout;
Is it their fear, or their credulity?
2. Oh! no! Two other graces, pride and letchery.
I wonder more that men, who ſcarce allow them ſouls,
Will give them leave to crowd into our churches;
Where they have as ill an effect as fine ſtrangers
In a grammar-ſchool: For, tho' the boys keep on
Their hum-drum ſtill, yet none of them mind
Their leſſon for looking about them.

Fane's Love in the dark.

Praiſe, is devotion fit for mighty minds!
The diff'ring world's agreeing ſacrifice;
Where heav'n divided faiths united finds:
But pray'r in various diſcord upward flies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diverſly,
Men ſteer their courſe, each to a ſev'ral coaſt;
Where all our int'reſts ſo diſcordant be,
That half beg winds by which the reſt are loſt.

By penitence, when we ourſelves forſake,
'Tis but in wiſe deſign on piteous heav'n;
In praiſe we nobly give, what God may take,
And are without a beggar's bluſh forgiv'n.

Its utmoſt force, like powder's, is unknown;
And though weak things exceſs of praiſe may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder, dang'rous grown,
Heav'n's vault receives, what would the palace tear.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

1. Ha! at devotion ſtill? Can the tir'd air
Obtain no truce from ſacrifice and pray'r?
They are importunate, with their great pow'r,
They let him ſcarce enjoy one quiet hour;
But ply him ſtill with ſacrifice ſo faſt,
He's cloy'd with new e're he diſgeſts the laſt.
Theſe are gay ſplendid follies.
2. Something more;
If we own gods, we muſt thoſe gods adore.
1. 'Tis true: And heav'n does in no place appear,
Treated with ſuch magnificence as here.
2. I like it well. 1. And I; for I confeſs,
Were I a god, I would expect no leſs.
But this romantick tale of gods and fate,
Takes well, and is a uſeful art of ſtate,
Which the fond world into ſubjection brings.

Crown's Firſt Part of the Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

We proſtrate fall
To own our gods alone; but rev'rence all.
And if we err, 'tis on the ſafeſt hand;
All own ſome pow'r, that does the world command.

Crown's Firſt Part of the Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

DIGNITY.

These dignities,
Like poison, make men swell; this rat's-bane honour,
O 'tis so sweet, they'll lick it till all burst.

Marloe's Lust's Dominion.

I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity ta'en
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

Shakespear's King Henry VIII.

1. Are we not brothers?
2. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

Great honours, are great burdens: But, on whom
They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads;
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon; and, for doing well,
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.

Johnson's Catiline.

The extreme of heighth
Makes a man less seem to th' imperfect eye,
Than he is truly; his acts envy'd more,
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so
His being just, stand firm 'twixt heav'n and him;
Yet since, in his soul's jealousy, he fears
That he himself advanc'd, would undervalue
Men plac'd beneath him, and their bus'ness with him,
Since height of place oft dazzles height of judgment,
He takes his top-sail down in such rough storms,
And apts his sails to airs more temperate.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

Your highness hath a habit in perfection,
And in desert of highest dignities,
Which carve yourself, and be your own rewarder;
No true power doth admit privation
Adverse to him; or suffers any fellow
Join'd in his subject; you superiors,
It is the nature of things absolute
One to destroy another; be your highness
Like those steep hills that will admit no clouds,
No dews, nor least fumes bound about their brows,
Because their tops pierce into purest air,
Expert of humour; or like air itself
That quickly changeth, and receives the sun
Soon as he riseth; ev'ry where dispersing
His royal splendor; girds it in his beams,
And makes itself the body of the light.
Hot, shining, swift, light, and aspiring things
Are of immortal and celestial nature;
Cold, dark, dull, heavy, of infernal fortunes,
And never aim at any happiness:
Your excellency knows, that simple loyalty,
Faith, love, sincerity, are but words, nothings;
Merely devis'd for form.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Where ambition of place goes before fitness
Of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.

Chapman, Johnson, and Marston's Eastward Hoe.

Well then, I see, who are so high above,
Are near to light'ning, that are near to *Jove*.

Daniel's Philotas.

Men clearly shew what harbours in their breast,
Whilst envy's object free from any fear:
That which is eminent is marked best,
And highest fortunes hardest are to bear.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandræan Tragedy.*

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the persons sake:

The

The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate,
And not the beaſt that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of ſtate ſhould be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapeſtry.

Herbert.

He that wears a brave ſoul, and dares gallantly do,
May be his own herald, and godfather too.

Alexander Brome.

For, at the beginning, was no peaſant or prince,
And 'twas policy made the diſtinction ſince.

Alexander Brome.

DISSIMULATION.

For commonly in all diſſimulations
Th' exceſs of glav'ring doth the guile detect;
Reaſon refuſeth falſhood to direct:
The will, therefore, for fear of being ſpy'd,
Exceedeth mean, becauſe it wanteth guide.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

For commonly all that do counterfeit
In any thing, exceed the nat'ral mean;
And that for fear of failing in their ſeat.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

1. Why is diſſembling join'd to their ſex inſep'rable,
As heat to fire, heavineſs to earth,
Moiſture to water, thinneſs to air?
2. No, but found in their ſex, as common as
Spots upon doves, moles upon faces,
Caterpillars upon ſweet apples,
Cobwebs upon fair windows.

Lilly's Endimion.

1. He was a man that would keep church ſo duly, riſe
Early before his ſervants, and ev'n for
Religious haſte, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd;
Nay, ſir-reverence untruſt, to morning pray'r;
Dine quickly upon high days, and when I
Had great gueſts, would e'en ſhame me, and riſe from
The table, to get a good ſeat at an
Afternoon ſermon——

2. There is the devil;
He thought it sanctity enough, if he
Had kill'd a man, so't had been done in a pew,
Or undone his neighbour, so it had been
Near enough to the preacher. Oh, a sermon
Is a fine short cloak of an hour long, and
Will hide the upper-part of a dissembler! ———
Church, ay, he seem'd all church, and his conscience
Was as hard as the pulpit.

Shakespear's Puritan.

Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile;
And cry, content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors, than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers, than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator, as well as *Nestor*;
Deceive more slily, than *Ulysses* could;
And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
I can add colours ev'n to the camelion;
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
And set the murth'rous *Matchiavel* to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

Shakespear's Third Part of K. Henry VI.

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like th' innocent flow'r,
And be the serpent under't.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

Away, and mock the time with fairest shew:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

Vice never doth her just rage so provoke,
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.

Chapman's Bussey D'ambois.

It was the coverture of honesty
That laid the snare, whereby they were undone;
And that's the engine that confounds us all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is sack'd,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Into the hands of wise dishonesty:
When as our weak credulity is wrack'd
By that opinion of sufficiency,
To all the inconveniencies, that guile
And impious craft can practice, to beguile.
And note, but how, these cankers always seize
The choicest fruits with their infections;
How they are still ordained to disease
The natures of the best complexions.

Daniel's Arcadia.

Disguise these passions, lest you lose your end;
Who hides his mind, is to himself a friend.

Lord *Brook's Alabam.*

Her secret drift the wisest miss to find;
Nor will she know yet what these factions meant;
But with a pleas'd eye sooths sad discontent.

The least suspicion craftily to heal,
Still in her looks humility she bears,
The safest way with mightiness to deal;
So policy religion's habit wears:
'Twas then no time her grievance to reveal,
He's mad which takes a lion by the ears:
This knew the queen, and this well know the wise,
This must they learn that rightly temporize.

Drayton.

Oh, you're a foul dissembling hypocrite!
You sav'd me from a thief that yourself might rob me:
Skinn'd over a green wound to breed an ulcer.

Middleton and *Rowley's Fair Quarrel.*

Hypocrisy's a delicate white devil;
Do but fashion yourself to seem holy,
And study to be worse in private, worse,

You'll find yourself more active in your sensuality,
And it will be another titillation,
To think what an ass you make o'the believing
World, that will be ready to dote, nay, and
Superstitiously adore you, for abusing them.

Shirley's Grateful Servant.

Though custom calls
Those actions only honest, that are glorious
In publick fame; yet sometimes to dissemble
An ill that's not intended, when the end
Hath clear'd it to opinion, it attains
The greatest praise.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

Great nature, that hast made a stone descry
'Twixt meaner nature, checking baser metals,
Which proudly counterfeit the purer gold;
Why hast thou left the soul of man no touchstone,
To judge dissemblance, and descry proud vice,
Which with false colours seems more virtuous
Then virtue's self? Like to some cunning workman
Who frames a shape in such a form of stature
That oft he excels by imitating nature.

Sicelides.

First bait thy hook with deep dissembl'd love,
Keep close thy serpent, and show them thy dove:
Seem friend to both: Who ever fail'd his end,
That hammer'd treason with the hands of friend?
Feel both their pulses: If they chance to beat
Active and sprightly, wish, advise, intreat
To peace: Persuaded fury and stopt streams
When most resisted, run to most extremes:
But if their tilted spirits run too low,
Urge reputation, and the faith they owe
To sacred honour in a prince's name:
The whetstone of abated valour, 's shame.

Quarles's Virgin Widow.

For most men
Study more how to seem judicious, than

To

To be ſo, herein whilſt their beſt wiſdom lies
To hide their follies in ſcholaſtick guiſe.

Heath.

I'll never truſt again
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a comment on the catechiſm ;
All your devotion's falſe.

Main's City Match.

The ſhape of virtue ſtill can beſt deceive ;
Thoſe that in faithleſs oceans take their way,
Sink in the ſtorms ; but 'tis the calms betray.

Sir *Robert Howard's Veſtal Virgin.*

D O U B T.

His name was doubt, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward bent,
Therein reſembling *Janus* auncient,
Which had in charge the ingate of the year :
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome proved peril he did fear,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoſe cauſe did not appear.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do ; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Shakeſpear's Cymbeline.

The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure ; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe ; the tent that ſearches
To the bottom of the worſt.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

——————— I see how doubt
Comes in far easier than it can get out.

Daniel's Arcadia.

Many with trust, with doubt few are undone.

Lord *Brook's Mustapha.*

Oft from new proofs and new phrase, new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Dr. *Donne.*

Doubt wisely, in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong, is.

Dr. *Donne.*

Doubt of sincereness, is the only mean
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Bloody Brother.*

'Tis good to doubt the worst,
We may in our belief be too secure;
As kings forbidden to condemn the just,
So kings for safety must not blame mistrust.

Webster and *Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

Let not uncertain fears create new griefs:
Doubt is of all the sharpest passion,
And often turns distempers to diseases.

Suckling's Sad One.

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have none:
And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mixt with a killing fear.

May's Cleopatra.

DRUNKENNESS.

1. Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts.
2. Why, but you are now well enough: How came
You thus recover'd?
1. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to
Give place to the devil, wrath; one
Unperfectness shews me another, to

Make

Make me frankly despise myself.
I will ask him for my place again; he
Shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I
As many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer
Would stop them all. To be now a sensible
Man, by and by a fool, and presently
A Beast! every inordinate cup
Is unbless'd, and th'ingredient is a devil.
Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil!

Shakespear's Othello.

What fury of late is crept into our feasts?
What honour giv'n to the drunk'nest guests?
What reputation to bear one glass more?
When oft the bearer is borne out of door?

Johnson.

Drunkenness! That's a most gentleman-like
Sin, it scorns to be beholden; for what it
Receives in a man's house, it commonly
Leaves again at his door.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Drunkenness! Oh, 'tis a most fluent and
Swelling virtue, sure the most just of all
Virtues, 'tis justice itself; for if it
Chance t' oppress and take too much, it presently
Restores it again. It makes the king and
The peasant equal; for if they are both
Drunk alike, they are both beasts alike:
As for that most precious light of heav'n,
Truth, if time be the father of her,
I am sure drunkenness is oftentimes
The mother of her, and brings her forth;
Drunkenness brings all out; for it brings all
The drink out of the pot, all the wit out
Of the pate, and all the money out of the purse.

Marston's Fawn.

Fly drunkenneſs, whoſe vile incontinence
Takes both away the reaſon and the ſenſe:
Till with *Circæan* cups thy mind's poſſeſt,
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beaſt.
Think while thou ſwallow'ſt the capacious bowl,
Thou lets't in ſeas to wrack and drown thy ſoul.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how ſubject drunkards are to fall.
Conſider how it ſoon deſtroys the grace
Of human ſhape, ſpoiling the beauteous face:
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vicious heraldry.
What pearls and rubies do the wine diſcloſe,
Making the purſe poor to enrich the noſe?
How does it nurſe diſeaſe, infect the heart,
Drawing ſome ſickneſs into ev'ry part?
The ſtomach over-cloy'd, wanting a vent,
Doth up again reſend her excrement.
And then, O ſee what too much wine can do,
The very ſoul being drunk, ſpues ſecrets too!
The lungs corrupted, breath contagious air,
Belching up fumes that unconcocted are;
The brain o'er-warm'd, loſing her ſweet repoſe,
Doth purge her filthy ordure through the noſe;
The veins do boil, glutted with vicious food,
And quickly fevers the diſtemper'd blood.
The belly ſwells, the foot can hardly ſtand,
Lam'd with the gout; the palſy ſhakes the hand;
And through the fleſh ſick waters ſinking in,
Do, bladder like, puff up the dropſy'd ſkin.
It weaks the brain, it ſpoils the memory,
Haſting on age, and wilful poverty.
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a ſhame.
'Tis virtue's poiſon, and the bane of truſt,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto luſt.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
Upon preſumption of a ſtronger brain;

For

For he that holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogſhead than a man.

Randolph.

E D U C A T I O N.

THE ploughman firſt his land doth dreſs and turn,
And makes it apter ere the ſeed he ſow,
Whereby he is full like to reap good corn,
Where otherwiſe no ſeed but weed would grow:
By which enſample men may eas'ly know
When youth have wealth before they well can uſe it,
It is no wonder though they do abuſe it.

How can he rule well in a common-wealth,
Which knoweth not himſelf in rule to frame?
How ſhould he rule himſelf in ghoſtly health,
Which never learn'd one leſſon for the ſame?
If ſuch catch harm their parents are to blame:
For needs muſt they be blind and blindly led,
Where no good leſſon can be taught or read.

Some think their youth diſcreet and wiſely taught,
That brag and boaſt, and wear their feather brave,
Can roiſt and rout, both low'r and look aloft,
Can ſwear and ſtare and call their fellows knave;
Can pill and poll, and catch before they crave,
Can card and dice, both cog and dice at fair,
Play on unthrifty, till their purſe be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to ſing and dance,
To hawk, to hunt, to chooſe, and kill their game,
To wind their horn, and with their horſe to prance,
To play at tennis, ſet the lute in frame,
Run at the ring, and uſe ſuch other game:
Which feats, although they be not all unfit,
Yet cannot they the mark of vertue hit.

For

For, noble youth, there is no thing ſo meet
 As learning is, to know the good from ill:
To know the tongues and perfectly endite,
 And of the laws to have a perfect skill,
 Things to reform as right and juſtice will:
For honour is ordained for no cauſe,
But to ſee right maintained by the laws.

It ſpites my heart to hear when noble men
 Cannot diſcloſe their ſecrets to their friend,
In ſafeguard ſure, with paper, ink, and pen;
 But firſt they muſt a ſecretary find,
 To whom they ſhew the bottom of their mind:
And be he falſe or true, a blab, or cloſe;
To him they muſt their counſel needs diſcloſe.

Cavil in the Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Indeed our parents take great care to make
Us ask bleſſing, and ſay grace, when we are
Little ones; and growing to years of judgment,
They deprive us of the greateſt bleſſing,
And the moſt gracious thing to our minds, the
Liberty of our minds: They give us pap
With a ſpoon before we can ſpeak; and when
We ſpeak for that we love, pap with a hatchet:
Becauſe their fancies being grown muſty
With hoary age, therefore nothing can reliſh
In their thoughts that ſavours of ſweet youth; they
Study twenty years together to make us grow
As ſtraight as a wand, and in the end, by
Bowing us, as crooked as a cammock.

Lilly's Mother Bombie.

O *England!* full of ſin, but moſt of ſloth!
 Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breaſt with glory:
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
 Transfus'd a ſheepiſhneſs into thy ſtory:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſs, and in the paſture loſt.

This

This loſs ſprings chiefly from our education
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke; their ſon ;
Some mark a partridge, never their child's faſhion :
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great deſign ;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A maſt'ring mind ; ſo both are loſt thereby :
Or elſe they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave ; this is flat poverty :
For he that needs five hundred pounds to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

Herbert.

The more politick ſort
Of parents will to handicrafts reſort :
If they obſerve their children do produce
Some flaſhings of a mounting genius,
Then muſt they, with all diligence invade
Some riſing calling, or ſome gainful trade ;
But if by chance, they have one leaden ſoul,
Born for to number eggs, he muſt to ſchool ;
'Specially if ſome patron will engage
Th' advowſon of a neighb'ring vicarage ;
Strange hedly-medly ! who would make his ſwine
Turn grey-hounds, or hunt foxes with his kine.

Hall.

Man's like a barren and ingrateful ſoil,
That ſeldom pays the labour of manuring.

Sir *Robert Howard's Blind Lady.*

E L O Q U E N C E.

Pow'r above pow'rs ! O heav'nly eloquence !
That with the ſtrong rein of commanding words,
Doſt manage, guide, and maſter th' eminence
Of mens affections, more than all their ſwords !
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richeſt treaſure that our wit affords ?

Thou

Thou that canſt do much more with one poor pen,
 Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, diſpoſe, and faſhion men,
 Better than force or rigor can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory then,
 As th' unmaterial fruits of ſhades neglect?

Daniel.

Men are more eloquent than women made;
But women are more pow'rful to perſuade.

Randolph's Amyntas.

What is judicious eloquence to thoſe
Whoſe ſpeech not up to others reaſon grows,
But climbs aloft to their own paſſions height?
And as our ſeamen make no uſe of ſight
By any thing obſerv'd in wide ſtrange ſeas,
But only of the length of voyages;
Or elſe, as men in races make no ſtay
To draw large proſpects of their breadth of way;
So they, in heedleſs races of the tongue,
Care not how broad their theme is, but how long:
Whilſt ſome of their low level take wiſe notes,
As *Germans* do of tales in paſſage-boats:
Which to no uſe, nor aim of pleaſure tend,
But that their length may with the journey end.
And yet they think their eloquence like that
By which you ſuddenly end long debate;
As if in ambuſh reaſon watching lay,
To charge with a reſerve and get the day.
Yours can all turns and counter-turnings find
To catch opinion, as a ſhip the wind;
Which blowing croſs, the pilot backward ſteers,
And ſhifting ſails, makes way when he laveers:
As this is eloquence, ſo is it yours;
Which in the tongue's fierce war, fled truth ſecures;
And when the few would to the many yield,
Lifts reaſon's enſigns higher in the field.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

And

And wheresoe'er the subject's best, the sense
Is better'd by the speaker's eloquence.

Bishop *King*.

ENEMY.

All men affright their foes in what they may,
Nature commands it, and men must obey.

Johnson's Poetaster.

Though all things do to harm him what they can,
No greater en'my to himself than man.

E. of *Sterline's Julius Cæsar*.

An enemy, if it be well advis'd,
Though seeming weak, should never be despis'd.

E. of *Sterline's Darius*.

I love *Dinant*, mine enemy, nay, admire him;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice:
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Little French Lawyer*.

'Tis methinks a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Island Princess*.

Think you he fears to violate an oath?
'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe;
Be still in readiness, you do not know
How soon he may assault us.

Webster and *Rowley's Thracian Wonder*.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree:
Love is a present for a mighty king;
Much less make any one thine enemy:
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

Herbert.

Let not thy foe still pass without controlling,
Like fame and snow-balls he'll get strength by rolling.

Aleyn's Crescey.

The

The fine, and noble way to kill a foe,
Is not to kill him: You with kindneſs may
So change him, that he ſhall ceaſe to be ſo;
And then he's ſlain. *Sigiſmund* us'd to ſay
His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He mortify'd their hate, he kill'd them then.

Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

For he the devil's axiom did know,
If you depreſs, you muſt confound your foe.

Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

There's not ſo much danger
In a known foe, as a ſuſpected friend.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

——————Enemies reconcil'd,
Are like wild beaſts brought up to hand, they have
More advantage giv'n them to be cruel.

Killegrew's *Conſpiracy.*

Still urge king *Lewis*, with ſpeed, ſay they go on.
There's no advantage in a courſe ſo ſlow;
'Tis beſt to be, before you ſeem, a foe.

May's *Henry* II.

King *Henry*'s ſoul fill'd with grief and ſcorn; the more
His great ſoul weighs the meanneſs of his foe,
The more his wrath fed by diſdain doth grow.
He grieves, yet ſcorns to grieve: So when a net,
Which treach'rous hunters in the woods have ſet,
To be a ſnare for ſmaller beaſts, doth ſtay,
By chance, a noble lion in his way,
The royal beaſt with greater ſhame than grief,
Tears his baſe bonds, and almoſt ſcorns relief.

May's *Henry* II.

1. He is a foe to *Rhodes*, and not to you.
2. In *Rhodes* beſieg'd, we muſt be *Rhodians* too.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Siege of Rhodes.*

I can endure no ſweets but what excel;
Yet of dead enemies I like the ſmell.

Crown's *Caligula.*

E N G L A N D.

England is safe, if true within itself.
'Tis better using *France*, than trusting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend our selves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Shakespear's *Third Part of King Henry* VI.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall;
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For *Christian* service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*,
Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary*'s son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die, pronouncing it;
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Shakespear's *King Richard* II.

Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingl'd with their courages, will make known
To their approvers; they are people such
As mend upon the world.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

O *England!* model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

Shakespear's King Henry V.

1. If not at court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.
2. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain?* I'th' world's volume,
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors: Together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands
As *Neptune*'s park, ribbed and paled in
With oaks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your en'mies boats,
But suck them up to th' the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,
The first, that ever touch'd him, he was carry'd
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh, giglet fortune! to master *Cæsar*'s sword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoycing fires bright,
And *Britains* strut with courage.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

I will

I will no more return,
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that *England* hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king.

Shakeſpear's King John.

Though ev'ry ſtate by long experience finds,
  That greateſt bleſſings proſp'ring peace imparts,
As which all ſubjects to good order binds;
  Yet breeds this iſle, ſtill pop'lous in all parts,
Such vig'rous bodies, and ſuch reſtleſs minds,
  That they diſdain to uſe mechanick arts:
And, being haughty, cannot live in reſt,
Yet ſuch, when idle, are a dang'rous peſt.

E. of Sterline to Prince Henry.

Bid us hope for victory:
We have a world within ourſelves, whoſe breaſt
No foreigner hath unrevenged preſt
These thouſand years. Though *Rhine* and *Rhoan* can ſerve,
And envy *Thames* his never captive ſtreams:
Yet maugre all, if we ourſelves are true;
We may deſpiſe, what all the earth can do.

True Trojans.

The *Engliſh* nation, like the ſea it governs,
Is bold and turbulent, and eaſily mov'd;
And always beats againſt the ſhore, that bounds it.

Crown's Second Part of Henry VI.

ENJOYMENT.

Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy

The

The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.

Shakeſpear's Antony and Cleopatra.

Why, ſhe would hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

My dwarf ſhall dance,
My eunuch ſing, my fool make up the antick,
Whilſt we, in changed ſhapes, act *Ovid*'s tales;
Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Jove*;
Then I like *Mars*, and thou, like *Erycine*:
So, of the reſt, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like ſome ſprightly dame of *France*;
Brave *Tuſcan* lady, or proud *Spaniſh* beauty;
Sometimes unto the *Perſian* ſophy's wife;
Or the grand ſignior's miſtreſs; and, for change,
To one of our moſt artful courtezans,
Or ſome quick negro, or cold *Ruſſian*;
And I will meet thee in as many ſhapes:
Where we may ſo transfuſe our wand'ring ſouls
Out at our lips, and ſcore up ſums of pleaſures,
That the curious ſhall not know
How to tell them, as they flow:
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd.

Johnſon's Volpone.

Thus partial judgments blindly aim amiſs,
At things which ſtand without our reach retir'd;
Which whilſt not ours, as treaſures we define,
But not the ſame, whilſt we the ſame enjoy;
Some things afar do like the glow-worm ſhine,
Which look'd too near, have of that light no ſign.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandræan Tragedy.*

Kings

Kings uſe their loves as garments they have worn,
Or as the meat, whereon they full have fed:
The ſaint once gone, who doth the ſhrine adorn?
Or what is nectar, on the ground if ſhed?
What prince's wealth redeems thy maidenhead?
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death.

The ſtately eagle from his higheſt ſtand,
Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth ſmite;
Yet ſcorns to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
But leaves the ſame a prey to ev'ry kite:
With much we ſurfeit, plenty makes us poor;
The wretched *Indian* ſcorns the golden ore.

Drayton.

'Tis a bliſs above the feign'd *Elyſium*
To claſp a dainty waiſt; to kiſs a lip
Melts into nectar; to behold an eye
Shoot am'rous fires, that would warm cold ſtatues
Into life and motion; play with hair
Brighter than that was ſtellified:
And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd
With thouſand ſatisfactions of this kind,
Then follows th'abſoluteneſs
Of all delight. But were deſire reſtrain'd
From variation, ſoon 'twould ſatiate,
And glut itſelf to loathing.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

Did the thing for which I ſue
Only concern myſelf, not you;
Were men ſo fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleaſure, women none;
Then had you reaſon to be ſcant:
But 'twere a madneſs not to grant
That which affords, if you conſent,
To you the giver, more content,

Than me the beggar; Oh then be
Kind to yourſelf, if not to me.

Carew.

When you the ſun-burnt pilgrim ſee,
  Fainting with thirſt, haſte to the ſprings;
Mark, how, at firſt, with bended knee,
  He courts the cryſtal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Proſtrate, adores the flowing deity.

But when his ſweaty face is drench'd
  In her cool waves; when from her ſweet
Boſom his burning thirſt is quench'd;
  Then mark, how with diſdainful feet,
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refreſh'd him, moves with ſullen pace.

So ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, fair maid,
  When by the ſated lover taſted;
What firſt he did with tears invade,
  Shall afterwards with ſcorn be waſted:
When all thy virgin ſprings grow dry,
When no ſtreams ſhall be left, but in thine eye.

Carew.

That monſter expectation feeds too high,
For any woman e'er to ſatisfy:
And no brave ſpirit ever car'd for that
Which in down beds, with eaſe, he could come at.
She's but an honeſt whore that yields; although
She be as cold as ice, as pure as ſnow,
He that enjoys her, hath no more to ſay:
But keep us faſting, if you'll have us pray.

Suckling.

After fruition once, what is deſire,
But aſhes kept warm by a dying fire?
This is, if any, the philoſ'pher's ſtone,
Which ſtill miſcarries at projection.
Since lovers joys then leave ſo ſick a taſte,
And, ſoon as reliſh'd by the ſenſe, are paſt;

They

They are but riddles sure, lost if possest,
And therefore only in reversion best:
For bate them expectation and delay,
You take the most delightful scenes away:
These two, such rule within the fancy keep,
As banquets apprehended in our sleep;
After which pleasing trance, next morn we wake
Empty and angry at the night's mistake.
Give me long dreams and visions of content,
Rather than pleasures in a minute spent:
And since I know before, the shedding rose
In that same instant doth her sweetness lose;
Upon the virgin stock still let her dwell,
For me to feast my longings with her smell.
Those are but counterfeits of joy at best,
Which languish soon as brought unto the test.
Nor can I hold it worth his pains, who tries
To inn that harvest which by reaping dies.

Bishop *King*.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite.
Love is a thing most nice; and must be fed
To such a height; but never surfeited.
What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
'Tis best to feed love; but not over fill:
Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure;
And this remember, virtue keeps the measure.

Herrick.

So full of life and soul our joys have been,
We've almost scatter'd life to all things round us.
A thousand times I've thought the wanton pictures
Have striv'n to leap out of their golden frames
That held them captive, and come share with us:
A thousand times methought I've seen their mouths
Striving to break the painted shadows bonds
That held 'em bound in everlasting silence,
And burst into a laughter, and a rapture.

Crown's First Part of Henry VI.

How often has our loves in groves and gardens
Fill'd ev'ry creature near us with such spirit
That they have danc'd to death as they were flung;
The birds have chirp'd their little souls away,
The turtles bill'd till they have had no breath,
The winds have sported wantonly around us,
Till they have swoon'd away into a calm.

Crown's First Part of Henry VI.

E N V Y.

And next to him, malicious envy rode
Upon a rav'nous wolf, and still did chaw,
Between his cankred teeth a ven'mous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his other maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harm, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnash'd his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds;
And him no less, that any like did use:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good, to bad he doth abuse.
And eke the verse of famous poets wit
He does backbite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such one vile envy was, that first in row did sit.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Thus

Thus low his glory grew through great despite,
And I thereby encreased in defame :
Thus envy ever doth her most acquite
With trouble, anguish, sorrow, smart and shame,
But sets the virtues of her foe in flame :
Like water waves which cleanse the muddy stone,
And soil themselves by beating thereupon.

Churchyard in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

Envy, with a pale and meager face, (whose
Body was lean, that one might tell all
Her bones, and whose garment was so tatter'd,
That it was easy to number ev'ry
Thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell down
Again on her own face.

Lilly's Endimion.

His name was, while he liv'd, above all envy ;
And being dead, without it.

Johnson's Sejanus.

For the true condition of envy, is,
Dolor alienæ fælicitatis ; to have
Our eyes continually fix'd upon another
Man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness,
And to grieve at that. Whereas if we make
His monstrous and abhorred actions our
Object the grief ; we take then, comes nearer
The nature of hate than envy ; as being
Bred out of a kind contempt and loathing
In ourselves.

Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.

Where envy
And arrogance, their opp'site bulwarks raise,
Men are allow'd to use their proper praise.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Envy is but the smoke of low estate,
Ascending still against the fortunate.

Lord *Brook's Alaham.*

For ſpiteful envy never doth repine,
But where true virtue's glory moſt doth ſhine.

England's Eliza.

Envy not greatneſs; for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thyſelf the worſe; and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: Yet ſuch jealouſy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur.

Herbert.

Envy's a race in which the runners mind
Thoſe who do run before, not who behind.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

——————— For envy doth invade
Works breathing to eternity, and caſt
Upon the faireſt piece the greateſt ſhade.
By petty ſtarrs her black infection skips:
They're ſuns and moons that ſuffer her eclipſe.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Beneath his feet pale envy bites her chain,
And ſnaky diſcord whets her ſting in vain.

Sir *John Beaumont.*

Great and good perſons well may be
From guilt, but not from envy free.
They that ſtand high in publick truſt,
Expect the forked arrows muſt
Of ſuch below, as deem their parts
Leſs in employment, than deſerts.

Baron's Mirza.

Envy is proud, nor ſtrikes at what is low,
And they ſhall only feel, who ſcorn her blow:
She on no baſe advantage will inſiſt;
Nor ſtrive with any, but that can reſiſt.

Gomerſall.

Of all antagoniſts, moſt charity
I find in envious men: For they do
Sooner hurt themſelves, than hurt or me, or
Him, that rais'd me up. An envious man is
Made of thoughts: To ruminate much doth melt

The brain, and make the heart grow lean. Such men
As theſe, that in oppoſing waſte their proper
Strength; that ſacrifice themſelves in ſilly
Hope, to butcher us; ſave revenge a labour;
And dye to make experiment of wrath.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Thy wit, thy valour, and thy delicate form,
Were mighty faults, which the world could not bear.
No wonder the vile envy of the baſe
Purſu'd thee, when the noble could not bear thee:
They curſed thee, as negroes do the ſun,
Becauſe thy ſhining glories blacken'd them.

Crown's Firſt Part of Henry VI.

E V I L.

Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: Evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.

Shakeſpear's King John.

There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers:
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus we may gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Shakeſpear's King Henry V.

Still we love
The evil we do, until we ſuffer it.

Johnſon's Catiline.

'Twixt unexpected and ſo dang'rous ills,
 That's ſaf'ſt, wherein we ſmalleſt perils ſee,
Which to make choice of, reaſon juſtly wills,
 And it doth beſt with policy agree:
The idle vulgar breath it nothing skills,
'Tis ſound diſcretion muſt our pilot be:

He that doth still the fairest means preferr,
Answers opinion howsce'er he err.

Drayton.

If he arm, arm; if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines; it is justice still,
For goodness sake t' encounter ill with ill.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Bloody Brother.*

EXAMPLE.

No age hath been, since nature first began,
To work *Jove's* wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man,
Which more than threatful laws have men inclin'd;
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind:
Mirrors tie thoughts to virtue's due respects;
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.

Mirror for Magistrates.

But never let th'ensample of the bad
Offend the good: For, good, by paragone
Of evil, may more notably be rad,
As white seems fairer, match'd with black alone:
Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one;
For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodness is,
Emongst the angels, a whole legion
Of wicked sprights did fall from happy bliss;
What wonder then, if one of women all did miss?

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

By other's harms, who listeth take no heed,
Shall, by his own, learn others better reed.

Churchyard in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

A fault doth never with remorse,
Our minds so deeply move:
As when another's guiltless life,
Our error doth reprove.

Brandon's Antony to Octavia.

Heaven me such uses send;
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend!

Shakespear's Othello.

For as the light
Not only ſerves to ſhew, but render us
Mutually profitable; ſo our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourſelves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Chapman's Buſſy D'ambois.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t'inform a wrong:
The inſolent depraver ſtands confus'd;
The impious atheiſt ſeems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the faſhion that it us'd,
All ſtrive t'appear like thoſe they live among:
And all will ſeem compos'd by that ſame ſquare,
By which they ſee the beſt and greateſt are.

Daniel.

——————— Let us all
Exile with them their ill example too,
Which never more remains as it began,
But is a wicked fire t' a far worſe ſon.
And ſtays not till it makes us ſlaves unto
That univerſal tyrant of the earth,
Cuſtom, who takes from us our privilege
To be ourſelves, rends that great charter too
Of nature, and would likewiſe cancel man:
And ſo inchains our judgments and diſcourſe
Unto the preſent uſances, that we
Muſt all our ſenſes thereunto refer,
Be as we find ourſelves, not as we are;
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reaſon, than the notions of the times,
And place wherein we live; and being ourſelves
Corrupted, and abaſtardized thus,
Think all looks ill, that doth not look like us.

Daniel's Arcadia.

In other lives I'll ſee,
How former follies did appear in me.

Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

So much, O thou example, doſt effect!
Being far a better maſter than command;
That how to do, by doing doſt direct,
And teacheſt others actions by thy hand.
Who follows not the courſe that kings elect?
When princes work, who then will idly ſtand?
And when that doing good is only thought
Worthy reward; who will be bad for nought?

Daniel.

Honour hath many wings; chance hath no books:
Who follow, tread, but where men trode before;
Who give example, ſtill are ſomething more.

Lord *Brook*'s *Alaham.*

Shall I ſhew you
How more unfortunate you ſtand in ſin,
Than does the private man; all his offences,
Like incloſ'd grounds, keep but about himſelf,
And ſeldom ſtretch beyond his own ſoul's bounds;
And when a man grows miſ'rable, 'tis ſome comfort
When he's no farther charg'd, than with himſelf:
'Tis a ſweet eaſe to wretchedneſs: But, great man,
Ev'ry ſin thou commit'ſt, ſhews like a flame
Upon a mountain, 'tis ſeen far about,
And with a big wind made of popular breath,
The ſparkles fly through cities: Here one takes,
Another catches there, and in ſhort time
Waſtes all to cinders: But remember ſtill,
What burnt the valleys firſt, came from the hill;
Ev'ry offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane.
The ſins of mean men, lie like ſcatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill; for when ſuch fall,
Then comes example, and that ſums up all:
And this your reaſon grants, if men of good lives,
Who, by their virtuous actions, ſtir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As ſin muſt needs confeſs; what may they feel

In

In heighth of torments, and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themſelves, not doing well,
But ſet a light up to ſhew men to hell?

Middleton's *Women beware Women.*

Actions of kings are precepts; what they do
Seem to be precedents, and warrants too.

Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

Exempli gratia: teach not, but compel;
There's no ſuch cannon as authority;
They do their doctrine tacitly refel,
Who with their acts do not exemplify.
Men practice what they ſee by leaders done,
Not *Cæſar*'s *ito*, but his *veni* won.

Aleyn's *Henry* VII.

Examples lead us, and we likely ſee,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

Herrick.

Ev'n good examples may ſo great be made,
As to diſcourage whom they ſhould perſuade.

Sir *William Davenant.*

But great examples keep ſome excellence
Which others cannot take, nor they diſpenſe:
As ſecretly, originals expreſs,
Some touches, comings out, and boldneſſes
Which copies ſteal but by a weaker hand,
And credit loſe, when long they near them ſtand.

Sir *William Davenant.*

EXERCISE.

Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Shakeſpear's *Cymbeline.*

He is now
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.
He does allot for ev'ry exerciſe
A ſev'ral hour; for ſloth, the nurſe of vices
And ruſt of action, is a ſtranger to him.

Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence.*

No body's healthful without exercise;
Just wars are exercises of a state:
Virtue's in motion, and contends to rise
With generous ascents above a mate.
Princes in motion with the spheres contest,
Made more for veneration, than for rest.
Aleyn's Poictiers.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

—— Experience wounded, is the school
Where man learns piercing wisdom, out of smart.
Lord *Brook's Mustapha.*

Wit by experience bought, foils wit at school:
Who proves a deeper knave than a spent fool?
Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

I know thy loyal heart, and prudent head;
Upon whose hairs, time's child, experience, hangs
A milk-white badge of wisdom; and can'st wield
Thy tongue in senate, and thy hands in field.
True Trojans.

Practice hath taught me how to read mens souls.
Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Long have I sail'd through time's vexatious sea;
And first set out with all that youth is worth;
The tropicks past of blood's hot bravery,
With all the sails, gay flags, and streamers forth!
But as in hotter voyages, ships most
Wear out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain
By inward stowage, what is outward lost:
So men, decays of youth, repair in brain.
Sir *William's Davenant's Gondibert.*

EXTREMES.

But what endureth long that's violent?
The thunder seems sometimes to tear the skies;
At sea full oft the storms are vehement,
To clouds aloft the waves and water rise,
Soon after th' air is clear, the water lies: Ex-

Experience and the proverbs old do ſhow,
Each ſtorm will have his calm, each tide his flow.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

They are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much,
As they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it
Is no mean happineſs to be ſeated
In the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice.

Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Shakeſpear's Romeo and Juliet.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects;
Extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold;
Extreme love breeds ſatiety, as well
As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour
Tempts chaſtity as much, as too much licenſe.

Chapman's All Fools.

Extremes ſet off all actions thus,
Either too tame, or elſe too tyrannous.

Middleton's Phœnix.

Thoſe edges ſooneſt turn, that are moſt keen.
A ſober moderation ſtands ſure,
No violent extremities endure.

Aleyn's Creſcey.

———————'Tis a true theme,
That ne'er laſts long, that ſeemeth moſt extreme.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

For who feeds to danger
Upon a diſh he loves, ought not to blame
The meat, but his unbridled appetite.

Richard Brome's Love-ſick Court.

Meet

———'Tis in wordly accidents,
As in the world itſelf, where things moſt diſtant
Meet one another: Thus the eaſt and weſt,
Upon the globe, a mathematical point
Only divides: Thus happineſs and miſery,
And all extremes, are ſtill contiguous.

Denham's Sophy.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any ſordid ſhift:
'Tis haſte
Makes waſte;
Extremes have ſtill their fault:
The ſofteſt fire makes the ſweeteſt malt.
Who gripes too hard the dry and ſlipp'ry ſand,
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

Herrick.

FACTION.

So falſe is faction, and ſo ſmooth a liar,
As that it never had a ſide entire.

Daniel.

But here no *Cato* with a ſenate ſtood
For commonwealth——Nor here were any ſought
T'emancipate the ſtate for publick good;
But only headlong for their faction wrought:
Here ev'ry man runs on to ſpend his blood,
To get but what he hath already got:
For whether *Pompey* or a *Cæſar* won,
Their ſtate was ever ſure to be all one.

Daniel.

Faction's crafty wit,
Which ſtirs that ruin up, which ruins it.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

For great wits forged into factious tools,
Prove great men oft to be the greateſt fools.

Drayton.

These

Theſe ſtrong court factions, that do brook no checks,
In the career oft break the rider's necks.

Webſter's White Devil.

Factions amongſt great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country
About them goes to wrack for it,

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

Some of the great ones firſt came fairly on
T'adore this idol, but the people do
Run headlong in a wild devotion:
As in a jack the greater wheels do go
With ſoft and ſober turnings; but the leſs
Are hurry'd with a whirling giddineſs.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Seldom is factious ire in haughty minds
Extinguiſh'd but by death: it oft, like fire
Suppreſs'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.

May's Henry II.

1. Here, gallants, you muſt make a ſtop; for ſtill
The privy-lodging doors are ſhut to wit,
Greatneſs doth love 't, at diſtance, but not near;
'Tis held too ſharp a ſpy.
2. How lovingly
Yon brace of lords, heg, and conſent before
The publick face, as they were twins, and now
Grown old, would both purſue but equal hopes;
Yet they are of different factions.
1. Right, ſir, and hate each other with
As true devout a heart, as over zealous fools
That differ in their faiths.
2. 'Twere good the king would reconcile
Theſe civil factions in his court.
1. You muſt excuſe him, ſir, the king's too wiſe,
He'd ſo deprive his ears of thoſe complaints,
Which utter'd ſev'rally in dull revenge,
Furniſh his knowledge with their ſecret faults.
2. How! talk of atoning factions here.

I tell

I tell thee, 'tis not profitable for the king,
That they ſhould reconcile themſelves ;
For in good troth, they ſeldom do it but at
His charge ; ſince they begin that friendſhip ſtill
With mutual courteſies of begging ſuits,
One for the other ; till both ſides grow rich,
In their new truce, by kindly cozening him.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

FAITH.

Where deeds pull down,
Words may repair no faith ;
Theſe faint proceedings in our royal faiths,
Make ſubjects prove ſo faithleſs : If becauſe
We ſit above the danger of the laws,
We likewiſe lift our arms above their juſtice,
And that our heav'nly ſov'reign, bounds not us
In thoſe religious confines, out of which
Our juſtice and our true laws are inform'd ;
In vain have we expectance that our ſubjects
Should not as well preſume t'offend their earthly,
As we our heav'nly ſov'reign ? And this breach
Made in the forts of all ſociety,
Of all cœleſtial and human reſpects,
Makes no ſtrength of our bounties, councils, arms,
Hold out againſt their treaſons, and the rapes
Made of humanity and religion,
In all mens more than *pagan* liberties.
Atheiſms and ſlaveries will derive their ſprings
From their baſe prec'dents, copy'd out of kings.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

The being once deluded, doth not bate
The credit to a better likel'hood due.

Lady *Cary's Mariam.*

Some faiths are like thoſe mills that cannot grind
Their corn, unleſs they work againſt the wind.

Quarles.

Th' oft ſhaken tree grows faſter at the root,
And faith's moſt firm, that's ſometimes urg'd with doubt.

Quarles.

True faith and reaſon are the ſoul's two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upward, and deſcries
Objects remote; but reaſon can diſcover
Things only near, ſees nothing that's above her:
They are not matches, often diſagree;
And ſometimes both are clos'd, and neither ſee.
Faith views the ſun, and reaſon but the ſhade;
One courts the miſtreſs, th'other wooes the maid:
That ſees the fire, this only but the flint;
The true bred chriſtian always looks aſquint.

Quarles.

Rhodes is loſt, or elſe deſtroy'd;
If not deſtroy'd, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forc'd from holy faith;
If forc'd from faith, for ever miſerable:
For what is miſery but want of God,
And God is loſt, if faith be overthrown.

Soliman and Perſeda.

But as a prudent monarch ſeems alone,
Retir'd, as if conceal'd ev'n to his court,
To ſubjects more in pow'r than perſon known;
At diſtance ſought, and found but by report:

So God hath veil'd his pow'r with myſteries
Ev'n to his court in heav'n; and faith comes there,
Not prying with a ſtranger's curious eyes,
But like a plain implicit worſhipper.

Yet as court-ſtrangers, getting ſome acceſs
Are apt to tell at home, more than they ſaw;
Though then their pencil draws court-greatneſs leſs,
Than that which truth at nearer view could draw:

So Faith (who is, ev'n taught, in ignorance;
For ſhe by knowledge quits her dignity)
Does leſſen Godhead, which ſhe would advance,
By telling more of God than ſhe can ſee.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

That to great faithleſs wits, can truth diſpenſe,
Till't turn their witty ſcorn to reverence:

Make

Make them confeſs their greateſt error ſprings,
From curious gazing on the leaſt of things ;
With reading ſmaller prints they ſpoil their ſight,
Darken themſelves, then rave for want of light :
Shew them, how full they are of ſubtle ſin,
When faith's great cable, they would nicely ſpin
To reaſon's ſlender threads ; then, falſely bold,
When they have weaken'd it, cry, 'twill not hold.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

Art's card is by their pilot, faith, refus'd ;
  Her courſe by gueſs ſhe ever forward bears ;
Reaſon her rudder is, but never us'd,
  Becauſe tow'rds heav'n ſhe ne'er with reaſon ſteers :

For as a pilot, ſure of fair trade-winds,
  The helm in all the voyage never hands,
But ties it up, ſo reaſon's helm ſhe binds,
  And boldly cloſe for heav'n's ſafe harbour ſtands.

In reaſon's place, tradition doth her lead ;
  And that preſumptuous antiquary makes
Strong laws of weak opinions of the dead ;
  And what was common coin for medals takes.

Tradition ! time's ſuſpected regiſter !
  Too oft religion at her trial fails :
Inſtead of knowledge, teacheth her to err ;
  And wears out truth's beſt ſtories into tales.

O why hath ſuch a guide faith's progreſs laid ?
  Or can our faith, ill-guided, guide us well ?
Or had ſhe not tradition's mapps ſurvey'd,
  How could ſhe aim to ſhew us heav'n and hell ?

If faith with reaſon never doth adviſe ;
  Nor yet tradition leads her, ſhe is then
From heav'n inſpir'd ; and ſecretly grows wiſe
  Above the ſchools, we know not how, nor when.

For could we know how faith's bold truſt is wrought,
  What are thoſe viſions we in ſleep diſcern ;
And when by heav'n's ſhort whiſpers we are taught
  More than the watchful ſchools could ever learn ;

Then

Then soon faith's ignorance, which now doth seem
A serious wonder to philosophy,
Would fall from value to a low esteem,
And not a wonder nor a virtue be:

For though we cannot guess the manner how
Grace first is secretly in small seeds sown;
Yet fruit, though seed lies hid, in view doth grow;
And faith, the fruit of grace, must needs be known.

Faith lights us through the dark to deity;
Whilst, without sight, we witness that she shews
More God than in his works our eyes can see;
Tho' none but by those works the Godhead knows.

If you have faith, then you we must adore;
Since faith does rather seem inspir'd than taught;
And men inspir'd have of the Godhead more
Than nature ever found, or reason sought.

Sir W. Davenant.

1. But hope the best, true love will pass a veil;
Your faith may save you, when your works do fail.
2. When the soul grants what reason makes her see,
That is true faith, what's more 's credulity.

Sir F. Fane's Love in the Dark.

FALL.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe,
That vanish'd into smoke and cloudes swift;
So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have wash'd away,
With dreadful poise is from the main land rift,
And rolling down, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Some falls are means the happier to rise.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste

I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
And no man see me more.

Shakespear's King Henry VIII.

Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a rip'ning, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: My high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Shakespear's Henry VIII.

1. Who would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to day beheld,
(That, which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd) *Sejanus* fall?
He, that this morn, rose proudly, as the sun,
And breaking through a mist of clients breath,
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he,
When superstitious *Moors* salute his light!
That had our servile nobles waiting him
As common grooms; and hanging on his look,
No less than human life on destiny!

That

That had mens knees as frequent as the gods;
And facrifices more than *Rome* had altars:
And this man fall! fall! ay, without a look,
That durft appear his friend, or lend fo much
Of vain relief, to his chang'd ftate, as pity!
2. They that before like gnats play'd in his beams,
And throng'd to circumfcribe him, now not feen,
Nor deign to hold a common feat with him!
Others that waited him unto the fenate,
Now, inhumanly, ravifh him to prifon!
Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord,
Guard through the ftreets, bound like a fugitive!
Inftead of wreaths give fetters, ftrokes for ftoops;
Blind fhame for honours, and black taunts for titles!

Johnfon's Sejanus.

Though greater than the reft, as of before,
It would have vex'd us, lefs than one to fall:
The fall from firft to fecond grieves one more,
Than from the fecond to the laft of all.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

That weaknefs ever hath a glorious hand,
That falls itfelf to make the caufe to ftand.

Drayton.

For when th' opprefs'd is once up to the chin,
Quite over head, all help to thruft him in.

Drayton.

————————————We are
Only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd, yield no eccho.

Webfter's Dutchefs of Malfy.

As he that fells an elm, muft alfo fell
The ivy, vine, and under-fhrubs that dwell
Beneath his fhade, and cling in loving fort
About his bole, fome but for their fupport,
Some to fuck fap from him: So who'd remove
A prince, or great man, ftrong i'th'peoples love,
Muft fhake his foll'wers too; a mighty man
Doth never fall alone, no more than can

The

The beams and columns of a palace, and
The rafters and the ſparrs unmoved ſtand.
Baron's Mirza.

If we muſt fall, it is as good
We do it climbing, as thus ſtanding ſtill.
Sir *W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

Let us be firm; and like a mighty weight,
Sinking ourſelves, preſs others to their fate.
Sir *Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

It is too late our ruin to recal;
Thoſe that have once great buildings undermin'd,
Will prove too weak to prop them in their fall.
Sir *Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

Who bravely fall have this one happineſs,
Above the conqueror; they ſhare his fame,
And have more love, and an unenvy'd name.
Crown's Darius.

When once a ſhaking monarchy declines,
Each thing grows bold, and to its fall combines.
Crown's Charles VIII. *of France.*

F A L S H O O D.

What wit ſo ſharp is found in age or youth,
That can diſtinguiſh truſt from treachery?
Falſhood puts on the face of ſimple truth,
And masks i'th'habit of plain honeſty,
When ſhe in heart intends moſt villany:
The Panther with ſweet ſavour of her breath
Firſt charms their ſenſe, whom ſhe hath mark'd for death.
Mirror for Magiſtrates.

If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old, and hath forgot itſelf,
When water drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſhoood! when they've ſaid, as falſe

As

As air, as water, wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falshood,
As false as *Cressid.*——

Shakespear's Troilous and Cressida.

Ev'ry man in this age, has not a soul
Of crystal for all men to read their actions
Through: Mens hearts and faces are so far asunder,
That they hold no intelligence.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Philaster.*

They that are false to pious benefits,
And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's False One.*

When truth and falshood interlaced lie,
All are thought falshoods by posterity.

Aleyn's Crescey.

Money and man a mutual falshood shew,
Men make false money, money makes men so.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes;
Falshood wins credit by uncertainties.

Herrick.

This pack of hounds, we call our passions,
Shall hunt your falshood, and where-e'er it earths itself,
I'll dig it out, and bring it to the day.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

How false are men, both in their heads and hearts;
And there is falshood in all trades and arts.
Lawyers deceive their clients by false law;
Priests by false gods, keep all the world in awe.
For their false tongues such flatt'ring knaves are rais'd,
For their false wit, scribblers by fools are prais'd.
Whores by false beauty *Venuses* appear!
Look round the world, what shall we find sincere?

Crown's Caligula

F A M E.

Then ſtraight through all the world 'gan fame to fly,
 A monſter ſwifter none is under ſun ;
Increaſing, as in waters we deſcry
 The circles ſmall, of nothing that begun ;
 Which at the length, unto ſuch breadth do come,
That of a drop which from the skies do fall,
The circles ſpread, and hide the waters all :

So fame in flight increaſeth more and more :
 For at the firſt, ſhe is not ſcarcely known,
But by and by ſhe fleets from ſhore to ſhore,
 To clouds from th'earth her ſtature ſtraight is grown :
 There whatſoever by her trump is blown,
The ſound that both by ſea and land outflies,
Rebounds again, and verberates the skies.

They ſay, the earth that firſt the giants bred,
 For anger that the gods did them diſpatch,
Brought forth this ſiſter, of thoſe monſters dead ;
 Full light of foot, ſwift wings, the winds to catch :
 Such monſter erſt did nature never hatch.
As many plumes ſhe hath from top to toe ;
So many eyes them underwatch, or moe :

And tongues do ſpeak, ſo many ears do hark :
 By night 'tween heav'n ſhe flies, and earthly ſhade,
And ſhrieking, takes no quiet ſleep, by dark
 On houſes roofs ; on tow'rs as keeper made
 She ſits by day, and cities threats t'invade :
And as ſhe tells what things ſhe ſees by view,
She rather ſhews that's feigned falſe, than true.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs ;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death :
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
Th'endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge ;
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Shakeſpear's Love's Labour's Loſt.

The voice of fame should be as loud as thunder;
Her house is all of eccho made,
Where never dies the sound;
And, as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.
Sing then good fame, that's out of virtue born;
For who doth fame neglect, doth virtue scorn.

Johnson's Masque of Queens.

Since men have left to do praise-worthy things,
Most think all praises flatte ies: But truth brings
That sound, and that author'ty with her name,
As, to be rais'd by her, is only fame.

Johnson's Epigrams.

The life of fame is action, understood;
That action must be virtuous, great, and good.
Virtue itself by fame is oft protected,
And dies despised, where the fame's neglected.

Johnson's Chloridia.

Thus fame, ascends by all degrees, to heaven;
And leaves a light here brighter than the seven.

Johnson, Ibid.

Silly desires of self-ab[illegible]ing man,
Str[illegible]ving to gain th'inheritance of [illegible]r;
Th[illegible] having done the uttermost he can,
Leaves yet, perhaps, but begg'ry to his heir:
All that gre[illegible]t purchase of the breath he wan,
Feeds [illegible]t his race, or makes his house more fair.

Daniel's Musophilus.

Ala[illegible], poor fame! in what a narrow room,
As an encaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us? where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attent;
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?

Daniel, Ibid.

For all should have a great respect to fame;
No greater dowry than a spotless name.

E. of *Sterline's Crœsus.*

In humane commerce, then let fate remain,
  An outward mirror of the inward mind,
That what man yields, he may receive again,
  And his ill doing by ill hearing find:
For then, though power err, though laws be lame,
And conscience dead, yet ill avoids not shame.

But let us leave these stormy orbs of passion,
  Where humours only balance one another,
Making our trophies of a mortal fashion,
  And vanity of ev'ry act the mother;
For inward peace, being never wrought by fame,
Proves man's worth is no nature, but a name.

Lord *Brooke on Fame and Honour.*

Who worship fame commit idolatry;
  Make men their god, fortune and time their worth;
Form, but reform not, mere hypocrisy;
  By shadows, only shadows bringing forth;
Which must, as blossoms, fade e're true fruit springs;
Like voice, and eccho join'd; yet divers things.

Lord *Brooke, Ibid.*

If people only then distribute fame;
In them that understand it not, yet lives it:
And what can their applause within us raise,
Who are not conscious of that worth they praise?

Lord *Brooke, Ibid.*

Men to the stars, me guiding them, do climb;
  That all dimensions perfectly express;
I am alone the vanquisher of time,
  Bearing those sweets, which cure death's bitterness:
  I all good labours plentifully bless;
Yea, all abstruse profundities impart,
Leading men through the tedious ways of art.

My palace placed betwixt earth and skies,
  Which many a tow'r ambitiously upbears,
Whereof the windows are glaz'd all with eyes;
  The walls as neatly builded are of ears,
  Where ev'ry thing in heav'n and earth appears;

Nothing

Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſper'd in the round,
But through my palace preſently doth ſound.

And under-foot floor'd all about with drums,
  The rafters trumpets, admirably clear,
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes;
  The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
  And all things paſt in memory do bear;
The doors unlock with ev'ry little breath,
Nay, open wide with each word which man ſaith;

And hung about with arms and conquer'd ſpoils;
  The poſts whereon the goodly roof doth ſtand,
Are pillars graven with *Herculean* toils:
  Th'atchievements great of many a warlike hand,
  As well in chriſtned as in heathen land,
Done by thoſe nobles that are moſt renown'd,
That there by me immortally are crown'd.

Here, in the body's likeneſs, whilſt it lives,
  Appear the thoughts, proceeding from the mind;
To which the place a glorious habit gives,
  When once to me they freely are reſign'd,
  To be preſerv'd here: And are ſo refin'd,
That when the corps by death doth vaſtly periſh,
Then doth this place the minds true image cheriſh.

My beauty never fades, but ſtill new-born,
  As years increaſe, ſo ever waxing young;
My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worn,
  Time weak'ning all things, only makes me ſtrong;
  Nor am I ſubject to baſe worldly wrong:
The pow'r of kings I utterly defy,
Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny.

The brow of heav'n my monuments contain,
  And is the mighty regiſter of fame,
Which there in fiery characters remain;
  The gorgeous ceiling of th'immortal frame,
The conſtellations publiſhing my name,

Where my memorials evermore abide,
So by th'old poets was I glorify'd.

Drayton's Duke of Normandy.

Let good men for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches, oft are bribes for ſhame.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

The fame that a man wins himſelf, is beſt;
That he may call his own: honours put to him,]
Make him no more a man than his cloaths do,
And are as ſoon ta'en off; for in the warmth,
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
So man's true fame muſt ſtrike from his own deeds.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

————He's great in fame,
Not who ſeeks after, but neglects the fame.

Goffe's Raging Turk.

I aim'd at a great name, and to tranſmit
My fame down to poſterity; and my fall
Shall do it for me, ſince my riſing fails:
As long the memory of him ſhall laſt,
That burnt *Diana*'s fane, as his that built it:
Fame follows great deeds, be they good or bad.

Baron's Mirza.

We often find that fame in prime of youth,
Does add to falſhood, and ſubtract from truth.

Quarles.

For fame, (whoſe cuſtom is to have a care
Only of thoſe who her familiars are)
Does with a proud neglect o'er ſtrangers fly,
As if unworthy of her voice or eye:
She ſeldom is acquainted with the young;
And weary is of thoſe who live too long.

Sir W. Davenant.

Inviſibly, as dreams, fame's wings
Fly every where;
Hov'ring all day o'er palaces of kings;
At night ſhe lodges in the peoples ear.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

That

That man is mis'rably compell'd, that muſt,
To ſave his fame, be to himſelf unjuſt.

Shirley's Example.

———————— Your fame
Already fills the world, and what is infinite
Cannot receive degrees, but will ſwallow
All that is added: As our *Caſpian* ſea
Receives our rivers, and yet ſeems not fuller:
And if you tempt her more, the wind of fortune
May come about, and take another point,
And blaſt your glories.

Denham's Sophy.

Talk not to me of fond renown, the rude,
Inconſtant blaſt of the baſe multitude:
Their breaths, nor ſouls can ſatisfaction make,
For half the joys I part with for their ſake.

Crown's Second Part of the Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

F A V O U R I T E.

He that in boſom of a prince doth dwell,
  And by endeavour ſeeks to gain his grace,
Though for his ſervice he deſerves it well;
  Yet as the deer purſu'd from place to place,
  The envious dog will have him ſtill in chaſe;
Danger in chiefeſt ſafety it doth bring,
To ſeem to be familiar with a king.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

He that in court ſecure will keep himſelf,
Muſt not be great; for then he's envy'd at.
The ſhrub is ſafe, when as the cedar ſhakes;
For where the king doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envy'd are.

Shakeſpear's Cromwell.

Thoſe are the dreadful enemies, we raiſe
With favours, and make dangerous with praiſe;
The injur'd by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the fav'rite hath the pow'r to ſtrike:
And fury ever boils more high and ſtrong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.

'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certain space
Between th'ascender's rise, and thine own flat;
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.
Johnson's Sejanus.

A prince's love is like the lightning's fume,
Which no man can embrace, but must consume.
Chapman's Bussey D'ambois.

Witness the *Spencers*, *Gaveston*, and *Vere*;
The mighty minions of our feeblest kings;
Who ever subjects to their subjects were,
And only the procurers of these things.
When worthy monarchs, that hold honour dear,
Master themselves and theirs; which ever brings
That universal rev'rence and respect.
For who weighs him that doth himself neglect?
Daniel's Civil Wars.

Where private men but only fear their foes,
Oft kings have greatest cause to fear their friends:
For, since most trusted, fittest to betray;
Those unto whom one's favour force affords,
Most dang'rous ambushes with ease may lay;
Whilst falsest hearts are hid with fairest words.
E. of *Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

Those minions oft to whom kings do extend,
Above their worth, immoderate good will,
The butts of common hate oft hit in th'end:
In prosp'rous times they only do depend,
Not upon them, but on their fortune still;
Which if it change, they change: them tho' they fill,
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coin,
Yet if they fall, or their affairs go ill,
Those whom they rais'd, will not with them descend,
But with the side most strong all straight do join;
And do forget all what was giv'n before,
When once of them they can expect no more.
E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

How

How groſs your avarice, eating up whole families!
How vaſt are your corruptions and abuſe
Of the king's ear! At which you hang a pendant,
Not to adorn, but ulc'rate: While th' honeſt
Nobility, like pictures in the arras
Serve only for court ornaments; if they ſpeak,
'Tis when you ſet their tongues; which you wind up
Like clocks, to ſtrike at the juſt hour you pleaſe.

Shirley's Cardinal.

Minions too great, argue a king too weak:
Great fav'rites ſhould be ſet near kings as foils
To ſet them off, not to vie luſtre with them.

Baron's Mirza.

Few fav'rites were there ever ſeen
  But either wrought their king's decay,
  And prov'd uſurpers; or elſe they
Have by the people ruin'd been.
O kings, be ſparing to make thoſe
  Whom well you love, your favourites;
  For them you give to vulgar ſpites,
Or elſe, for them, yourſelves depoſe!

Baron's Mirza.

For fortune, like herſelf, does ever blind
Her favourites; who ne'er decline at all
Their envy'd height, until they ruin'd fall.

May's Edward III.

Favourites are ſerv'd in
With thoſe diſhes the prince beſt loves, and meat
We moſt affect we ſooneſt ſurfeit on.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

A prince's hate doth ruin where it falls:
But his affection warmeth where it ſhines,
Until it kindle fire to ſcorch himſelf.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Kind rogues!
Here's an alteration, ſtrange as winter's thunder.
Not two days ſince, neglected as the grave,
That holds dead inmates; now I grow warm,

The flies begin to buzze and ſwarm about me:
What an attractive force has a king's favour?
The dogs now fawn upon me, that before
Started away, and bark'd like little curs
At ſome unuſual traveller; I was grown
Uſeleſs, like a dull piece of iron, of no virtue,
Till by a loadſtone touch'd, and then it gathers.
Such a magnetick pow'r is in a king,
Where he but kindly touches, others cling.
Sir *Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

Some flow'rs ſeem more than others to rely
On the ſun's favour; ſuch as with his eye
Open and ſhut, and with his noon grown ſtrong:
We like to thoſe may flouriſh, but not long.
E. of *Orrery's Muſtapha.*

For kings ſhould not to too great ſubjects ſhew
They mean their ruin till they act it too:
And he too much deſerves to loſe his throne,
Who makes a ſubject's pow'r exceed his own.
E. of *Orrery's Tryphon.*

FLATTERY. FLATTERER.

That ſubtle ſerpent, ſervile flattery,
Seldom infects the meaner man, that fears
No change of ſtate through fortune's treachery;
She ſpits her poiſon at the mightieſt peers,
And with her charms enchants the prince's ears:
In ſweeteſt wood the worm doth ſooneſt breed,
The caterpillar on beſt buds doth feed.

If ſly diſſimulation credit win
With any prince that ſits on higheſt throne,
With hony'd poiſon of ſoure ſugar'd ſin,
It cauſeth him turn tyrant to his own,
And to his ſtate works ſwift confuſion;
Above his cedar's top it high doth ſhoot,
And Canker-like devours it to the root.
Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candid tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

1. Your bonnet to the right uſe—'Tis for the head.
2. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.
1. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.
2. It is indiff'rent cold, my lord, indeed.
1. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry,
And hot for my complection.
2. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry,
As 'twere I cannot tell how.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

1. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in
The ſhape of a camel?
2. By the maſs, and it's like a camel, indeed.
1. Methinks, it's like an ouzle.
2. It is black like an ouzle.
1. Or like a whale?
2. Very like a whale.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

He loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flatter'd.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

For he repoſed ſafe in his own merit,
Spurns back the glozes of a fawning ſpirit.

Johnſon's Poetaſter.

Of all wild beaſts preſerve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

And none we ſee were ever overthrown
By others flatt'ry, more than by their own.
For tho' we live amongſt the tongues of praiſe,
And troops of ſmoothing people, that collaud
All that we do; yet 'tis within our hearts
Th' ambuſhment lies, that evermore betrays
Our judgments; when ourſelves become t' applaud
Our own ability, and our own parts.

Daniel.

More kings in chambers fall by flatt'ry's charms,
Than in the field by adverſaries arms

E. of *Sterline*'s *Darius.*

Flatt'ry ſo like in all to duty ſhews;
But finelier dreſt in diligence, and care,
As kings beſt pleas'd, that moſt deceived, are.

Lord *Brook*'s *Alaham.*

My lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibb'd
With court oil, 'twill not ſtrike on both ſides yet.

Marſton's *Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

A miſchief on your cogging tongue, your ſmoothing
Throat, your oily jaws, your ſupple thumbs, your
Diſſembling ſmiles; and O the grand devil
On you all: When miſchief favours our fortunes,
And we are mis'rable, tho' juſtly wretched;
More pity, comfort, and more help we have,
In foes profeſs'd, than in a flatt'ring knave.

Marſton's *Fawn.*

Thus they thrive,
That cannot flatter kings; feel death alive,

Webſter and *Rowley*'s *Thracian Wonder.*

The flatt'rer merits worſe of you,
O kings, than who pale poiſons brue.
They kill but ſingle princes, he
Aſſaſſinates ev'n monarchy.
Leave then with beaſts your ſportive war,
Or hunt no beaſt but th' flatterer.

Baron's *Mirza.*

'Tis

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them, but paſſing through the eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From ev'ry channel; and ſtill bears a reliſh
Of flattery, or private ends.

Denham's Sophy.

Alas, they ſhew him nothing
But in the glaſs of flattery! If any thing
May bear a ſhew of glory, fame, or greatneſs,
'Tis multiply'd t' an immenſe quantity,
And ſtretched even to divinity:
But if it tend to danger, or diſhonour,
They turn about the perſpective, and ſhew it
So little, at ſuch diſtance, ſo like nothing,
That he can ſcarce diſcern it.

Denham's Sophy.

What is't that waſtes a prince? Example ſhews,
'Tis flatt'ry ſpends a king, more than his foes.

Herrick.

Thoſe who their princes flatter, may be thought
Guiltier than thoſe who have againſt them fought;
Since more by flattery have been undone,
Than have been ruin'd by rebellion.

E. of *Orrery's Tryphon.*

The wretches have no other uſe of tongues
Than dogs of tails, to wag them when they fawn.
The ſhining tongue of their chief-leading orator,
Has neither edge nor point; but finely ſcabbarded
In velvet words, is like a ſword of ſtate
Born before a publick buſineſs for a ſhew.

Crown's Ambitious Stateſman.

O'erflow in flattery, fear no exceſs;
Let it be ſenſe or nonſenſe ſhe will ſwallow it;
You cannot give woman ſuch a doſe of flatt'ry,
Which ſhe'll not eaſily ſwallow, and digeſt.
They're uſed to it, as *Turks* are to opium;
They hourly give themſelves a luſty doſe,

And what would ſtupify, and kill another,
Only refreſhes them, and makes them lively.

Crown's Married Beau.

FORTITUDE.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe; where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune: For in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: But when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

Though ev'ry fortitude deſerves applauſe,
It may be much, or little, in the cauſe.
He's valiant'ſt, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

Johnſon's Epigrams.

Do not forſake yourſelf; for thoſe that do,
Offend, and teach the world to leave them too.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

The ſhame of ſlaves be fear.
Up heart, hold Sword: Though waves roll thee on ſhelf,
Though fortune leave thee, leave not thou thy ſelf.

Marſton's Sophoniſba.

So ſhould worth act, and they who dare to fight
Againſt corrupted times, ſhould die upright;
Such hearts kings may diſſolve, but not defeat.
A great man where he falls, he ſhould lie great;
Whoſe ruins, like the ſacred carcaſſes
  Of ſcatter'd temples, which ſtill rev'rend lie;
And the religious honour them no leſs,
  Than when they ſtood in all their majeſty.

Daniel's Philotas.

As a pine
Rent from *Oeta* by a ſweeping tempeſt,
Jointed again, and made a maſt, defies
Thoſe angry winds that ſplit him: So will I,
Piec'd to my never-failing ſtrength and fortune,
Steer thro' theſe ſwelling dangers; plow their prides up
And bear like thunder thro' their loudeſt tempeſts.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Bonduca.*

Though in our miſeries, fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble ſufferings ſhe hath none:
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

Who fights
With paſſions, and overcomes, he is endu'd
With the beſt virtue, paſſive fortitude,

Maſſinger's Very Woman.

Fortitude is not the appetite
Of formidable things, nor inconſult
Raſhneſs; but virtue fighting for a truth:
Deriv'd from knowledge of diſtinguiſhing
Good or bad cauſes.

Nabbs's Covent Garden.

This fortune ſwell'd not *Henry* to a brave;
Mercy ſtept in, and brought a prohibition:
These are the beſt temper'd fortitudes, which have
Some grains of pity in their compoſition.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Brave ſpirits are a balſam to themſelves :
There is a nobleneſs of mind, that heals
Wounds beyond ſalves.

Cartwright's *Lady Errant*.

For 'tis ſome skill in innocence to bear
With temper, the diſtempers of our ſtars ;
Not doubting griefs already come by fear
Of more ; for fears but haſten threaten'd wars.
But we will bravely ſuffer to inure
Our ſtrength to weights againſt the new are laid ;
That when 'tis known how much we can endure,
Our ſufferings may make our foes afraid :

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert*.

FORTUNE.

In vain, ſaid then old *Melibee*, do men
The heavens, of their fortune's fault accuſe ;
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them :
For they to each, ſuch fortune do diffuſe,
As they do know each can moſt aptly uſe.
For not that which men covet moſt, is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe :
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold : Each hath his fortune in his breaſt.
It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor :
For ſome that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore ;
And others, that hath little, asks no more ;
But in that little is both rich and wiſe :
For wiſdom is moſt riches ; fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devize,
Sith each unto himſelf his life may fortunize.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

All men that in affairs themſelves employ,
Do praiſe dame *Fortune* firſt, if they ſpeed well :
But if thereby fall after ſome annoy,
They curſe her then, as hateful hag of hell :
If fortune firm had ſtood, they had not fell.

They bann her then, and yet themſelves were curſt,
Which took her bait ſo freely at the firſt.

For while her idle imps do bathe in bliſs,
They count her gifts and pleaſures all good hap:
But if at laſt ſhe frowns, as cuſtom is,
And let them ſlip again beſide her lap,
They then confeſs her baits did bode ſome trap:
As I have prov'd: what fortune gives to men,
For pleaſure each, ſhe brings diſpleaſures ten.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.

Shakeſpear's Antony and Cleopatra.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food,
Such are the poor in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Shakeſpear's Second Part of K. Henry IV.

How fortune plies her ſports, when ſhe begins
To practice them! purſues, continues, adds,
Confounds, with varying her empaſſion'd moods!

Johnſon's Sejanus.

1. Who would truſt ſlippery chance?
2. They that would make
Themſelves her ſpoil; and fooliſhly forget,
When ſhe doth flatter, that ſhe comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadſt no deity, if men
Had wiſdom; we have plac'd thee ſo high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

The old *Scythians*
Painted blind fortune's pow'rful hands with wings,
To ſhew her gifts come ſwift and ſuddenly;
Which if her fav'rite be not ſwift to take,
He loſes them for ever.

Chapman's *Buſſy D'ambois.*

Fortune, the great commandreſs of the world,
Hath divers ways t'enrich her followers;
To ſome ſhe honour gives, without deſerving;
To other ſome, deſerving, without honour:
Some wit, ſome wealth, and ſome wit without wealth,
Some wealth without wit; ſome nor wit, nor wealth,
But good ſmock faces, or ſome qualities
By nature, without judgment; with the which
They live in ſenſual acceptation,
And make ſhew only without touch of ſubſtance.

Chapman's *All Fools.*

Good fortune doth in humour's market ſit;
And thoſe that buy, muſt ſell all elſe for it.

Lord *Brook*'s *Alaham.*

That fortune ſtill muſt be with ill maintain'd,
Which at the firſt with any ill is gain'd.

Lord *Brook*'s *Muſtapha.*

As when we ſee the early riſing ſun,
With his bright beams to emulate our ſight;
But when his courſe yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous fogs deprive us of his light,
Till thro' the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon's-tide in his glorious height:
His clear beginning, fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

Drayton's *Baron*'s *Wars.*

Fortune, as blind as he whom ſhe did lead,
Changing her feature often in an hour,
Fantaſtically carrying her head,
Soon would ſhe ſmile, and ſuddenly would low'r;
And with one breath her words were ſweet and ſow'r:

Upon

Upon ftark fools fhe am'roufly would glance,
And upon wife men coyly look afcance.
About her neck, in manner of a chain,
Torn diadems and broken fcepters hung,
If any on her ftedfaftly did lean,
Them to the ground defpitefully fhe flung;
And in this pofture as fhe paft along,
She bags of gold out [illegible] her bofom drew,
Which fhe to fots and ar[illegible]nt ideots threw.
A dusky veil did hide her fightlefs eyes,
Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives;
Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
Fools wearing crowns, and wife men clogg'd in gyves:
How all things fhe prepoft'roufly contrives!
Which as a map, her regency difcovers,
In camps, in courts, and in the way of lovers.

Drayton's D. of Normandy.

1. Fortune is blind. — 2. You lye, you lye,
None but a madman would term fortune blind,
How can fhe fee to wound defert fo right
Juft in the fpreading place? to girt lewd brows
With honour'd wreath[illegible] Ah! fortune blind? away,
How can fhe hood-wink'd then fo rightly fee,
To ftarve rich worth, and glut iniquity?

Marfton's What you will.

A rich mind in a ftate indifferent,
Would prove the better fortune,

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Wild-goofe chace.*

[illegible]fculine conftancy deride
Fortune's worft malice, as a fervant to
My virtues, not a miftrefs; then we forfake
The [illegible]rong fort of ourfelves, when we once y[illegible]ld,
Or [illegible] her affaults.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Falfe One.*

Oh fortune! thou art not worth my leaft exclaim,
And plague en[illegible]gh thou haft in thy own name:
Do thy great worft, my fri[illegible]nds, and I have arms,
Though not againft thy ftrokes, againft thy harms.

Dr. Do[illegible]

Fortune's an under pow'r, that is herſelf
Commanded by deſert. 'Tis a mere vainneſs
Of our credulity to give her more
Than her due attribute; which is but ſervant
To an heroick ſpirit.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Fortune's a market, if a while you ſtand,
Things will grow cheap, and fall into your hand.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

We meet with fortune's ſhocks, and bear her weights,
By ſtooping, not by ſtanding at our heights.

Aleyn, Ibid.

Be thou then only a deluding phantom,
At beſt a blind guide, leading blinder fools!
Who, would they but ſurvey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wiſdom, whoſe ſtrong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile pow'r;
Induſtrious labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toiling carr, and not attending
Till thou diſpence, reaches his own reward:
Only the lazy ſluggard yawning lies
Before the threſhold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the eaſy hand that feeds his ſloth;
The ſhallow, raſh, and unadviſed man
Makes thee his ſtale, diſburthens all the follies
Of his misguided actions, on thy ſhoulders.
Vaniſh from hence, and ſeek thoſe ideots out
That thy fantaſtick godhead hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy ſuperſtitious crowd.

Carew's Cœlum Britannicum.

I love not thy fortunes, ſince we know,
They ſometimes like the faithleſs ſea,
Ebb from the good, to th'impious flow,
And them with flattery betray:
Stealing, like to the thieviſh ſands,
When moſt they graſp them through their hands.

Baron.

Fortune

Fortune means in him to ſhow
How great ſhe can from meanneſs grow:
Architects low foundations lie,
When they intend the building high.

Baron.

Methinks blind fortune uſhers me too faſt;
But if ſhe finds the way to bring me rich
From thence where this imagin'd treaſure lies,
The poets ſhall confeſs that ſhe has eyes.

Sir *W. Davenant's Wits.*

Fortune's a blind profuſer of her own;
Too much ſhe gives to ſome, enough to none.

Herrick.

Fools and knaves are the two poles on which the
Wheels of fortune turn: 'Tis theſe make riches,
Honour, with a healthful courſe to ebb and
Flow through all the world; which elſe would rot and
Putrify in ſome particular names and families.

Hectors.

Let not one look of fortune caſt you down;
She were not fortune, if ſhe ſtill did frown:
Such as do braveleſt bear her ſcorns a-while,
Are thoſe on whom at laſt ſhe moſt will ſmile.

E. of *Orrery's Henry* V.

Such, fortune, is thy vaſt unlimited pow'r,
Thou can'ſt as 'twere unite ev'n contradictions:
In thee alone 'tis plac'd, to curſe or bleſs;
Nor cauſe, nor man, is good without ſucceſs.

Abdicated Prince.

F R I E N D.

It often falls, as here it erſt befell,
That mortal foes do turn to faithfull friends;
And friends profeſs'd, are chang'd to foemen fell;
The cauſe of both, of both their minds depends:
And th'end of both, likewiſe of both their ends.
For enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with th'occaſion ends;

And

And friendſhip, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dies like ill grounded ſeeds.
Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do diſpart the heart with pow'r extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance down, to weet,
The dear affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd with vertues meet:
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind:
Me ſeems the gentle heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.
For natural affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with *Cupid*'s greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maiſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpiring to eternal fame.
For as the ſoul doth rule the earthly maſs,
And all the ſervice of the body frame;
So love of ſoul doth love of body paſs,
No leſs than perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.
Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

A golden treaſure is the tried friend;
But who may gold from counterfeits defend?
Truſt not too ſoon, nor yet too ſoon miſtruſt:
With th'one thyſelf, with th'other thy friend thou hurt'ſt:
Who tw[illegible] betwixt, and ſtears the golden mean,
Nor raſhly loveth, nor miſtruſts in vain.
In friendſhip, ſovereign 'tis as mithridate,
Thy friend to love as one whom thou may'ſt hate.
Mirror for Magiſtrates.

For all things, friendſhip excepted,
Are ſubject to fortune: Love is but an
Eye-worm which only tickleth the head with
Hopes and wiſhes: Friendſhip's the image of
Eternity, in which there is nothing
Moveable, nothing miſchievous; as much
Difference as there is between beauty
And virtue, bodies and ſhadows, colours And

And life, ſo great odds is there between love
And friendſhip. Love is a camelion,
Which draweth nothing in the mouth but air,
And nouriſheth nothing in the body
But lungs. Believe me, deſire dies in
The ſame moment that beauty ſickens, and
Beauty fadeth in the ſame inſtant that
It flouriſheth. When adverſities flow,
Then love ebbs: But friendſhip ſtandeth ſtifly
In ſtorms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair
Face, but addeth freſh colours to a faſt
Friend; which neither heat nor cold, nor miſ'ry,
Nor place, nor deſtiny, can alter or
Diminiſh. O friendſhip! of all things the
Moſt rare, and therefore moſt rare becauſe moſt
Excellent; whoſe comforts in miſery
Is always ſweet, and whoſe councils in
Proſperity, are ever fortunate.
Vain love! that only coming near to friendſhip
In name, would ſeem to be the ſame, or better,
In nature.

Lilly's Endimion.

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want, a hollow friend doth try,
[illegible]eaſons him his enemy.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

1. A word, *Lucilius*, ———
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd?
2. [illegible]rteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
1. Thou haſt deſcrib'd.
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay.

It

It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth, and choice: nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

Turn him, and see his threads: Look, if he be
Friend to himself, that would be friend to thee:
For that is first requir'd, a man be his own;
But he that's too much that, is friend of none:
Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase than of land.

Johnson's Underwood.

Friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is;
Of which, one cannot sever, but the other
Suffers a needful separation.

Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.

The more your friend dares trust, the more deceive him.
And as through dewy vapours the sun's form
Makes the gay rainbow girdle to a storm;
So in hearts hollow, friendship (e'en like the sun
To all good growing in society)
Makes his so glorious and divine name hold
Colours for all the ill that can be told.

Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.

I will take your friendship up at use,
And fear not that your profit shall be small:
Your interest shall exceed your principal.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

1. It is so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.
2. Though in remote and further off affections,
These falshoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force nature.
1. The more near
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever;
Being better cloaks to cover falshood o'er.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Bloody Brother.*

Lay this into your breast;
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best.

Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy.*

That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into 's belief, all his defects,

Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy.*

The better part of love due to the living,
Appears in friends, even when their friends are dead.

Mason's *Muleasses.*

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves that shadow'd us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' autumn of adversity!

Massinger's *Maid of Honour.*

The man that from thy friendship would be gone;
Can an occasion find where thou left'st none.

Aleyn's *Cressey.*

A friend is gold; if true, he'll never leave thee:
Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee.

Randolph.

A season a friend! not tainted with design;
Who made those words grow useless, mine and thine.

Cartwright.

I do here entertain a friendship with thee,
Shall drown the mem'ry of all patterns past;
We will oblige by turns, and that so thick
And fast, that curious studiers of it
[illegible] not once dare to cast it up, or say
[illegible] guess, whether thou or I

Remain

Remain the debtors, when we come to die.

Suckling's Aglaura.

I ſee friends are like cloaths, laid up whilſt new,
But after wearing, caſt, tho' ne'er ſo true.

Biſhop *King*.

Friendſhip's an empty name, made to deceive
Thoſe whoſe good nature tempts them to believe;
There's no ſuch thing on earth, the beſt that we
Can hope for here is faint neutrality.

Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

He ought not to pretend to friendſhip's name,
Who reckons not himſelf and friend the ſame.

Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

Friendſhip above all ties, does bind the heart;
And faith in friendſhip, is the nobleſt part.

E. of *Orrery's Hen.* V.

Truſt is the ſtrongeſt bond upon the ſoul;
That ſacred tie has virtue oft begot;
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

E. of *Orrery's Henry* V.

The End of the Firſt VOLUME.